Collier's

TEN CENTS

JULY 21, 1945

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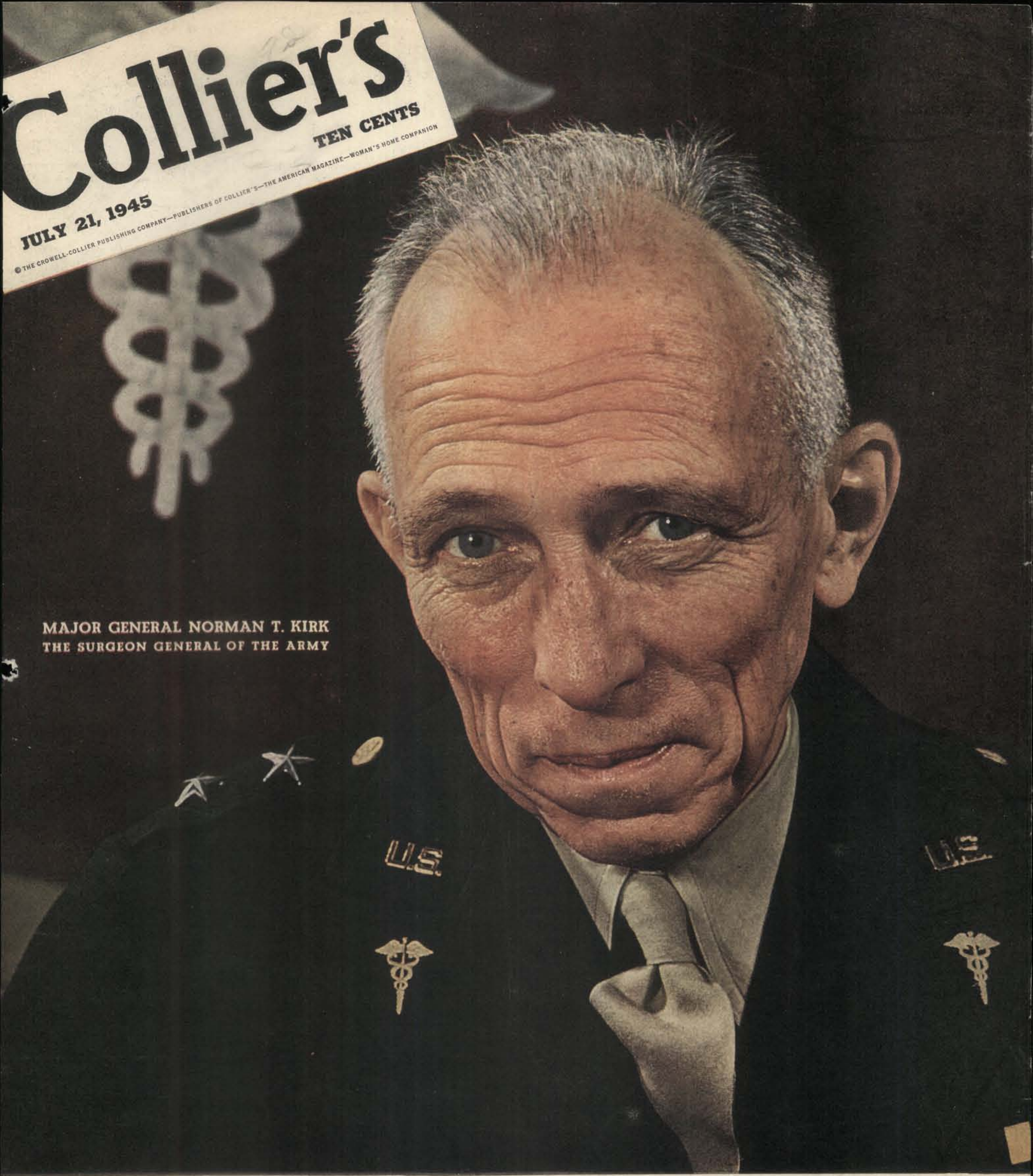

MAJOR GENERAL NORMAN T. KIRK
THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY COOKE–PIX

That They May Live!

A PICTORIAL STORY OF THE ARMY MEDICAL CORPS SEE PAGE 14

July 21, 1945

Choice of a lifetime...

Golden Wedding
Golden Wedding
Blended Whiskey

For a full measure of pleasure in a tall, cool drink, make it with the finest Golden Wedding in more than fifty years. One sip will make this choice whiskey your *choice of a lifetime.*

Golden Wedding
WHISKEY

Has had no peers for fifty years

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In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Photo courtesy of Hercules Powder Co., Inc.

Now we're putting pine stumps in tires

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

RUBBER experts have puzzled for years over how to make tires run cooler—especially big truck tires. They often get hotter than boiling water—so hot that the tires begin to disintegrate, blow out.

With synthetic rubber, the problem increases. For synthetic rubber tires generate far more heat than those of natural rubber. Chemists pondered this fact, experimented with different ways to compound GR-S, the government synthetic rubber which all tire companies now use.

One of the things used in making synthetic rubber is soap made from animal fats. B. F. Goodrich men, working with a chemical company, developed a synthetic rubber using a new kind of soap, derived from the rosin in pine stumps. Rubber made with this soap is less brittle. Tires are less subject to cracking. But even more important, they run cooler! Tires keep their strength. Tire life is increased.

Now all B. F. Goodrich truck tires are made with this new rubber—a development so important that it was long regarded as a military secret.

B. F. Goodrich research continues to improve tires for every purpose—tires for trucks and buses, for airplanes and passenger cars, tires for farm tractors and implements, for all kinds of industrial equipment. This policy of continued improvement is your assurance of quality in every tire bearing the B. F. Goodrich name. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Truck Tires BY
B. F. Goodrich

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PACEMAKER

TOPS...*in 3 new ways*

1. NEW VALUE: 14 Karat Gold point; larger ink capacity; "C-Flow" feed; telescope-precision quality and construction.

2. NEW "WRITE-ABILITY": The finest, smoothest-writing pen ever made by America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer.

3. NEW BEAUTY: Advance, fit-the-hand-design, interpreted in distinctive pearly stripes. In maroon, golden brown, green and black; with matching pencil. Made by David Kahn, Inc., (Est. 1896)

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By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer
$2.75
14K MADE IN USA

Wearever Pacemaker set in fine gift box, **$3.75**

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Collier's
FOR JULY 21, 1945

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this week

FICTION

PAGE

LET'S GO, SWEETHEART By NORMAN KATKOV 12
Pigeons love horses, dogs like dames—but who gives a hoot for reporters?

REHEARSAL FOR LOVE By JEAN KINKEAD 18
The Short Short Story.

BEGINNER'S LUCK By ERNEST LEHMAN 20
In her original way, the little lady was defending the sanctity of the home!

THE CARNAL ROOM By JESSAMYN WEST 33
Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but is total immersion really necessary?

MAN AND BOY By FRANK O'ROURKE 52
In a 12-year-old a soldier finds a wise courage that shames his own grief.

ODDS AGAINST THE GIRL By W. R. BURNETT 60
The Serial Story. Conclusion.

ARTICLES

THE JUNGLE IS BEATEN By WALTER DAVENPORT 11
In savage New Guinea men and machines wage war on Nature—to win.

SWINDLER'S PARADISE By LESTER VELIE 13
Safe from our investment laws, racketeers in Canada are free to high-pressure gullible Americans into buying worthless stocks.

THAT THEY MAY LIVE! By MAJOR GENERAL NORMAN T. KIRK 14
A famous series of paintings depicts our Army's war against death.

MacARTHUR—THE STORY OF A GREAT AMERICAN SOLDIER By HERBERT ASBURY and FRANK GERVASI 19
The second of two parts. No amount of slander can diminish his heroic achievement.

FANTASTIC FERRISS By ROGER BIRTWELL 21
With versatile Dave Ferriss in there pitching, the Boston Red Sox become a pennant threat.

FOLIES BERGÈRE By ARTHUR GORDON 22
G.I.s find the esthetics of les nues *hasn't changed much between wars.*

REVOLUTION IN COTTON By J. D. RATCLIFF 24
The mechanical cotton picker will change the whole economy of the South!

●

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

WING TALK By FREDERICK R. NEELY 8

THE HEROES, A Gallery of United Nations Patriots By GEORGE CREEL 26
No. 39—Tech. Sgt. Torger D. Tokle

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW By DAVID O. WOODBURY 40

THE NINES HAVE IT By GERALD MYGATT 47

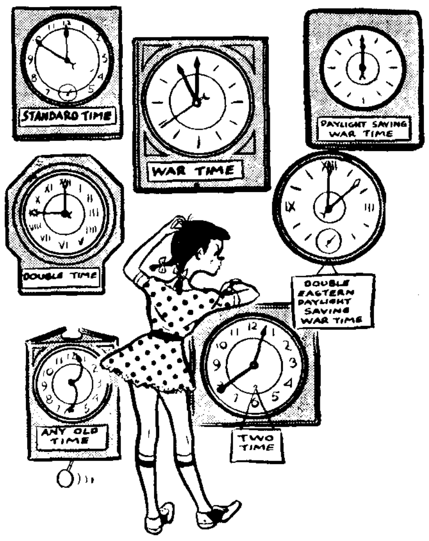
THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 73

EDITORIAL: *No Tags, No Gags, No Labels* 74

COVER By *JERRY COOKE-PIX*

any week

AS YOU know perfectly well, this column knows almost all the answers. But every now and then we are in danger of dumfound. For example, about War Time and Daylight Saving War Time and Double Eastern Daylight Saving War Time. This is inspired by a letter from Miss Eugenia Dobbins who is thirteen years old and lives in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "To settle a bet," says Miss Dobbins, "what time would it be if everything was like it used to be?"



MISS IMOGENE FASTNESS of Albuquerque, New Mexico, is one of many who fear that in raising their own wages, Congress will be upsetting the Little Steal formula. If they get away with it, however, Miss Fastness hopes that they'll do something about her frozen stipend. "As for the House's new swindle-sheet allowance," she adds, "I hope they have the decency not to use the dough to ride around the country, making dull speeches to defenseless people who haven't any more sense than to listen."

WHICH is much more to the point, we guess, than one we have from a gentleman in Spokane, Washington, who gives no name but says that he taught logic, metaphysics, ethics and esthetics for forty-two years—which may account for everything. Anyway, he says, "Communists are thus and thus, a characteristic contradiction. Conservatives derive no nourishment from Thales of Miletus, therefore abstract. Liberals are negatived rhetoricians, neo-Aristotelians. To steer a middle course is Scholasticism without heed. I dissent."

OF COURSE, we don't know any more about that than you do. And anyway we

(Continued on page 72)

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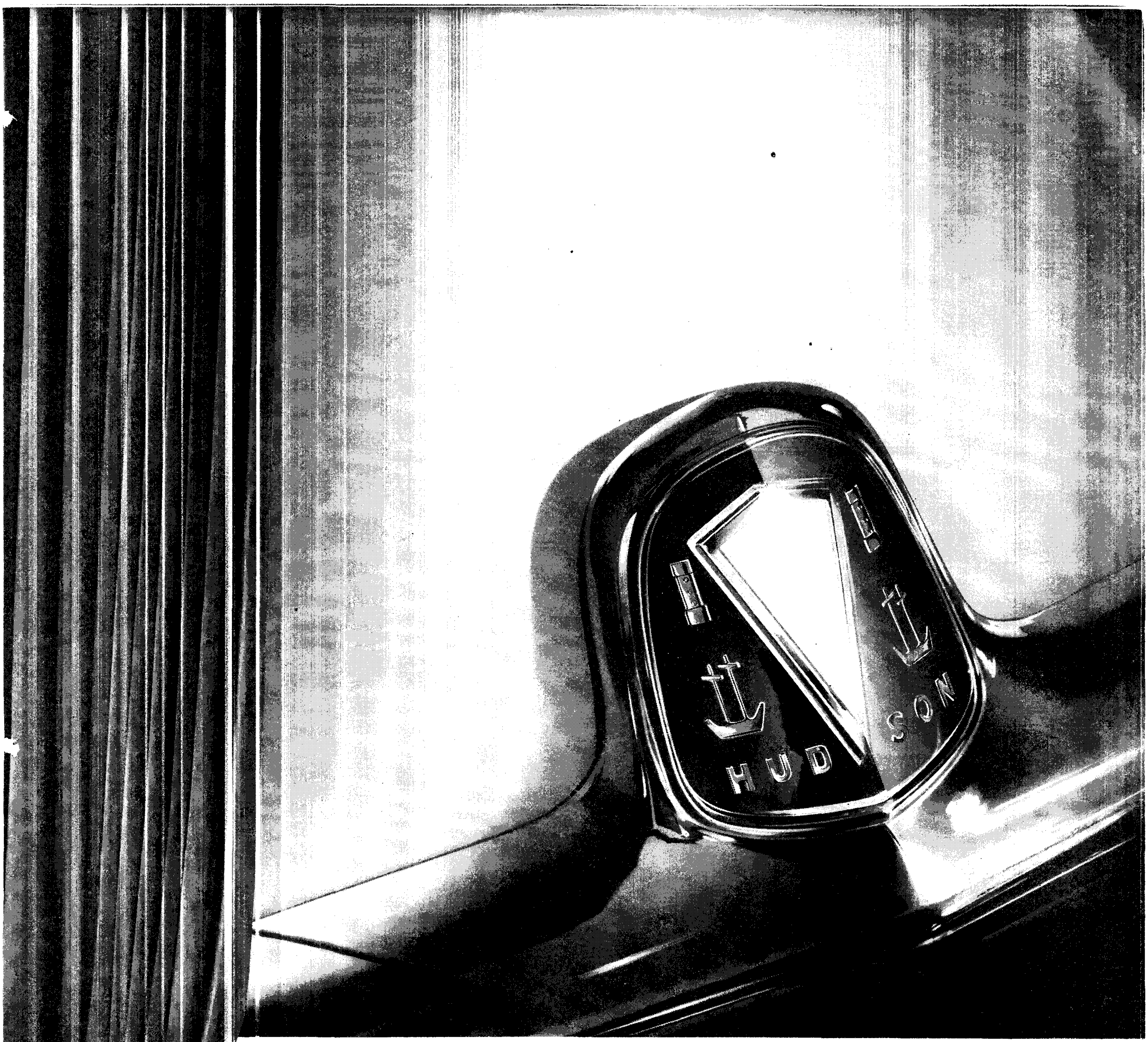


First glimpse of cars to come

A hint of glamor in coming 1946 Hudsons . . . caught by the camera of John Paul Pennebaker, nationally famous photographer

You have waited long for new motor cars. Soon they will be here.

That they are urgently needed goes without saying.

But, more important, their manufacture is one means that will speed America back to normal living when final peace is won.

The famous Hudson Triangle—glimpsed here as it will appear on the 1946 Hudsons—is more than a promise of glamorous beauty, new styling and appointments.

It is the symbol of great factories which, after four years of the most exacting war manufacture, will be ready to build in large volume—to highest quality—for old friends and new.

It is the mark of an organization with a 36-year record of progressive engineering—which has introduced scores of important "firsts" for the benefit of the motoring public, and which has an old tradition of performance, endurance and safety to uphold.

It is the emblem of a company that is rich in experience, competitively alert, confident of its future.

A company that is planning great things for you!

Look for the fine Sixes and Eights that will wear the Hudson Triangle—in a new dress, for a new day.

HUDSON

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

TROUBLE'S BREWING whenever there's a lack of the natural scalp oils needed to keep hair lustrous and easy-to-comb. Your scalp itches. Loose dandruff appears. There's an untidy, lifeless look about your hair. You have Dry Scalp. You need 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

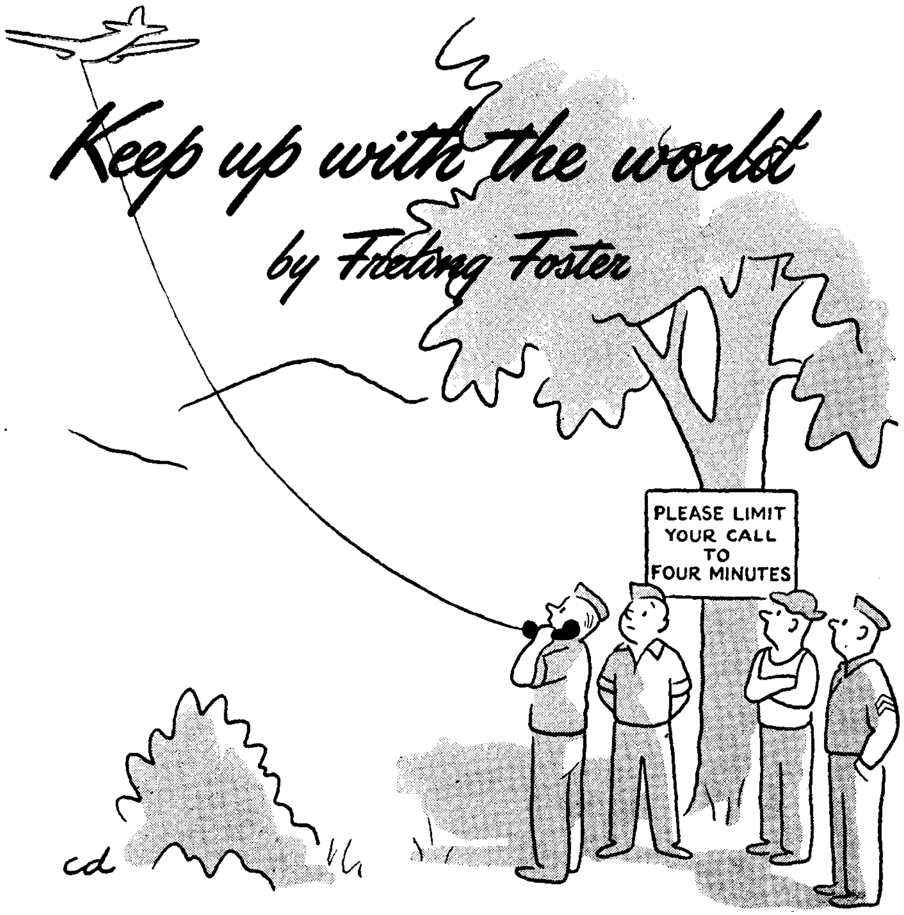
5 drops a day keep Dry Scalp away
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TROUBLE'S ENDED! Just five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic daily *supplement* the natural scalp oils and check Dry Scalp. Your hair begins to get that natural, just-combed look. Your scalp loses that dry, itchy feeling. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Helps in a hurry because it works with Nature—not against it. Try it with massage before shampooing, too. It's double care—both scalp and hair.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster


PLEASE LIMIT YOUR CALL TO FOUR MINUTES
cd

CHON DAY

As the stringing of military telephone lines through swamps and jungles and over mountains is slow and dangerous work, a method of laying such wire from a plane has been perfected, and was demonstrated a short time ago in the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee by an Army plane. Flying at 150 miles an hour, it parachuted the lead end to one group of engineers, paid out 16 miles of wire and dropped the far end to another group, in less than seven minutes. Connecting the lead end to a field set, one member of the first group talked for four minutes with a man in the air, and thereby established for the first time communication over wire between the ground and a plane in flight.

Of the some 40 plants in this country that are poisonous to livestock, the most peculiar in its reaction is St. John's wort, a species of Hypericum perforatum. It usually poisons only animals having areas of white skin and hair, and then only when they eat it in bright sunlight.

An obstacle in prosecuting many major war criminals is the influence they may wield through aristocratic and royal friends and relatives. For example, Josias von Waldeck, the SS general responsible for the transfer of 2,000,000 Frenchmen to the Reich as slave laborers, is a cousin of Queen Wilhelmina; and Albert von Sachsen-Koburg, head of the German Red Cross who permitted the atrocities in Nazi concentration camps, is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria. Apropos, Marshal Badoglio of Italy is still unpunished for having used poison gas against the Ethiopians in 1936, because he is a lifelong friend of King Victor Emmanuel.

The magnetic compass of the Chinese points to the south, instead of the north, and their compass card has 24 points, instead of 32 used by mariners of other countries.

Besides the 12,000,000 foreigners sent to the Reich to work in war industries, the Nazis also transported approximately 300,000 men and 500,000 girls from the occupied countries and auctioned them off as chattel slaves at prices ranging from 10 to 15 Reichsmarks ($4 to $6) to housewives, farmers and small businessmen.

A gigantic direct-current motor, recently installed in a steel rolling mill, is equipped with a special control that reverses the direction of its 95-ton rotor in less than two seconds.

In 1855, the jawbone of a prehistoric man was discovered in a clay pit in Foxhall, England. Doctor Robert H. Collyer, an American living near there, bought it and, after twelve years of research, published an article about the bone in a British scientific journal, claiming it was a million years old, a statement for which he was ridiculed so much that he returned to America. In 1920, an eminent English anthropologist named Moir happened to read the article and made excavations at Foxhall, finding sufficient evidence to convince him that the doctor had been right. So for many years, Moir searched America for Collyer and his famous bone, but no trace of either could be found. Thus today, the Foxhall Jawbone, probably the oldest human relic on record, is believed to be in some attic in the United States.

Throughout the war, professional women agitators in the United States have equaled the efforts of their brothers in spreading propaganda to foment hatred against Jews, Negroes, the Administration and the United Nations. Even today, at least 15 "peace" organizations, through which these women operate, are still actively engaged in mailing literature filled with this Nazi poison to more than 500,000 mothers of America.

Unions calling strikes before the end of the 30-day "cooling-off" period may be sued for damages by employees as well as employers. One such suit for $41,500 was brought recently in Pittsburgh by 25 workmen who refused to recognize an illegal strike and suffered this amount of damage in lost wages and injuries inflicted by the strikers.

A stunt that was shown at the New York World's Fair and that is again mystifying spectators at the Du Pont exhibit on Atlantic City's Boardwalk makes use of a simple chemical reaction. A milk-white liquid is poured into a glass vessel and, within a stated number of seconds, instantly turns blue black. The liquid is starch mixed with a solution of potassium iodate that is reduced by certain other chemicals, in about 15 seconds, to free iodine, which immediately changes the color of the starch.

At no time does the blood of an expectant mother mix with that of her unborn child.

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From the close comradeship of billions of radio-directed miles, airmen are gaining a whole-hearted regard for the quality and reliability of Bendix Radio Equipment.

. . . You'll be "on the beam" with airmen if your radio bears

greatest name in aircraft radio

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The superb instruments Bendix Radio plans for your postwar pleasure will be completely worthy of their famous name. Advanced war-born wisdom acquired as a research center for radio, radar and electronics will have its effect on every phase of home radio performance.

Regardless of your selection from the complete range of models and prices, your Bendix Radio or Radio Phonograph will be built to excel—built to give new depth and purity to broadcast or recorded music . . . better all-around reception . . . sharper tuning . . . the most advanced F. M. . . . television at its best . . . *enduring beauty of tone and styling.* Plan now to brighten postwar life with The *Real* Voice of Radio. Bendix builds best—*ask any airman.*

BENDIX RADIO DIVISION • BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, BALTIMORE 4, MARYLAND

Welcome him back with a

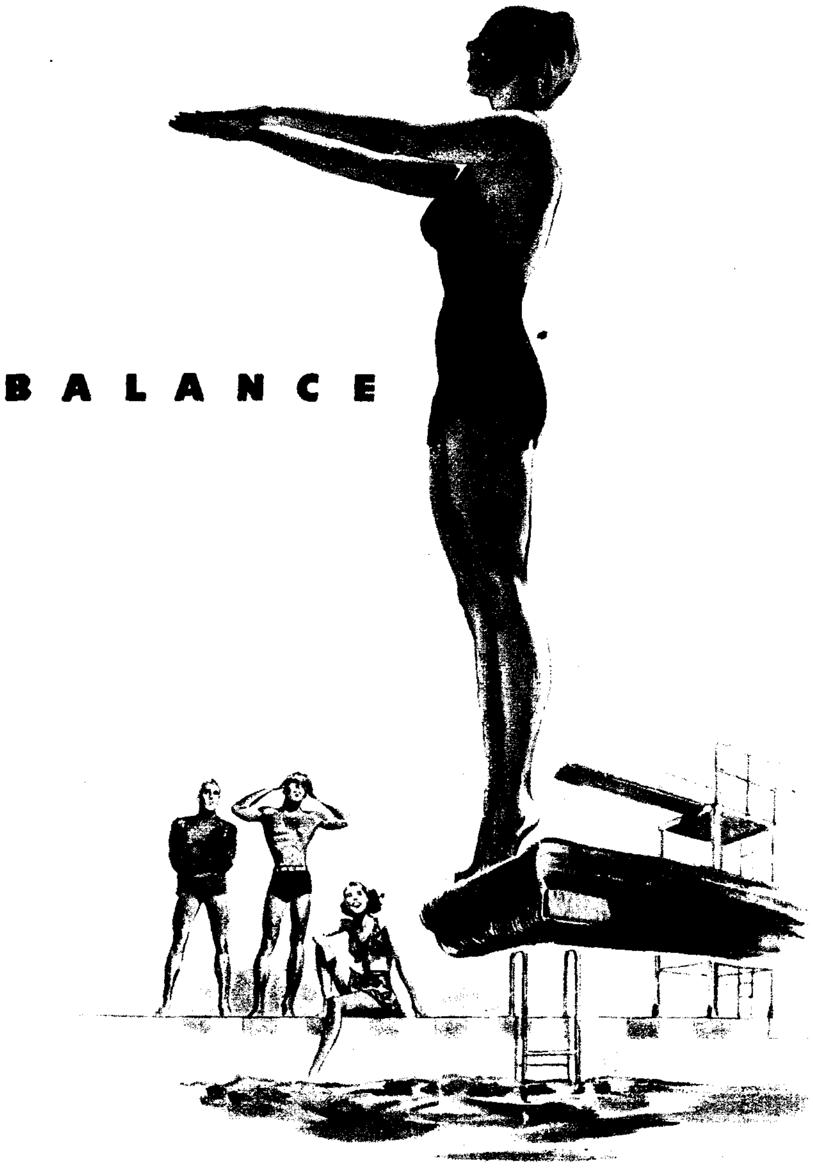
Bendix

THE REAL VOICE OF

Radio

PRODUCT OF BENDIX **BENDIX RADIO** REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. AVIATION CORPORATION

***TODAY*—RADAR, AND RADIO EQUIPMENT FOR THE ARMY, NAVY, RAILROADS, AIRLINES. *TOMORROW*—RADIO, RADIO PHONOGRAPHS, F.M., AND TELEVISION FOR THE HOME**



BALANCE

Poised for the plunge, balance is essential. Balance is essential in a motor oil, too... balance of all the many qualities an oil must have to protect your irreplaceable car as it should be protected.

100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils of emblem★ quality are "balanced" oils. They rate highly on all the points on which oils are compared... on *all* points, not just one or two. It is good judgment and good insurance to use them.

WHAT YOU GAIN BY USING THESE "BALANCED" OILS

These oils pump and flow freely;

•

They give a tough, friction-fighting film of protection;

•

They are resistant to sludge and other oxidation troubles;

•

They stay on the job;

•

They are oils that can take severe punishment.

These oils are made from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Your oil must be 100% Pure Pennsylvania, of emblem quality, if you want it to give "Pennsylvania" results.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION

Oil City, Pennsylvania

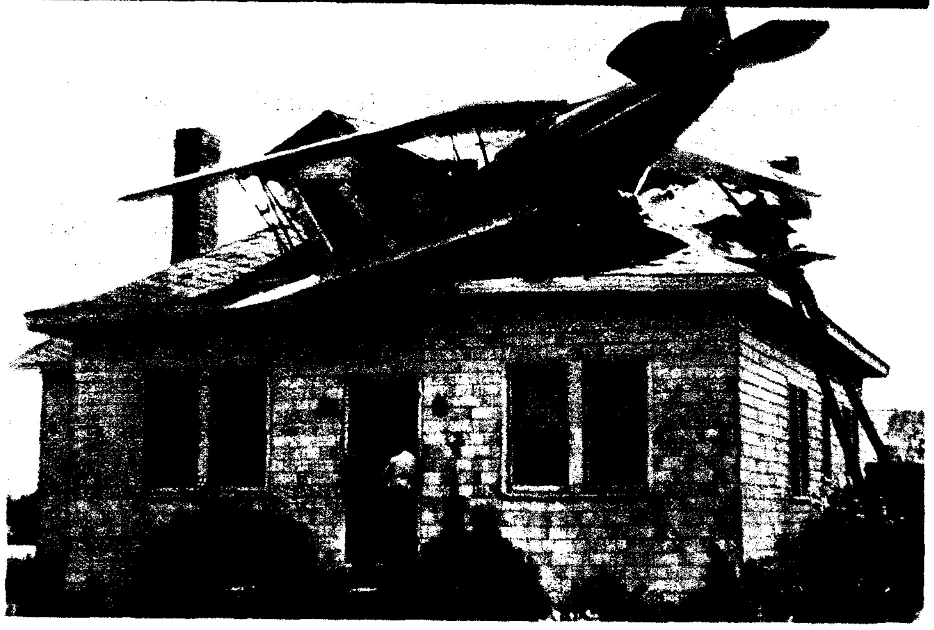
MEMBER OF PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Guaranteed
100% PURE
PENNSYLVANIA
OIL
PERMIT NUMBER ....
Made from
the highest grade crude oil in the world

★

For your protection, only oils made from 100% *Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude* which meet our rigid quality requirements are entitled to carry this emblem, the registered badge of source, quality and membership in our Association.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



INTERNATIONAL

During the past five years 24 civil aircraft caused damage to private property. Six of the accidents were caused by violations of regulations

DOWN in Alabama a romantic young airman circled low over a sleepy little town until he picked out a colonial dwelling wherein resided the girl of his dreams. Then he descended even lower and tightened his circle. People rushed from their homes into the streets. It was a thrilling show. They saw him lean out of his light plane and drop a note. Intent on watching if it would fall at the feet of his beloved, the pilot momentarily took his mind off flying, a wing tip struck telephone wires leading into the residence, and the plane crashed through the roof of the porch. The pilot was seriously injured and the porch, roof, two pillars and the front wall were severely damaged.

Up in Ohio, a young pilot, at the time under reprimand for reckless flying, circled low over the home of a friend (male), stalled the plane while in a steep bank and crashed through the roof of an adjoining residence. The homeowner rescued the seriously injured pilot from his burning airplane in the attic, but the house was destroyed.

You'll never be able to stop things like this, no matter how many regulations are written, for deep down inside every budding airman burns the desire to buzz or flat-hat his girl's house, show off over the family residence, chase cows in the meadow and fly under bridges. But most of them suppress it. Those few who don't are either eliminated from flying forever by a violent death or revocation of their airmen certificates.

In the last five years, there were 24 civil aircraft involved in accidents resulting in damage to private property but in no case was any occupant or spectator injured.

IT'S what's going to happen to your homes in the years to come, when and if the skies are darkened with from 500,000 to 1,000,000 privately owned aircraft, that concerns you. It is also the concern of the Safety Bureau of the Civil Aeronautics Board, and this bureau, through its regulations, as well as its prestige, as an adviser to other agencies on the cause and cure of aircraft accidents, can be looked to for protection.

The civil pilots themselves, through their aggressive Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, may be depended upon for self-discipline within their ranks. This group jealously guards the rights of the private pilot and the good name of private flying. Recently when an insurance company pictured a plane buried in the roof of a cottage with only the tail sticking out, the AOPA protested.

The company had stated: "A plane out of control! The damage it could do to your property is something to think about. At very small cost, protect yourself from loss due to several such modern hazards . . ."

The AOPA maintained that with an average of 200,000 civil pilots enrolled each year and only 24 plane crashes into houses in the past five years, this record does not justify a "fear campaign detrimental to aviation as a vehicle for selling insurance policies." The advertisement, says the Association, was withdrawn by the company "for reasons best known to itself."

THE accident record from falling planes to date is not alarming to the Safety Bureau. Government plans for the further expansion and development of private flying after the Jap war is written off contemplate greater safety facilities for private airmen, which in turn will protect you from falling aircraft as you lie sleeping in your bedroom.

Some of these are: A nation-wide, uniform system of air-marking guides; a substantial increase in the number of airports, air parks, landing strips and emergency landing areas; intelligent airport planning and zoning to protect homes surrounding airports; and improved safety features in private planes, notably the elimination of the deadly spin following a stall.

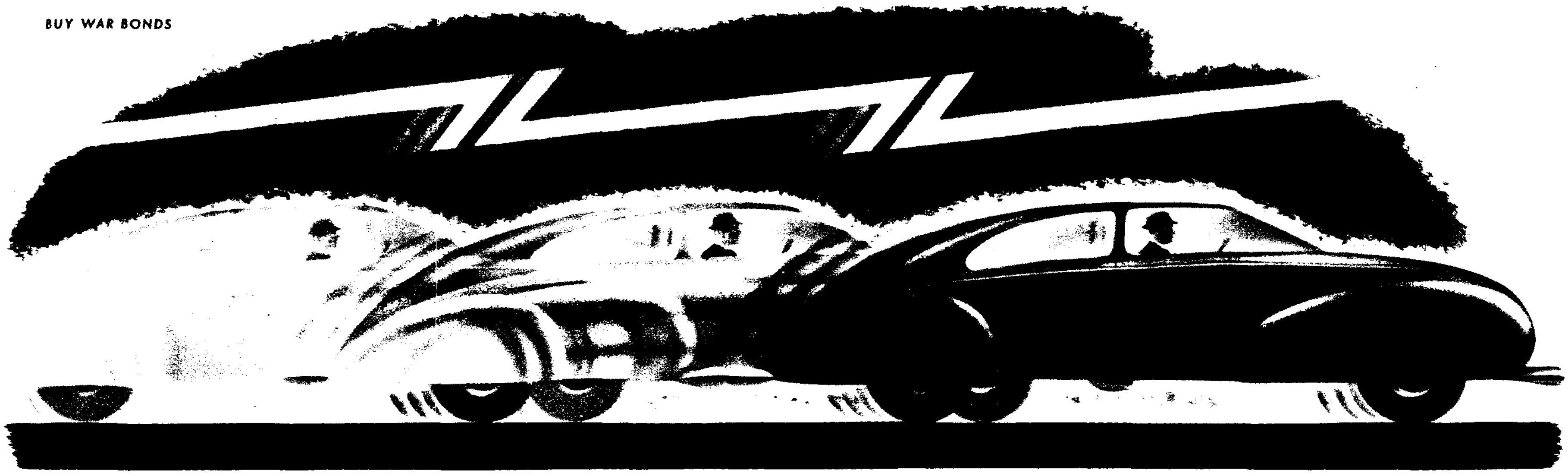
It is always within the power of the Safety Bureau to recommend that the Civil Aeronautics Board raise the minimum altitude of 1,000 feet now required to be maintained by planes flying over congested areas, should an epidemic of falling planes develop, or to prohibit flying over these areas altogether. Student instruction will be confined to specified practice areas over open country.

As for the "show-off pilot," the Safety Bureau will lean heavily on the AOPA and other organizations devoted to the expansion of the private flying industry to assist, through education, in building a restraining wall around the supposedly safe pilot who suddenly decides to tear up the rule book. Stiffer penalties are in store for these undesirables.

The day of the barnstormer, of no regulations and the fly-as-you-please pilot is gone from aviation forever. We lament its passing because, being one of the survivors, it was great fun—fun to fly down a river, zoom the first bridge, fly under the second, turn into the town and roar down the main street at second-story height.

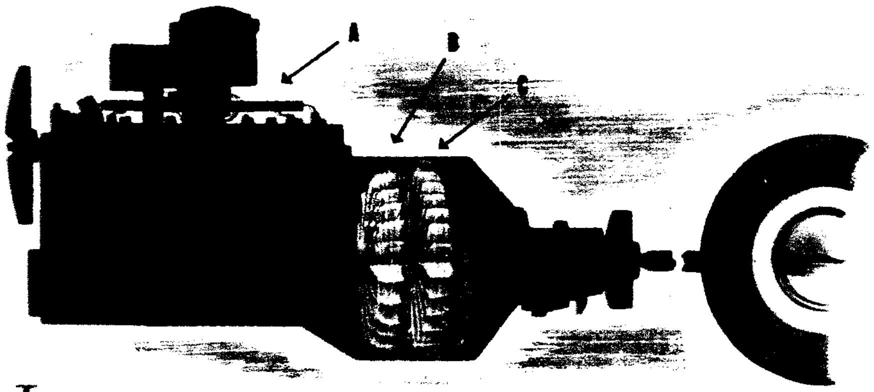
Many of our top leaders in aviation today who shake their heads at such outlandish practices in the current fledgling pilots feel a little sheepish when they do, and we know they should, because they used to fly that way with us. But not any more. Their motto is to select a good safe altitude and then add 1,000 feet, just to be sure. ★★★

BUY WAR BONDS



With ordinary gear shift, it is *Jerk! Jerk! Jerk!*...Hard on driver and car!

With Fluid Drive, you get easy starting, smooth pick-up, longer life for your car!



In addition, Fluid Drive eliminates the shocks and jolts of rigid mechanical drive ...gives you longer lasting gears and parts. Here's how it works...

It's so simple: Chrysler engine (A) spins vaned disc (B) forcing whirling oil in sealed housing against vaned disc (C) causing it to revolve and turn rear wheels. There is no mechanical connection between the two discs... power is transmitted through oil pressure alone. This makes possible new refinements in gears and drive shaft, eliminates needless bulk and weight.

It's the greatest driving improvement since automobiles were invented...Yet it's been proved by 8 billion miles on the road. See your Chrysler dealer for Fluid Drive facts.

CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Enjoy "The Music of Morton Gould" CBS, Thursdays, 9:00 P.M., EWT.

AMERICAN MORTAR CREW IN ACTION ON PACIFIC BATTLEFRONT. SOLDIER AT LEFT IS GETTING TELEPHONE REPORTS FROM AN OBSERVER.

Millions of Military Telephones

In the last five years the Bell System has furnished millions of telephones for war, including 1,325,000 head sets for air and ground forces and more than 1,500,000 microphones. . . . Also more than 1,000,000 airplane radio transmitters and receivers . . . 4,000,000 miles of telephone wire in cables . . . a vast quantity of switchboards, gun directors and secret combat equipment. That helps to explain why we are short of all kinds of telephone facilities here at home.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 21, 1945

THE JUNGLE IS BEATEN

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

THIS is the story of American men with soft hands who fought a monster known as the New Guinea jungle—a vast devouring wilderness that had defied men and machines since wilderness began. It's a jungle of awesome silence, of trackless mountains that tower to 16,000 feet, of bush that will rip the clothes from your body and slice your flesh like razors, of palms that smile in Lorelei deceit, of swiftly creeping vines gorgeous in soft greens, scarlets, blues and yellows, but more deadly than the python. It is a jungle that never ceases to fight back. Overnight it creeps in, eager to push its trespasser into the sea, to swallow his stores, to obliterate his roads, sheds, shacks and caches.

The men who fought it won. In the winning they went mad. They woke up in the morning's wet heat to find that their strength had left them in the night. Many died. Many were carried back to America sobbing like little children. But they built ports that have havened ten thousand ships; they hewed great military bases out of jungle, swamp and mountainside. From the shores of incredibly lovely Milne Bay across narrow Kokoda Pass, a steaming, fever-reeking trail that twists across the Owen-Stanley Mountains, they slew packs of screaming Japs. They built a hundred air strips in a wilderness that the meanest reptiles couldn't live in. They sliced the mountainsides that they might have room for fifty million tons of things to win a war with, from boots to bulldozers.

These Americans who had got out of their chairs when the Jap struck blasted ocean highways through coral reefs that ripped steel hulls like paper bags. They built docks of logs and steel pontons, then stood back while typhoons and hurricanes and furious seas spattered the faces of the cliffs with those piers, wharves and ship berths just to show who was boss. And then they built them again and again.

They licked the New Guinea jungle. The fight began in October, 1942. From the skies the Japs, almost unopposed, rained fire and bombs upon them while they worked. From the mountainsides the Japs' artillery blasted them while they laid roads and flung bridges across chasms. From the vine trellises that linked palm with palm, Jap snipers killed them as they searched for mountain springs and piped water to the parched men below. They were unconquerable.

Here is the incredible tale of how Americans waged war against the most implacable, terrifying foe of all—a foe that never surrenders and never admits defeat

The jungle retreated, black in its wrath. The Jap ceased his screaming and scattered into wilds that no native had even tried to weave through. The Japs died by the hundreds of jungle rot, of malaria, of starvation, of dysentery, ever inexorably hunted down by the slowly growing airpower from America.

Now and then the Japs stagger, with hands high, into the clearings hacked out by these no longer soft-handed Americans. They want food, medicine. They beg that we behold what the jungle has done to them: sores, malaria, hideous skin diseases. And few days pass that the patrols don't find in the bush Japs who didn't quite make it, who collapsed in the slime and muck of the jungle floor. It's not a sight to be shrugged off. The Jap lies there, faintly breathing. His eyes are just open; no more. He is beyond speech. You hear a weak animal whine from the skeleton that life has not quite deserted. The jungle vermin scurry across his naked body.

There was a kid named Sammy Kauffman on this particular patrol, a kid from Chicago's South Side, and he would have gone to the dying man with his canteen open. But his sergeant thrust him back: "Nix, nix, soldier! Don't trust him! That monkey ain't dead yet, and no monkey's safe till he's dead!"

This story's too big, too powerful, too heroic, too dramatic to be orderly. We're supposed to be writing the logistic annals of New Guinea. We're supposed to lead you down the 10,000-mile trail from San Francisco to Hollandia and Finschhafen, to Sydney and Melbourne in Australia. But if that's all it was, it would be a flat, profitless tale from the tongues of men who worship statistics, who read beauty in production curves. Let's ignore such men. Some day when this war is over, all such dusty stuff will be printed in government volumes between drab brown covers.

But from these books you'll learn nothing of stocks stacked on mud that instantly swallows hundreds of bales and crates that can't be retrieved, because thousands of bales and crates have to be piled upon them. They'll tell you nothing of how 120 degrees of equatorial heat, 130 inches of rainfall, 85 and 90 per cent humidity can dissolve steel that in any white man's climate would endure for years. The biggest tractors, bulldozers and cranes last just so long in their fight against coral that's as tough as they are, against soft limestone that has the qualities of acid, against roots and vines that give but don't break and, in the end, make fools of the cunningest engines.

Yet at Hollandia, there's a demonstration of what brains and brawn, persistency and desperation can do. It's a thirty-mile road across the knees of the precipitous foothills of the Bismarck Mountains. It's a two-lane and sometimes a three-lane highway, gleaming white, as wild to ride as a roller coaster but so beautifully pitched, graded and drained that hell and high water haven't moved it an inch. It's a road that couldn't be built. And then, one day in June, 1944, the Army engineers, a battalion of Seabees and a couple of regiments of American Negro soldiers went to work. Men died, twenty-ton machines crashed down the high escarpments to become twisted wreckage. The outraged mountainsides slid down with all their tangled wilderness to bury men and machines. But in a few short weeks, it was built, thirty broad miles of it; and the avalanches were stopped, the mountains conquered.

Perhaps we're making too much of that one demonstration of what men and boys from Topeka, Brooklyn, Bangor, Little Rock, Seattle can do if it has to be done, but it got into our heart and made us boastfully proud. Then there's that pestilential waste called Gili Gili on the shores of Milne Bay. The medical men say that it was the earth's worst malarial sink.

Jeeps and ponderous command cars disappeared in that muck, sucked in as the ocean swallows a ship, carrying men with them to drown in slime. Yet a supply base was built upon it, malaria and jungle rot were banished, the jungle that hid it was slashed back.

Its air strip was built early in 1943. The Japs still roamed the Owen-Stanleys. Four and five times a week they'd swoop down to raid, destroy, kill. They'd watch from the mountain ledges, jeer by radio at the soft-handed Yanks who were laboring to build

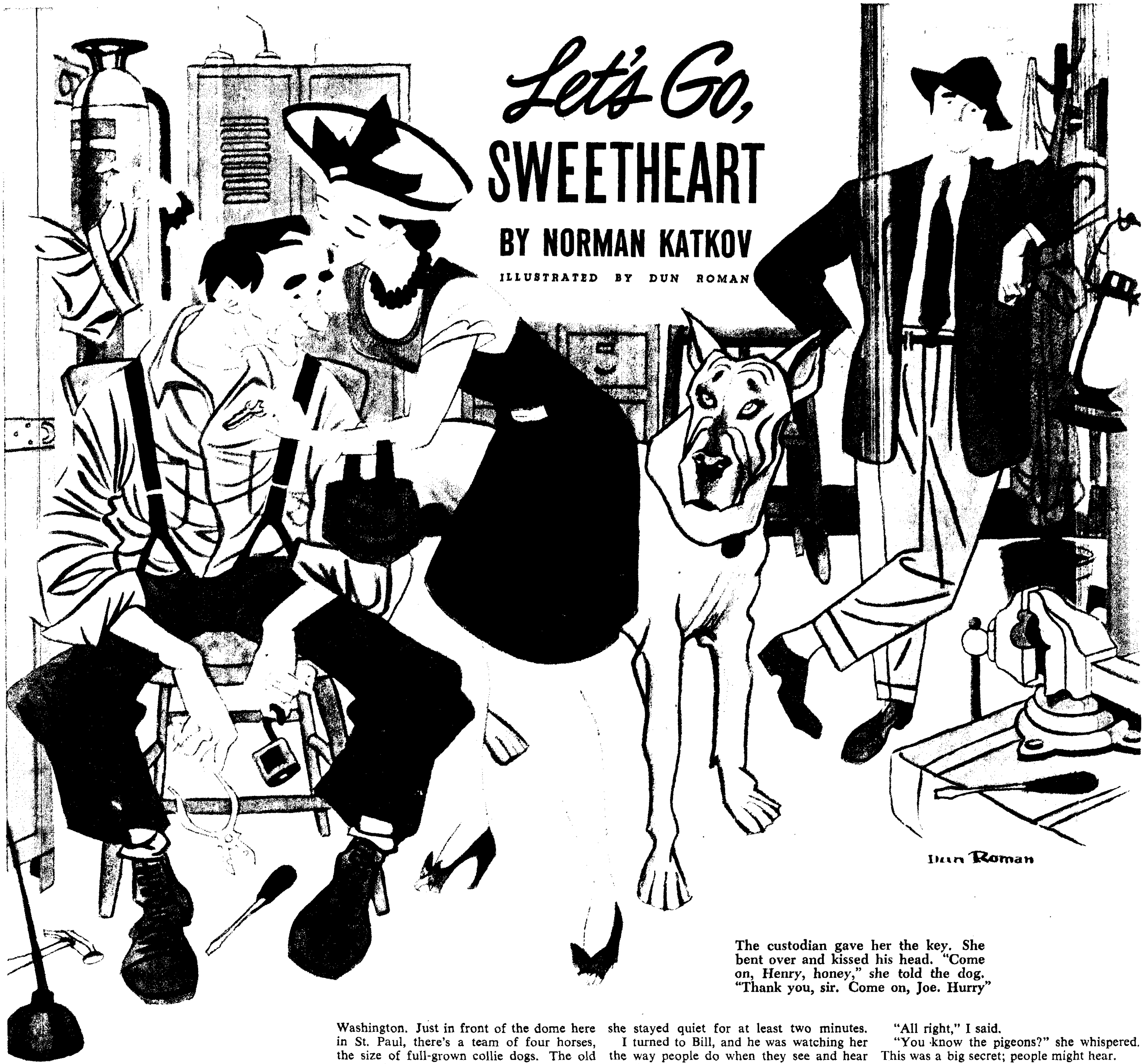
(Continued on page 54)

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Let's Go, SWEETHEART

BY NORMAN KATKOV

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN



The custodian gave her the key. She bent over and kissed his head. "Come on, Henry, honey," she told the dog. "Thank you, sir. Come on, Joe. Hurry"

No one could pull a news story out of the air; but with the aid of her true love and a canine giant, Mary pulled one right off the capitol dome

BILL BENSON, the governor's secretary, stopped me four feet from his boss' door. "Stay out of there," he warned. "He's hot enough at you now."

The paper wanted a statement from the old boy on the story I'd written about the pigeons nesting among the gold horses atop the statehouse. "It was only a gag," I said. "People like to read stuff like that. Let me tell him."

Benson shook his head. "Stay out of there, Joe. Let him cool off."

I followed Bill back to his desk and sat down beside him. I'd never figured the governor would get mad. I knew he loved those horses, but what the hell! It was just a story. Minnesota's capitol is a ringer for the one in Washington. Just in front of the dome here in St. Paul, there's a team of four horses, the size of full-grown collie dogs. The old man had them gold-leafed almost every time it rained. Only the pigeons knew why they picked the horses out of the whole roof of the building, and nothing the janitor or the State Conservation Department or the profs from the university did would get the birds out of there.

I leaned over the desk to call the paper and I was waiting for the ring when I heard Mary outside. I hung up slow, like someone will do when he's been told a pal just died.

"Listen here, Mr. Cop," she was saying, "here is my press pass, and just because I work for a Minneapolis paper doesn't mean you can keep me out of here. I'm a newspaperman, and I'm going to see someone." She was right. She came through the door sideways like a dancer shuffling out from the wings.

"Joey, sweetheart," she yelled. "Where were you, baby? I've been calling and calling. Golly, have I got a story! Joey, you're not supposed to know because you work for the News, but I'll tell you because I love you." She kissed my neck. "Yummmm, you smell good."

I said, "I'll be through in a minute, Mary." Sometimes if I was very brusque and cold, she stayed quiet for at least two minutes.

I turned to Bill, and he was watching her the way people do when they see and hear her for the first time. She had on a red cotton jumper and a white blouse, and she wasn't wearing stockings. She isn't a good-looking girl at all, but there's something in her eyes. They're alive and moving, reminding me always of the way the sun hits water when you throw a pebble into a still pool. And she got legs, and she got a build and black hair and real thin fingers. And she got more guts, and more drive and more enthusiasm and is a better reporter than anybody I ever saw.

"Joey," she said. "Hurry! The dog!"

"What dog?"

"Henry, my landlady's dog. He's in the story, silly, and he'll get tired. If he gets tired, there's no story, and I'll have to carry my flatiron around all day and all night."

I put my arm around her shoulders and walked her out of there. I let her tell me something about rent, Henry, a woman on the trolley coming over to St. Paul, and an accordionist in a Minneapolis night club who took dope. By that time, I had her outside and we sat down on the top step of a flight of at least two thousand cement stairs that led to Wabasha Street. I sat her down and settled down next to her.

"All right," I said.

"You know the pigeons?" she whispered. This was a big secret; people might hear.

"You bet. Good friends of mine. I was telling Joe Pigeon just the other day . . ."

"Please, Joey, don't make fun of me."

"Well, don't be a sap, then. What *do* you want with the pigeons? The story is a dead duck."

She leaned over and began pounding my knees the way she does at the fights. "No, no, no, no, no, no. That's why I'm bringing Henry." She sat up, holding her hand out at me, moving the palm like she was playing jacks. "Henry is going to talk to the pigeons!"

I got up, brushed my pants and started for the pressroom. I had one hand on the door, when she grabbed the other arm, holding it with both hands and pulling like she was the winning side in a tug of war.

"Joey, if you don't help me, you can't take me to the movies tonight," she announced.

I jerked away so suddenly she fell over backward. "When did you decide I was taking you to the movies, Miss Know-it-all?"

She got up slow, her purse in her left hand and she moved closer and . . . whing! It missed me, but I could feel the draft it stirred

(Continued on page 36)

BLACK STAR

imate gold mines like this near Yellowknife, Canada, started the stock boom that has nicked many U.S. investors

SWINDLER'S PARADISE

BY LESTER VELIE

Probably the highest returns from gold mines in history are being made today by stock pushers in Canada. Their profits are not coming out of the ground, but out of the pockets of American victims

ALBERT E. DEPALMA is an "investment broker" licensed in Ontario, Canada, to handle other people's money. For a licensed broker, he has an interesting past. A Toronto court found him guilty of giving a false name when applying for registration under Canada's National Registration (Draft) Act. California, New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, Missouri and Pennsylvania have ordered him to stop selling unregistered stocks illegally to their citizens.

Yet DePalma continues to sell thousands of dollars worth of stocks weekly by mail, telegraph and telephone in these and other states from coast to coast. He is one of some thirty operators whose gold-mine stock promotions caused our State Security Commissioners Association to describe Toronto as the "stock-racket plague spot of North America." Toronto's own conservative Financial Post refers to the operators as Toronto's "financial underworld." The Pennsylvania Securities Commission describes their operations as the greatest stock racket ever perpetrated on Americans.

I visited DePalma at his office near the Toronto Stock Exchange in Bay Street, Toronto's Wall Street. An imitation brass shingle on the street level read, "A. E. DePalma & Co., Investment Brokers." The investment broker had three rooms on the fourth floor, two of them piled high with promotion literature. On the floor above, there was additional space for salesmen and their telephone desks.

A sign on the wall behind DePalma's desk read: "The fellow who doesn't mind his own business either has no mind or no business." But DePalma, handsome and theatrical in a salmon-colored pin-striped suit, didn't seem to mind my prying into his business.

"Sure, I'll tell you how we sell stock," he said. "I have nothing to hide. Take my new campaign on Peg Tantalum Mines. I sent out 500,000 letters to begin with. Cost me $40,000. All over the United States, all over Canada and even Alaska. Where did I get the names? Bought them. Sucker lists, I suppose you'd call them. Cost me a penny a name."

DePalma showed me the come-on letter. It told of Canada's booming gold-mine properties, cited the rise of Giant Yellowknife mining shares (a legitimate stock) "from 35 cents to $10 in three months on drill holes alone," predicted the stock would go to $15. The letter tried to sell nothing, offered a book on Canada's mineral resources (written on DePalma's order) and market advice free on request.

A High-Pressure Selling Plan

To the 3,000-odd persons who replied, the investment broker sent two pieces of "educational material" or teaser mail each week for twelve weeks. The education campaign completed, DePalma's telephone salesmen went to work, calling to California, Florida, Louisiana, New Jersey, everywhere, spending $1,500 to $2,000 on telephone calls weekly.

I asked DePalma if I could watch one of his telephone salesmen in action. He had no objection.

The salesman was a pleasant, soft-voiced young ex-golf pro. "I'm from Toronto," he volunteered. "Some of the American boys are afraid to call into the States on account of indictments."

He arranged a number of cards before him bearing names and phone numbers of "clients." A judge in Louisiana ("I call him right at the courthouse," said the salesman), another in New Jersey. A businessman in Los Angeles.

Others in San Francisco, Winchester, Indiana; and Harmon, N. Y.

The salesman had a direct line to the long-distance operator and got a call through to a Mr. R—— at Harmon.

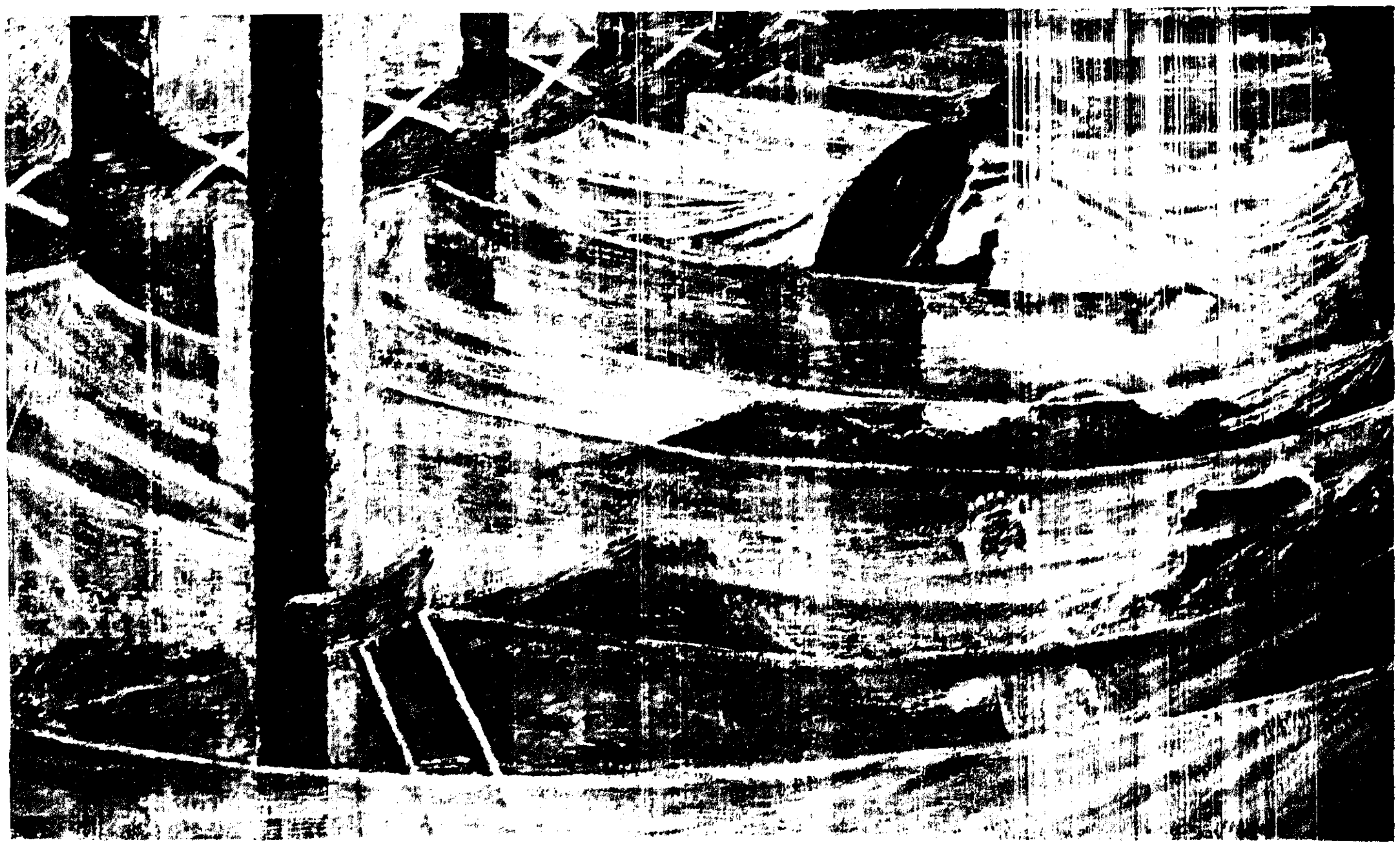
"Peg Tantalum is up 70 per cent; the market price is now $1.70," he said into the phone. "Better buy some right away before it goes to $1.85."

Mr. R—— didn't know that the $1.70 "market price" had been set by DePalma, the sole distributor of the shares, that as little as 30 cents of each share's proceeds may have been reaching the mining company's treasury.

Mr. R—— didn't buy any Peg Tantalum, and the salesman shifted to Fleetwood Yellowknife, a gold-mining stock.

"They're starting heavy drilling soon," said

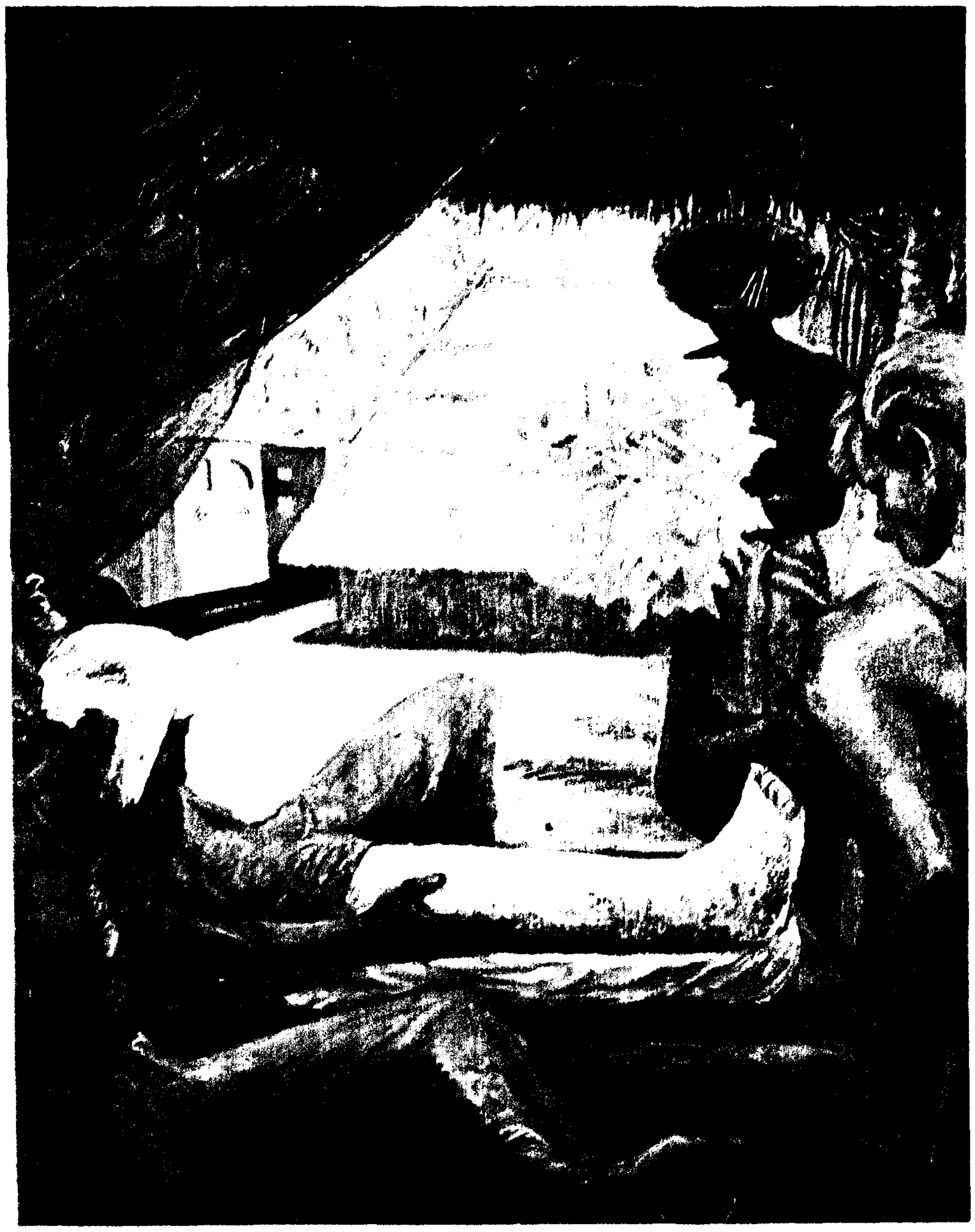
(Continued on page 48)



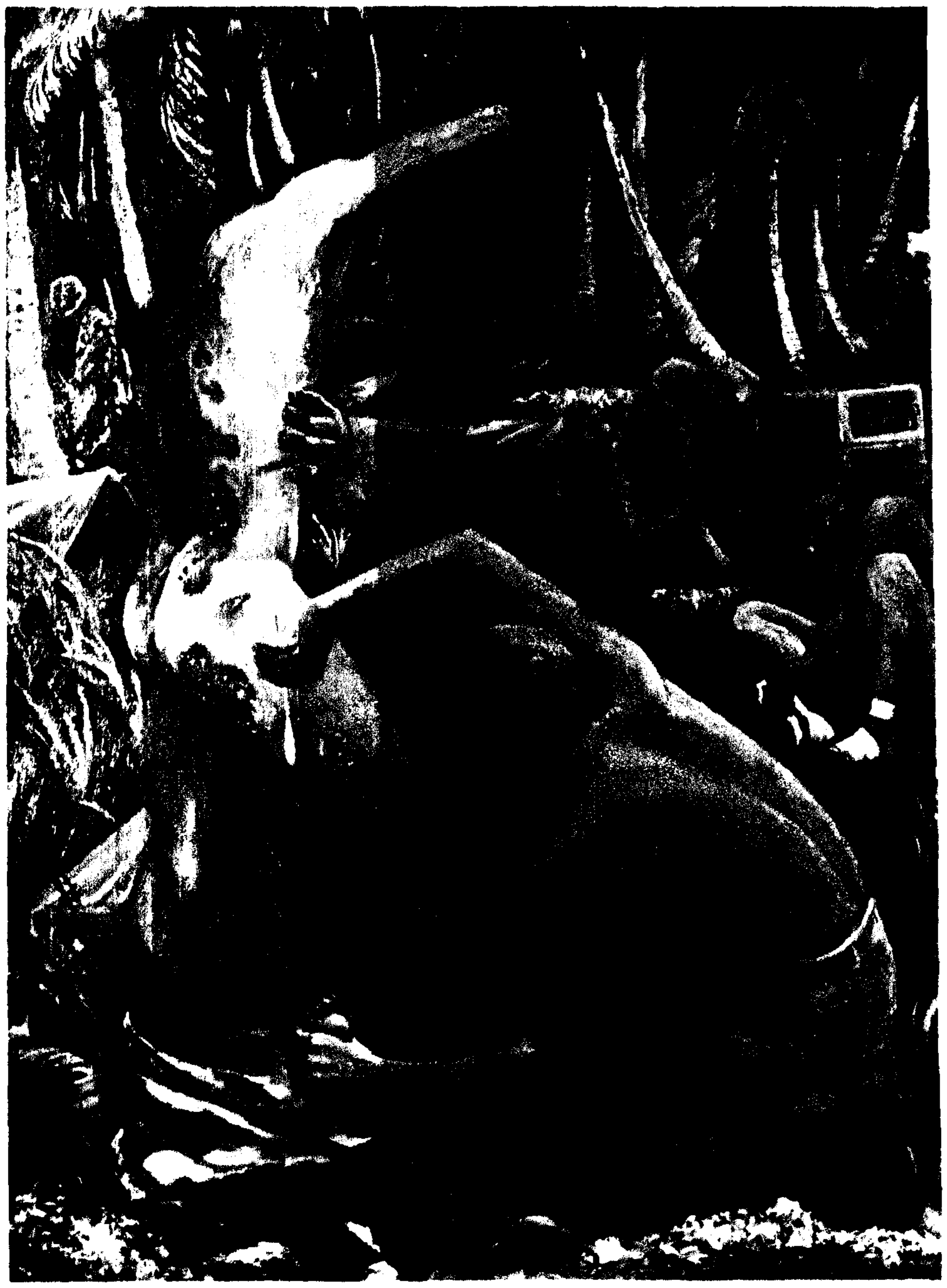
Artist Franklin Boggs slept in this South Pacific ward. It was dark and quiet and he dozed. A patient coughed. Then it was quiet again. A racking spasm of coughing hit the patient, and the nurse came down with a bug light. Boggs raised his head. He was impressed with the effect of the light on the green mosquito netting. The patient was quiet again and the light went out. In the morning, Boggs began to paint this. On the back he scrawled: "Night Duty"

This chute opened too late. The pilot is dead. No one has touched him. But artist Joseph Hirsch noticed that his chute pack had become his burial pillow, the silk had become his shroud and the chute had clipped the tree through which the pilot fell and had brought down its own garlands. Hirsch, impressed, put no title on this. Army medicine could do nothing

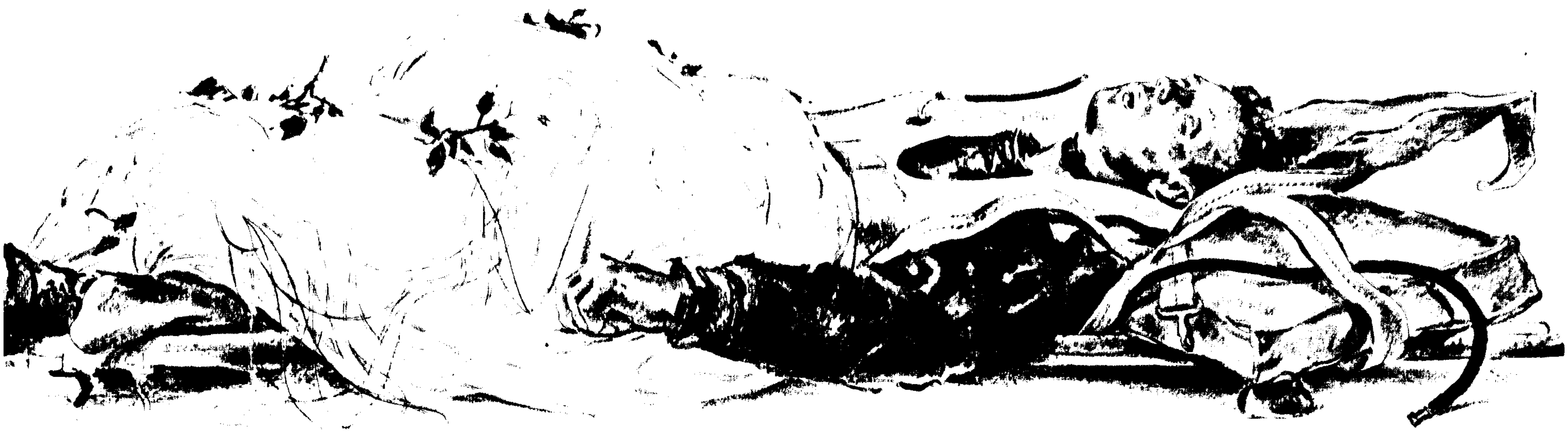
That



Often, there wasn't time to build a hospital. The medical detachments fumigated native huts and parked the busses in the clearing. Jap mortar hits made ugly leg and head wounds. The wounded thought that the bringing of flowers to the sick was a Western custom. They were astonished when this big native brought jungle bouquets. Artist Boggs calls it "Visiting Hour." The visitor came every day



The Joes say that the jungle works for the Japs. The swamps give them fungus feet, larvae worms give them filariasis, insects give them crud and malaria. The medic here is treating a case of jungle rot. Most jungle diseases are not fatal in themselves, but are difficult to cure and hurt the morale of the men. When not busy with wounded, writes artist Boggs, the medics spend their time swabbing skin sores



They May Live!

BY MAJOR GENERAL NORMAN T. KIRK

THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

ONE of the American field hospitals in the Philippines recently was moved into what was supposed to be a quiet sector. But when the medical officers and corpsmen arrived, they found themselves virtually in the laps of the Japs. The Nips waited until our boys settled, then one night they dropped a welcoming party of paratroopers right behind the hospital area.

All the Japs were killed, but the medical detachment suffered casualties, too, and ran a little low on manpower. So doctors and hospital corpsmen went out and brought in the wounded and operated on some of them in the blacked-out surgical tent where two tables were in constant use for 36 hours. Thus for a bitter and perilous period, they functioned as first-aid men, litter bearers and a collecting company when they weren't busy with surgery. After it was over, they said, "Now we have seen everything."

They learned otherwise four nights later when Jap infantrymen came out of the mountains to join the airborne soldiers who, of course, were dead. Only physicians and corpsmen, doubling as doughboys, were available to man our perimeter in defense of the hospital. Heavy rain made the night so black that our men could barely see the weapons they held. The Japs used their night tactics of yelling, calling for medics, and infiltration, while their machine gunners and snipers peppered the hospital area. As infantrymen, our medics did all right. They beat off the attack, killing many Japs, with no fatalities to themselves. Two medical officers were operated upon and convalesced less than 100 yards from where they were wounded.

We of the Army Medical Department are proud of the fact, as demonstrated by this story, that our men can give a good account of themselves as combat soldiers. But we are prouder of the record we have made in our own job which is not to fight, but to spare men as much as is humanly possible from the disfiguring, maiming, killing business of war. Mothers of our fighting men will find more comfort in the knowledge that our medical officers know how to heal, than in learning that they also know how to fight.

To a permanent staff of highly skilled and experienced personnel, the department, since the start of the war, has added the best medical talent in the country: thousands of top-flight surgeons, physicians and psychiatrists. In all, there are 45,000 doctors, 15,000 dentists and 53,000 nurses caring for the Army's sick and wounded. The department's total personnel, including 600,000 enlisted medical aid men, is more than *four* times the strength of our peacetime Army.

Soldier deaths after hospitalization in the first World War were about two and a half times what they have been in this war. The record is testimony to the rapid advancement of medical science, and immediate surgical care was one of the principal means by which that record was made.

We do not, of course, make a practice of maintaining field hospitals right in the front lines. We put our hospitals, however, as close to the fighting as possible. Our field hospital platoons, supplemented by surgical teams, operate from two to four miles behind the forward lines. We have brought surgery up to the patient. In fact, medical care begins almost as soon as the soldier becomes a casualty. Soldier after soldier will bear witness to the statement that, with remarkably few exceptions, the wounded are reached by medical aid within minutes after they are hit.

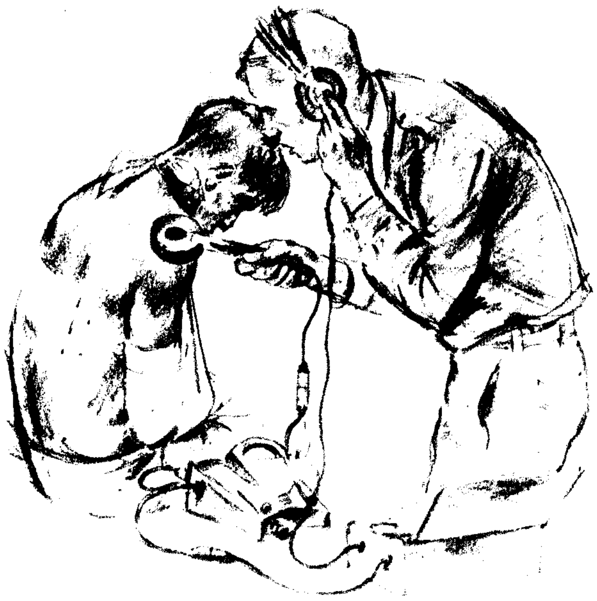
Death in the first 48 hours is caused by hemorrhage and shock. Hemorrhage is stopped and shock reduced by the medical aid men and the front-line surgeons.

In all wars but this one, disease has been more deadly than bullets. Death rates from the typhoid groups and smallpox have been small, while there have been no deaths at all from tetanus, yellow fever or typhus. This is the result of the development and use of toxoids and vaccines. Malaria, a major enemy in the Pacific, has been reduced to one fourth its incidence in the early part of the war. Sulfa drugs and penicillin have cut the pneumonia death rate from 24 to 6 per cent. And thanks again to penicillin, syphilis can now be cured in days, instead of months, and gonorrhea in days rather than weeks.

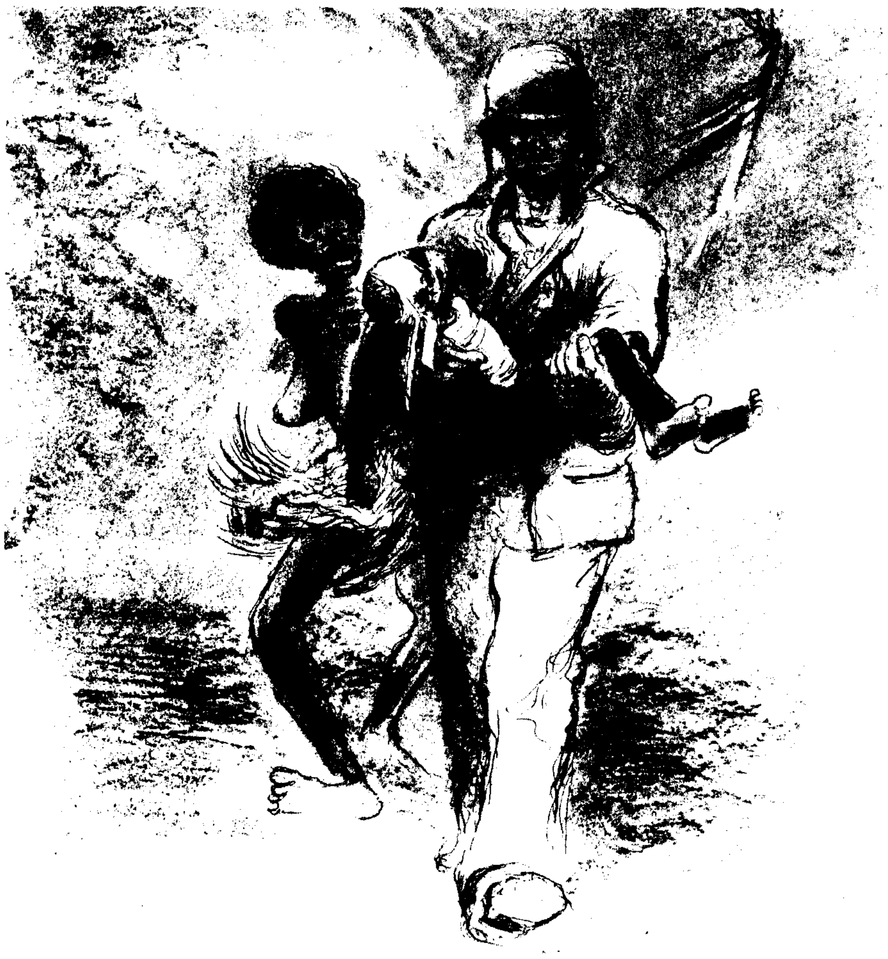
Sulfa has reduced the World War I mortality rate from meningitis from 34 to 4 per cent. At present, the over-all disease death rate in the Army is now down to a little less than a man a year per every 2,000 soldiers.

The story of medicine at war cannot be told in words alone. To know what war is like, you have to see it. You are looking at some of the agonies of war in these paintings. ★★★

(Other pictures on following page)

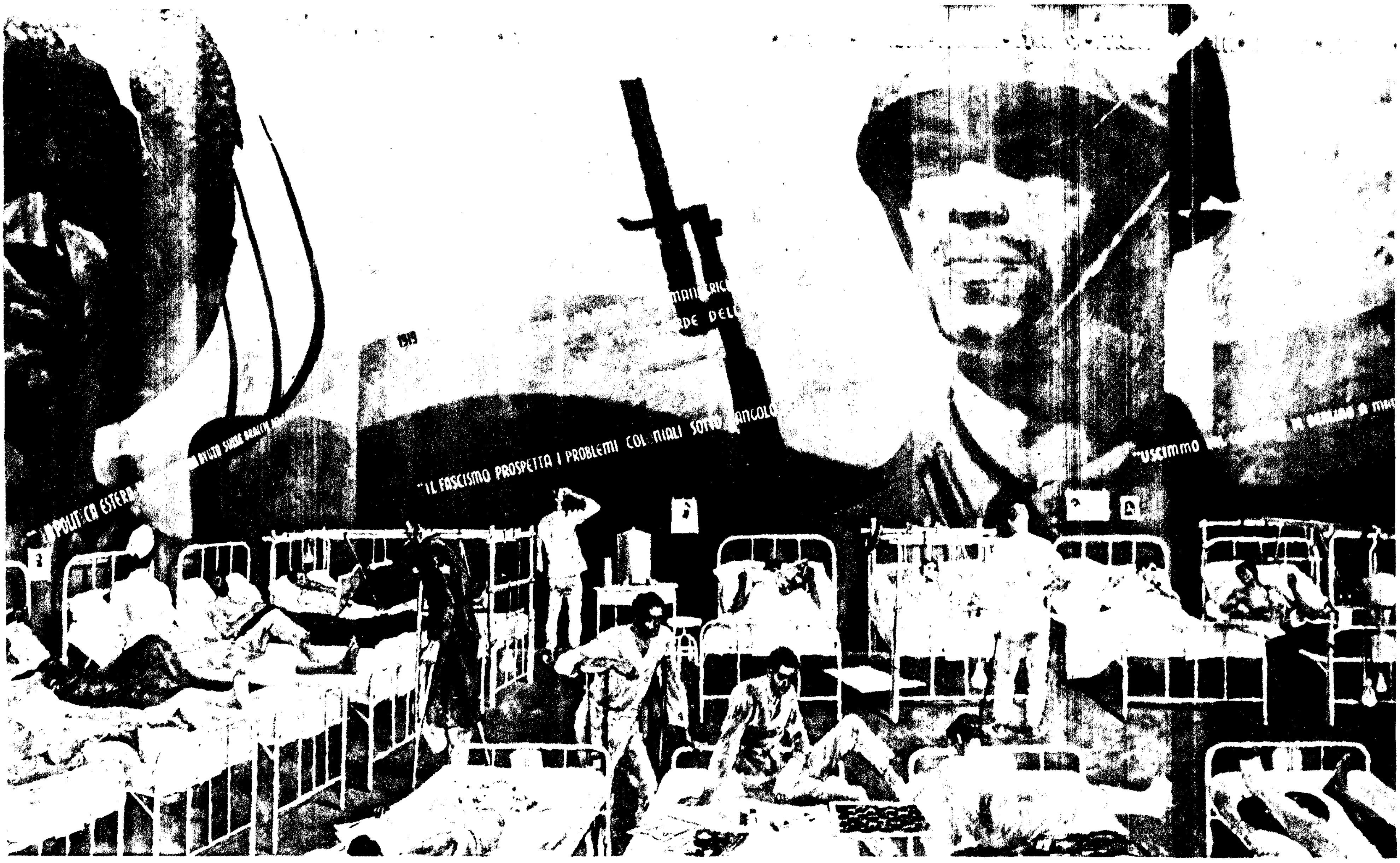


The galvanic mine detector is sometimes used on wounded soldiers. This man stopped a lot of shrapnel. Most of it has been removed and his wounds are dressed. Then the mine detector is brought in to locate the tiny pieces. Joseph Hirsch says it was interesting to watch the "de-steeling"

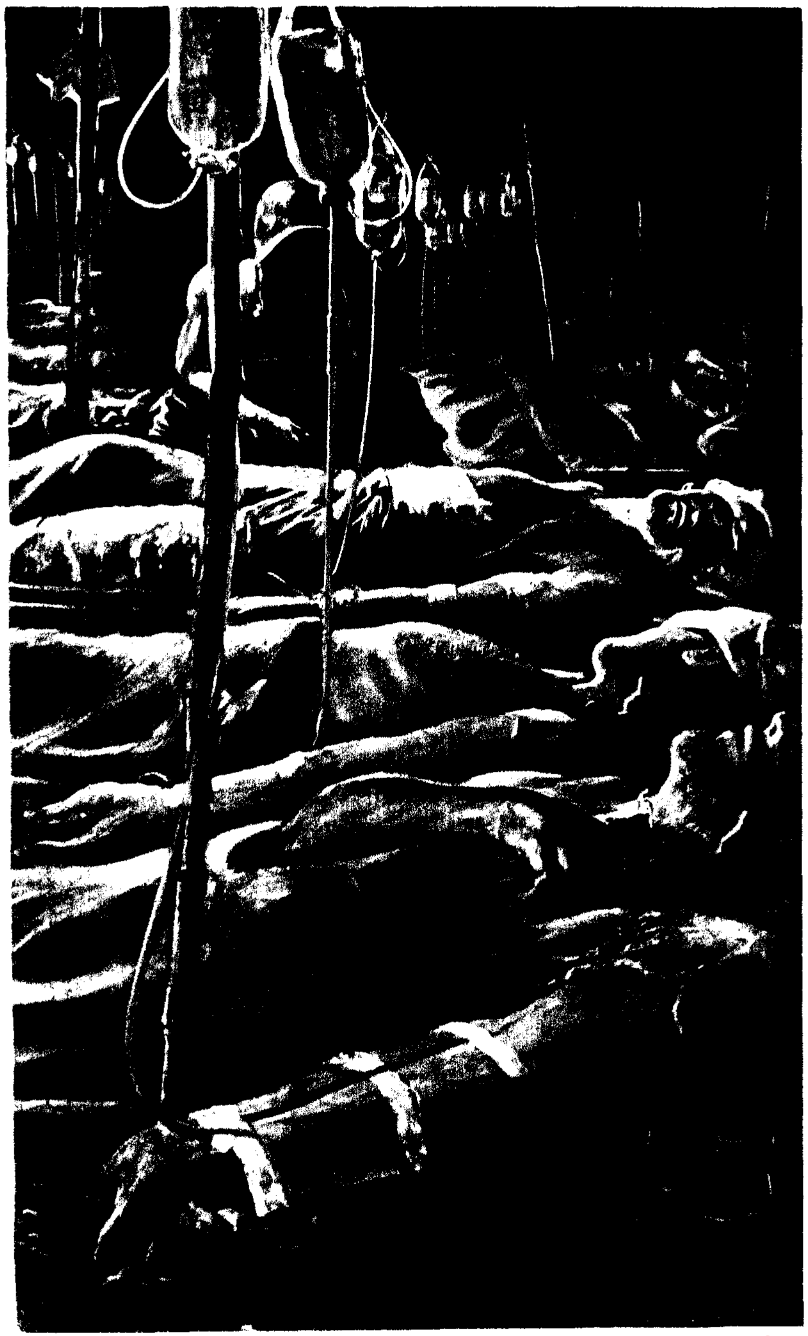


The woman kept jabbering but the corpsman didn't understand a word of it. He knew that it was her kid, and that the kid had been hit. Emergency treatment had already been administered. The youngster was being taken to a hospital where doctors would do more elaborate things to keep the kid alive. Artist Boggs says that the corpsman kept walking, not talking

PAINTINGS FROM THE ABBOTT COLLECTION

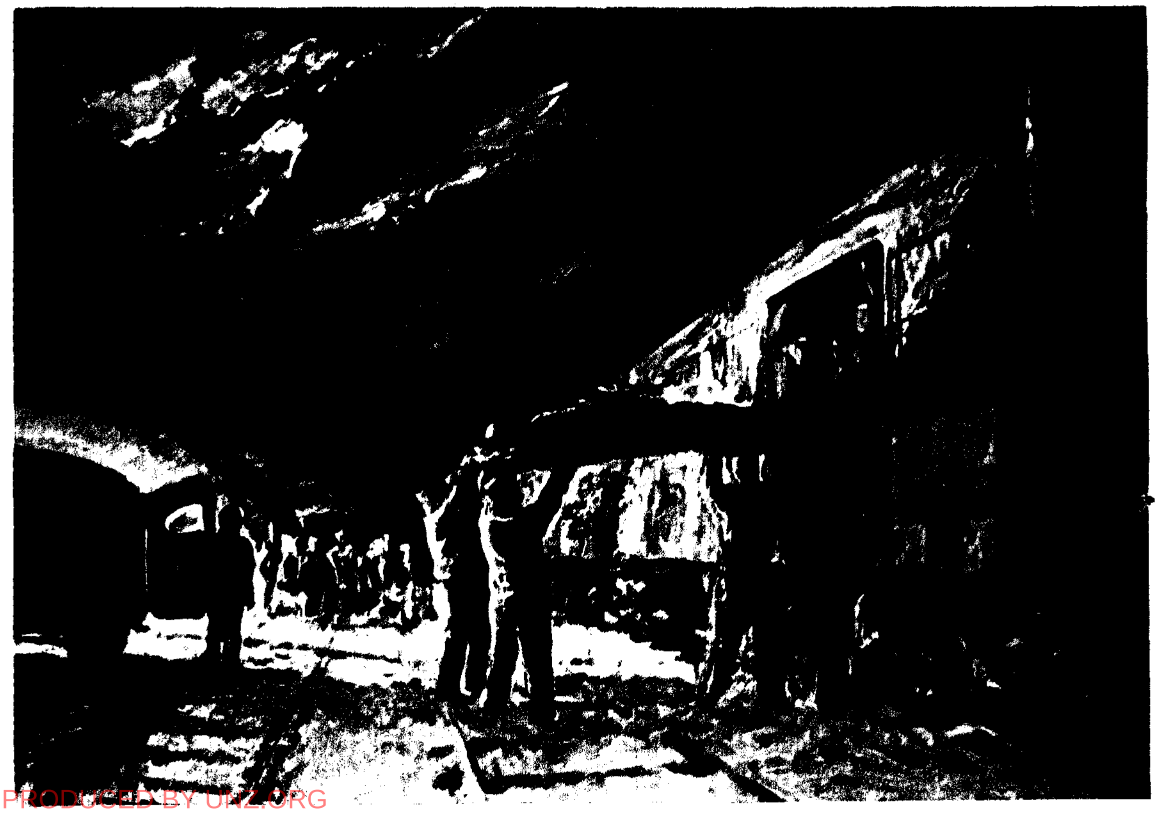

1919
"IL FASCISMO PROSPETTA I PROBLEMI COL NIALI SOTTO ANGOLO
POLITICA ESTERA
"USCIMMO

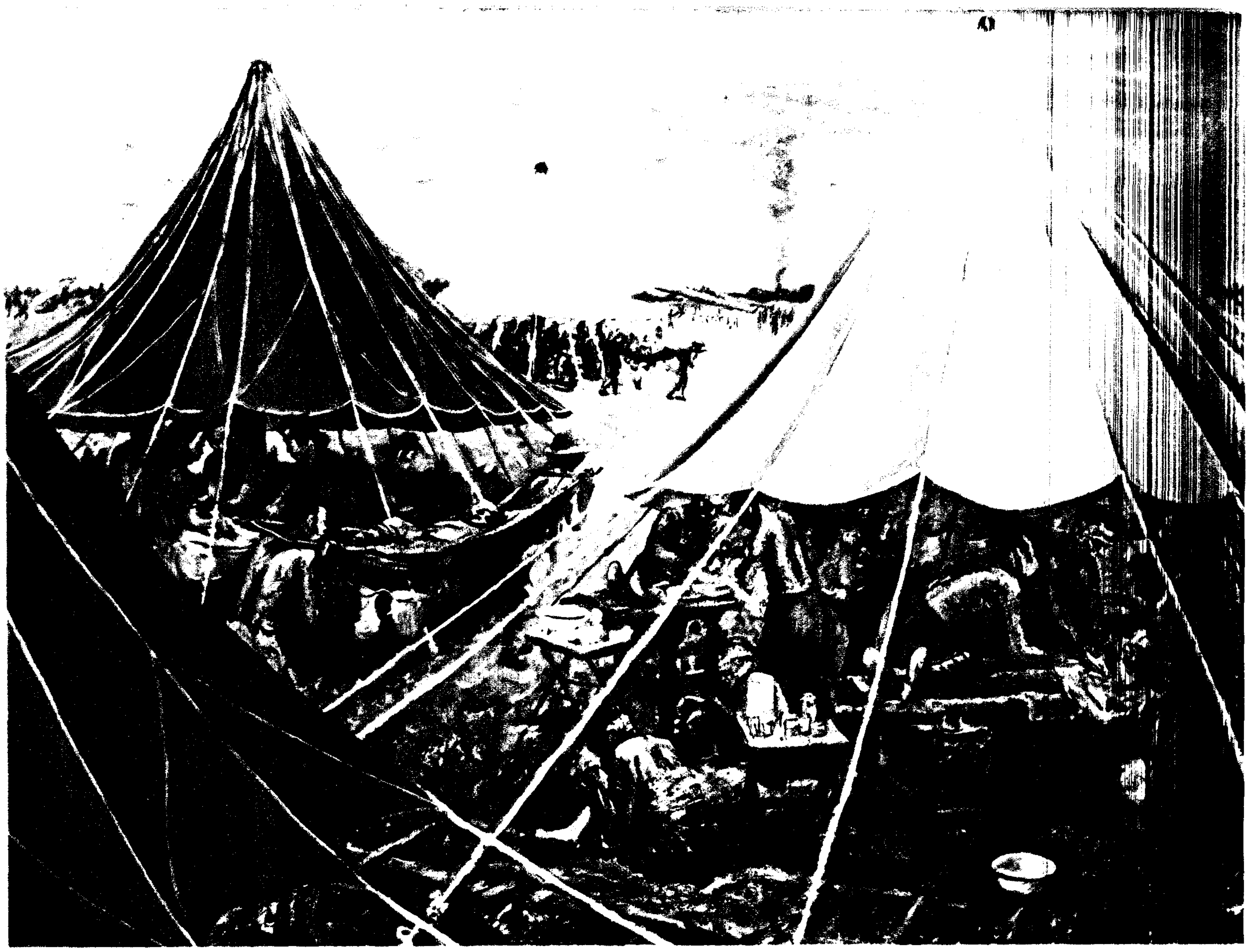
This is a hospital ward in Naples. Mussolini built the place and ordered the murals. The words on the walls are bombastic plugs for victorious Italy. Once, Joseph Hirsch says, the Fascists held a great festival in this building. Now it shelters American wounded and they chuckle at the Fascist art. Some have pinned up their own idea of great art. A few of the armless and legless are ambulatory. The nurse at left is taking temperatures. The men play games, gossip



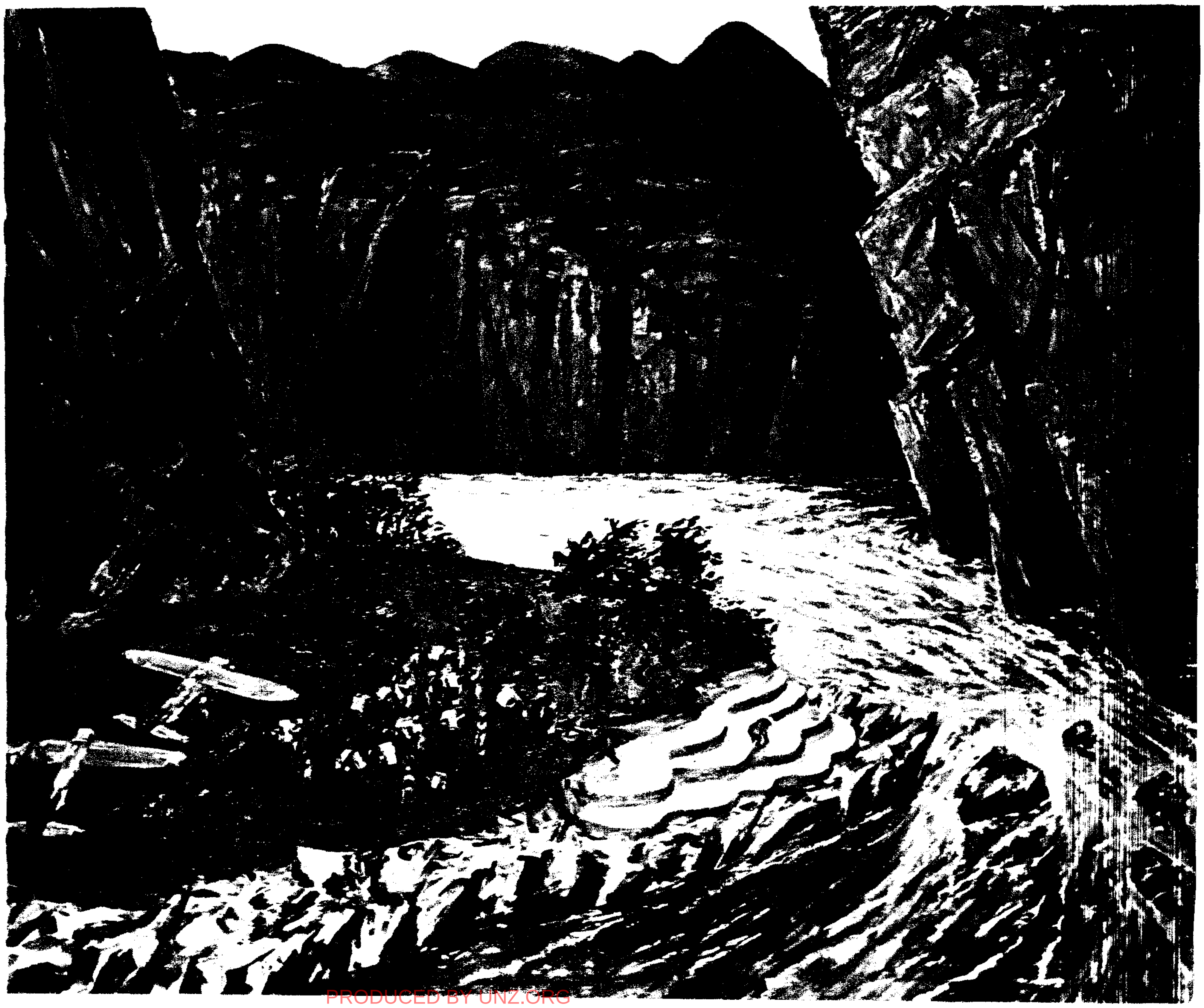
At left is a shock tent. It is pretty quiet except for the sounds of shallow, rapid breathing. The seriously wounded and the battle fatigue victims are sent here first. Artist Robert Benney wrote that sometimes 40 or 50 men in here would be getting plasma simultaneously. It was moving, he thought, to see some of the men respond so quickly to blood from home. Some do not. The corpsman is watching one closely. The great majority of these men eventually get well

These wounded are home. The train is on a Kansas siding. Light comes from a furtive moon and car headlights. The men are lifted carefully from the cars and carried to the parked ambulances. Some crack jokes. Some say nothing. A few yell: "Hey! Take it easy." All are headed for the Army's great General Hospitals. Artist Benney calls this "Night Rendezvous"





A few hours ago, these tents were parachutes. They floated down on Myitkyina loaded with food and medicine and ammunition. The Japs fled to the brush around the airport. The famed Burma surgeon, Seagrave, can be seen at work in the nearest tent. He had to set his hurry-up hospitals smack on the air strip to evade Jap snipers. The Army sent up fighters with orders to rake the surrounding brush with their wing guns. The native Burmese nurses, trained by Seagrave, did heroic work here. Howard Baer, who painted this on the field, called it "Field Hospital in Technicolor." Factual enough



This is a supply relay point in Burma. Here, the Salween River is narrow and swift. And here Piper Cubs fishtail down between the gorges and land in that narrow blob of level ground at left. They unload medical supplies, which are then transferred to pack trains for shipment to the Burma front. Baer, the artist, watched the pilots do the impossible: urge their weak ships into the air before reaching the river-bank, then try to climb out of the gorge before hitting the high wall in the background. He still can't understand it, but says they did it every time

REHEARSAL FOR LOVE

BY JEAN KINKEAD

MAIDIE sat on the edge of her bed, slim and brown in her black bathing suit, a white terry-cloth robe dropping back off her shoulders. She was thinking about Hank, and her face had a soft dreaming look. She was thinking how little anything mattered except that he was home again. All the things she'd heard about him, the stories Ted Gregory and Sherm had brought back, didn't trouble her.

It didn't even matter that Hank was different. The quietness of him had disturbed her at first; the—the dignity of him. She had imagined that she felt a kind of barrier between them, an unspoken something. She had even let herself imagine for a few shuddering seconds that he didn't love her any more. But this morning she felt serene to her very soul. He was back, and they loved each other.

She sat quietly, waiting, thinking that perhaps he wouldn't come today; but even as she thought it, she knew he would. A lot he cared that today was different, that the neighbors wouldn't quite approve. And then she heard him whistle under her window, and she flew down the stairs and through the cool, shadowy rooms to the back door. It wasn't yet eight o'clock, but the flagstone walk was already hot under her bare feet.

"Hi," she said. He was leaning against the stone wall, and she thought: Oh, you lovely, skinny guy!

He said, "Hi," and walked toward her. She liked the way he moved. Easily and deliberately, like a ballplayer taking his base on balls. He leaned down, and just before he kissed her, he looked at her, and the look was a part of the kiss.

THEN they were walking through the gate and across the Walkers' back yard, and finally they were down on the beach. They stood a minute looking at the water, inky blue and quiet, and presently Hank walked out on the dock and dived off, and Maidie followed him. They swam a while, and afterward they flung themselves on the sand, and Hank put out his hand and touched Maidie's hair. "I had it set yesterday," she murmured.

"I like it better like this."

They lay there a few minutes not speaking. "We shouldn't be together now, you know," Maidie said at last. "It's one of the rules."

"The hell with the rules!" Hank's voice was deep and lazy.

Maidie laughed. "You," she said softly, loving him so much.

He said, "You, too."

"Us," Maidie said, her sweet voice rough with sudden feeling. "Can you believe it, Hank?"

He rolled over on his back. "It's mighty good," he said. But it was the new Hank talking—sober, restrained. He didn't reach for her hand or wink at her or anything. He squinted his eyes and looked straight at the sun. "There's something you ought to know," he said, speaking slowly, thinking out the words. "I've wanted to tell you ever since I got back, only I couldn't get it out." He stopped short and turned his face toward hers, smiling a little. "It's a heck of a time to tell you, isn't it?"

Then he wasn't smiling any more, and he wasn't looking at her. "You were my gal when I was twelve years old. From the seventh grade all through high school, I never looked at anyone but you. Remember?"

"Sure, Hank," she said, and she tried to swallow the lump in her throat.

"Then I joined the Army." He put his hand over his eyes.

She didn't say anything at all.

"THE point is, it's all true, all the stuff you've heard. I was a wild guy at Stewart. Then we were shipped across, and there was fighting. Africa, Sicily, Normandy. And there were girls. When you've squeaked through one fight, and you know there's another one coming up, and you've got, say, three days in between—"

"Hank, I don't care," she said then. "You don't have to tell me."

"It's important," he said doggedly. "Everything you've heard about me's true. There'd be weeks when I wouldn't even think of you. Letters would come, and I'd stick them in my tunic unopened."

"Hank," her voice was pleading, urgent. "What difference does it make?"

"Shut up!" he said, and it was rude the way he said it. It wasn't kidding or friendly, the way he used to say it.

Tears stung her eyes, and she stood up quickly, saying nothing. She pulled her robe around her and started home—the long way, so there'd be time to think; time to grow calm again. She could hear him behind her, but she didn't turn around.

They walked up Gordon's Lane side by side, a tall, dark girl with a mane of black hair and a tall, thin boy in dark green trunks, and they didn't speak to each other at all.

They were turning the corner when Hank put his hand on Maidie's arm. "I'm such a dumb guy," he said. "I've got something to tell you, and I don't know how."

There was no sense evading any longer. No sense at all. She lifted her chin and faced him. "You don't love me any more."

HE STARED at her a minute, and then he gave his great shout of a laugh. "Who writes your dialogue?" he said gently. "Gee, it's corny!" And she felt his strong, thin fingers around her wrist in the old familiar way, and then he was talking again.

"Before I went away, I hadn't seen anything," he said. "I hadn't felt anything. Loving you was simple and uncomplicated, and no particular miracle. And now—I don't know, Maid. So many other gals, so much fear and dirt and living between then and now—" His voice dropped low—"I just love you so much, Maid. That's all I've been trying to say. I just love you so much."

And Maidie was remembering a lanky, earnest high-school senior saying, "Maid, if only I were a guy from another town—from New York, say—and I'd met you on a visit and fallen in love with you. If we'd just had to search a little more for each other, we'd *really* know. This is so darned easy." She was remembering a boy, shy and ill at ease in a brand-new uniform. "I don't want you to wait for me, Maidie," he'd said. "There'll be so many new people. Maybe we'll forget about this. . . ."

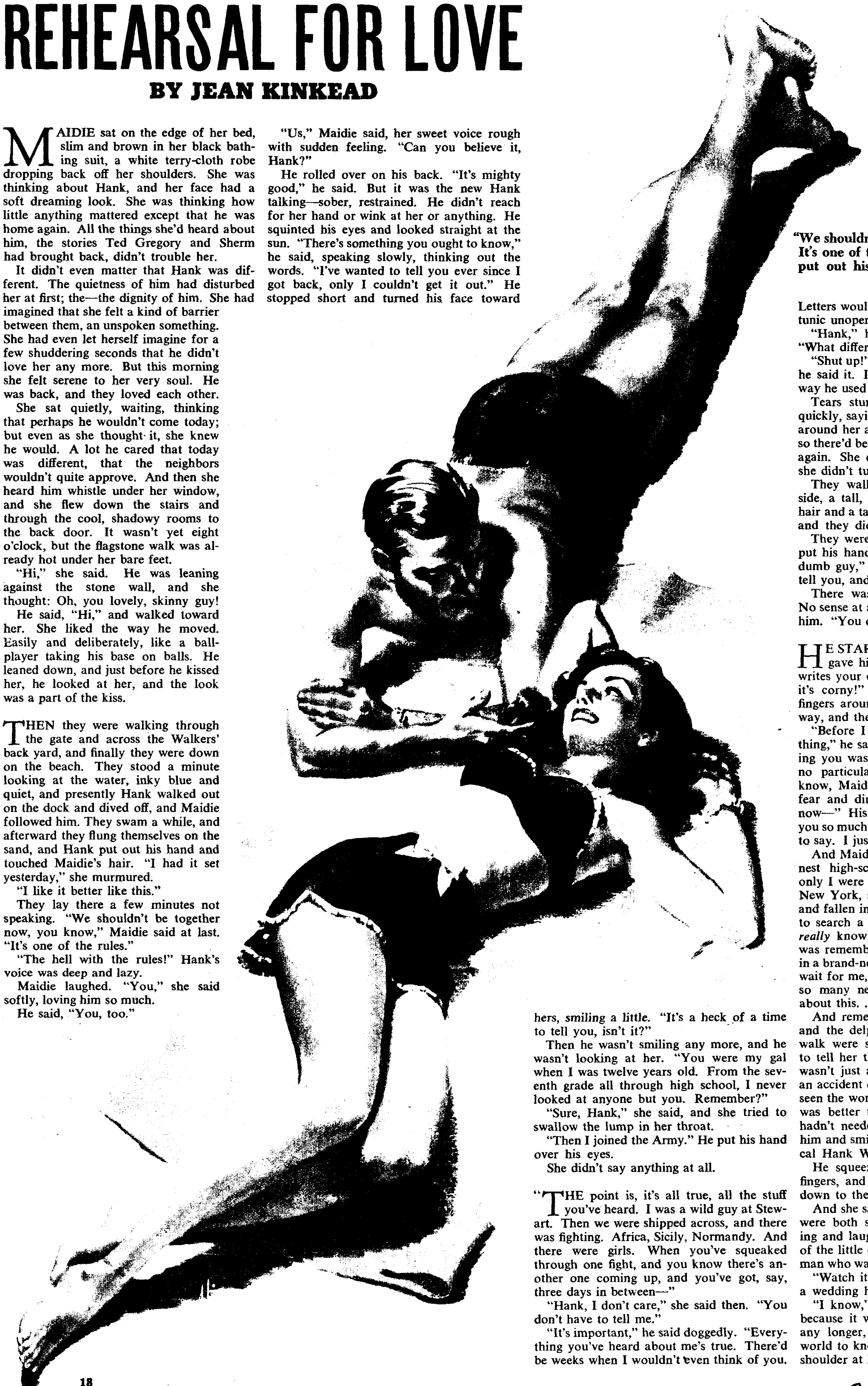
And remembering, she understood at last, and the delphinium and larkspur along the walk were suddenly a blur. He was trying to tell her that now their loving each other wasn't just a result of growing up together, an accident of birth and circumstances. He'd seen the world and had come back to her. It was better than before. And Maidie, who hadn't needed tests and signs, looked up at him and smiled. "Oh, I love you, old skeptical Hank Whitney," she said.

He squeezed her wrist tight between his fingers, and then he let her go. "Beat you down to the corner," he said.

And she said, "That I gotta see." And they were both streaking down the road, laughing and laughing. Hank passed her in front of the little church and bumped her into the man who was putting up the canopy.

"Watch it, girlie," the man said. "We got a wedding here today."

"I know," she said breathlessly, and then because it was too much to keep to herself any longer, because she wanted the whole world to know, she flung the words over her shoulder at him. "We're it," she said.



"We shouldn't be together now, you know. It's one of the rules," Maidie said. Hank put out his hand and touched her hair

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

complete on this page

a short short story

MAC ARTHUR

THE STORY OF A GREAT AMERICAN SOLDIER

BY HERBERT ASBURY and FRANK GERVASI

Probably General MacArthur's outstanding characteristic—which endears him neither to fallible humans nor to the Japs —is his quality of always knowing exactly what he must do and then doing it

Conclusion

A TALL man wearing carefully creased trousers, a regulation khaki shirt with four stars on the shoulders, and a heavily braided cap set jauntily atop his thinning hair, stood at a microphone on the invasion beach of Leyte. Only a few hours before, the first wave of American troops had landed and begun the mighty task of driving the Japanese from the Philippines. Around and above the man, the battle still raged—a dramatic background for America's most dramatic military leader.

He spoke slowly, deliberately, but with more emotion than anyone had ever known him to show before.

"This is the Voice of Freedom," he said, "General MacArthur speaking. . . . I have returned. By the grace of Almighty God, our forces stand again on Philippine soil. . . . The hour of your redemption is at hand. . . . Rally to me! . . . As the lines of battle roll forward to bring you within the zones of operation, rise and strike! For your homes and hearths, strike! For future generations of your sons and daughters, strike! In the name of your sacred dead, strike! Let no heart be faint. Let every arm be steeled. The guidance of Divine God points the way. Follow in His name to the Holy Grail of righteous victory!"

A great deal of criticism has been heaped upon MacArthur for this broadcast; it has been denounced as cheap vainglory, a show-off performance, and entirely unnecessary. Well, of course it was theatrical, as is nearly everything MacArthur does, but there was a great deal more to it than that. Actually, it was not meant for the United States. It was intended primarily to be heard in the Philippines, and the people had waited three long years for it.

Not since the disastrous spring of 1942 had they heard the voice which, broadcasting over the Voice of Freedom station from a tunnel deep within the fortress of Corregidor, had encouraged them with a daily message of hope. To the Filipinos, MacArthur's dramatic "I have returned" announced the fulfillment of a prophecy that had kept them aroused against the Japs.

They remembered that when he landed in Australia, after a long and perilous journey from Bataan, the first thing he said was, "I shall return!" They remembered, too, the rolling phrases with which the Voice of Freedom program was concluded on Easter Sunday, 1942: "We shall rise in the name of freedom, and the East shall be alight with the glory of our liberation."

A War of Nerves for the Japs

The Leyte broadcast was also intended for the Japanese; it was another barrage in the psychological warfare which MacArthur has waged with extraordinary results, particularly in the Philippines. The fundamental reason for this success goes back more than forty years, to the hold which MacArthur's father, Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, had upon the affections of the Filipinos. As the commanding general of an American army, Arthur MacArthur hastened the end of the Filipino insurrection by his magnanimous treatment of Aguinaldo after the rebel leader had been captured by General Frederick A. Funston. As military governor of Manila in 1900, he granted civil rights to the Filipinos, and was one of the first to propose that they be prepared for eventual self-government.

The hero-worship which the Filipinos felt for Arthur MacArthur was transferred to his son, and for more than twenty years it has been intensified by Douglas MacArthur's work in helping train them to govern themselves and to defend their country. Today they look upon MacArthur as little less than a god; they would follow him anywhere.

"Every Filipino waits for you," said a Filipino officer who escaped from the Japs and made his way to Australia. "We will fight only for you. It is you we want."

The War Department and the Joint Chiefs of Staff long ago recognized this adoration as a definite military asset. It has already borne fruit; it was a prime factor in the organization of resistance movements and guerrilla forces throughout the islands; it gave MacArthur a superb intelligence section for his invading army; and it has enormously simplified the problems of psychological warfare.

This bloodless but effective method of fighting, as carried on by MacArthur and the Psychological Warfare Branch of his staff, using Army and OWI facilities, under the direction of Brigadier General Bonner F. Fellers, is based upon a carefully developed program. MacArthur publicly expresses scorn for Japanese military leadership and he sees to it that they are aware of his opinion. He says he intends to attack such and such an island, and then, to the everlasting surprise and anger of the Jap generals, he does so.

They lose face every time he thus strikes. He tells the Japs he'll "hit 'em where they ain't," and he does. His propagandists drop bales of leaflets behind the Japanese lines, containing quotations from Japanese leaders and officials which, in the light of what the Jap soldier knows, make them appear ridiculous. They drop photographs of Japanese dead, of Japanese ships sinking, of Japanese planes burning on the ground, and—most degrading of spectacles to a Jap—of Japanese soldiers surrendering.

Circulating a Famous Line

One of the most brilliant phases of the psychological campaign involved the use of MacArthur's famous pronouncement, "I shall return!" To the Filipinos, this dramatic phrase became an article of faith; to the Japanese it became a source of extreme annoyance and superstitious fear. The three words were imprinted on thousands of match folders, blotters, cards, buttons and other articles, which were dropped in the Filipino resistance areas from airplanes or unloaded from submarines.

Pretty soon Japanese officers and civil officials began to find these articles on their desks, in their homes and quarters, in shop windows, everywhere. Resistance workers also scattered large quantities of Japanese invasion money, captured by the Americans and returned to the islands with "What is it worth?" printed on each note in big red characters.

Military sources say that this campaign and other phases of MacArthur's psychological warfare have given the Japanese High Command a bad case of the jitters and, to some extent at least, have undermined the will to fight of the Jap soldier. They have also affected Tokyo Rose and other Japanese radio propagandists. Their attacks upon Nimitz, Halsey and other American commanders have always been vituperative and laden with personal insult, but they've handled MacArthur with respect and uncertainty. They've never quite known what to do with the fact that MacArthur has always done what he said he would do and gone where he said he would go. And now that he has returned to the Philippines and has announced that he intends to go to Tokyo, they're more superstitious about him than ever.

An Army officer who was one of MacArthur's classmates at West Point, in discussing the general's remarkable record of military achievement, not only in this war but throughout his career, said not long ago, "It's really not surprising. Douglas has always known exactly what he wanted, and pretty well how to get it. He had his eye on the ball from the day he entered the Military Academy."

Actually, MacArthur had his eye on the ball long before that, for very early in life he developed the conviction that he was a child of destiny. Some of his friends have quoted him as saying that among his earliest recollections are an awareness of potential greatness and a determination to excel in whatever he undertook. In time, this determination crystallized into an ambition to become one of the great soldiers of history, and he has never let anything stand in his way.

MacArthur was born in 1880 at an Army post near Little Rock, Arkansas. Throughout his early years he was almost constantly on the move as his father was transferred from station to station. As a child, his only real intimate was his mother, to whom he was extraordinarily devoted. She exerted a tremendous influence upon his career and in

(Continued on page 26)

MacArthur's insistence that his wife always be near by irks other Army officers who'd like the same privilege. But the general needs his wife

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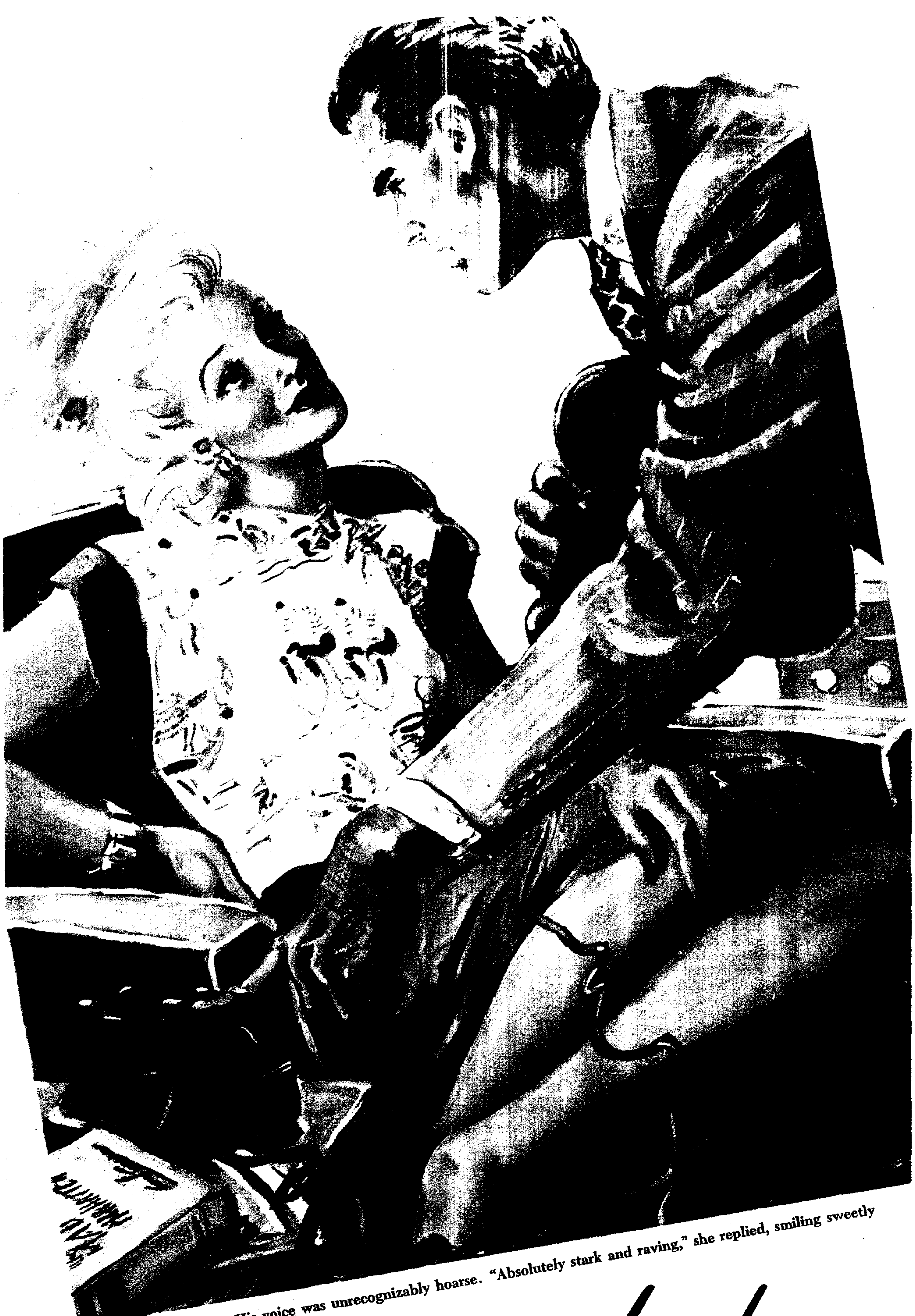


"Are you going mad?" His voice was unrecognizably hoarse. "Absolutely stark and raving," she replied, smiling sweetly

Beginner's Luck

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Most men see themselves as perfect lovers, but now and then even the best of husbands can profit by a lesson in married life

A MUTED trombone was carrying the melody in a slow arrangement of It Had to Be You and he hummed softly to himself as he steered the girl around the crowded dance floor, grinning amiably at nobody in particular. Sure, it was just beginner's luck, but you couldn't blame him for feeling a little pleased with himself.

"Hey, *mister,*" the girl said softly.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Was I off key?"

"Not at all. I was just wondering, do I call you Bing . . . or Fred Astaire?"

"Bill," he said quickly. "Bill Wheeler." It was the first name that popped into his head.

"Hello, Bill." She squeezed his hand in a sort of handshake and said her name was Leslie Saunders, and he told her he liked her name and that was the truth.

And a little later, when he tried a quick turn and half tripped, she pushed herself gently back and smiled at him.

"Could that, perhaps, have been due to a ball and chain?"

He was amazed at his own calm. Here was the sixty-four-dollar question and he paid off in Confederate money without even averting his eyes.

"My ankles," he said lightly, "come to you unencumbered."

Just like that. Not a flicker of an eyelid.

The music stopped and they drew apart, applauding politely. His forehead felt moist; he wasn't used to vest-pocket dance floors. He took her hand and said, "What do you say we sit the next drink out?"

"I say it's unanimous." She led him past the closely packed tables, and as he followed her he examined her more thoroughly than he had dared to before.

She was large-boned, with good legs and a way of hunching her shoulders that he found attractive, but it was her face that had made him do the double-take when he had first spotted her over the rim of his old-fashioned. The hollow-cheeked angularity set off the wide red mouth and the blue eyes in a frame of honey-blond hair.

THEY elbowed their way back to the bar and he was beginning to feel heady now. He eyed himself obliquely in the mirror behind the bar and called to the bartender: "Two more of the same, Johnny."

"Really no," she protested. "I'm just right."

"Feeling no pain?"

"Thoroughly anesthetized, doctor."

He looked at his wrist watch, the one with the black dial that Alice had given him for Christmas. ("Every time you look at it you'll think of me.") He looked at the watch and all he thought was: It's ten after seven and life is getting more beautiful every minute, and if only the guys in the office could see me now.

"Look," he said. "I know a place down in the Village where maybe we can get some meat."

"And me," she said, "I'm starving."

She wore a soft fur jacket and an exciting perfume and the taxi in which they rode downtown was a magic carpet bearing him into the wonderful unknown.

He ignored the directions of the restaurant proprietor, a fat, moist-browed man, and led the girl to a table in the rear. The Village was the last place he'd run across anyone who knew Alice, but still . . .

"Caution," he said solemnly, to the hatrack.

They gave the waiter their order and broke in a couple of brand-new Martinis and then he took her hand and said, "Tell me about you. Past, present and future."

She frowned reflectively. He had never realized a frown could be lovely.

"Well . . . the beginning was too many years ago for comfort . . ."

"Liar," he beamed. Twenty-seven at the most.

(Continued on page 56)

Fantastic Ferriss

by

ROGER BIRTWELL

An ambidextrous ex-corporal named Dave Ferriss, 23 years old, is the current baseball sensation. He's so good he threatens to make the Red Sox look like a real ball club

SPORTS-WISE Boston, which served as the major-league baseball cradle for Tris Speaker and Babe Ruth, is forgetting both of them these days—and all because of a handsome young ex-Army Air Corps corporal who can do more things with a baseball than Houdini could do with a hat. His name is Dave Ferriss, and he hails from a crossroads hamlet in the cotton country of Mississippi. Down there everybody calls him Boo, and the nickname has followed him to Boston.

Ferriss is primarily a pitcher, but he can do about everything that can be done on a ball field. He pitched right-handed—and with such success that his big-league debut, over the first eight games, surpasses any pitching start in the past quarter century of major-league baseball.

He can also pitch left-handed. As a left-hander, he has a hopping fast ball and a snapping curve. If he didn't have a right arm that can exert even greater baseball magic, Ferriss, in the opinion of seasoned baseball men, could pick up an excellent living pitching major-league ball with his left hand.

On four different teams, before he joined the Boston Red Sox this past spring, he played first base when he wasn't pitching, and he played in order to rest his pitching arm.

He once was a right-handed schoolboy second baseman and, in the American League, his infielding prowess was instantly apparent. Major-league baseball rarely has seen a pitcher who is so genuinely a fifth infielder and who has such an instinctive sense for any fielding situation—however unusual—that may occur.

This smiling, completely unspoiled youngster of 23—whose dimensions of 6 feet 2 inches and 210 pounds give him the build of an All-America tackle—joined the Red Sox late in April. His minor-league experience was so scant it didn't entitle him to a job as a bat boy. Yet his pitching, hitting and fielding in his first month in the majors made the debuts of such baseball titans as Walter Johnson, Bob Feller and Babe Ruth appear like the efforts of cumbersome rustics.

The odds were strictly against the Dixie boy that chilly afternoon in late April when he stepped on the mound before 24,000 fans at Shibe Park, Philadelphia, for his first game in the majors. He had just spent twenty-six months in the Army Air Corps—a good portion of it on hospital cots—and he'd been honorably discharged only two months before, as physically unfit.

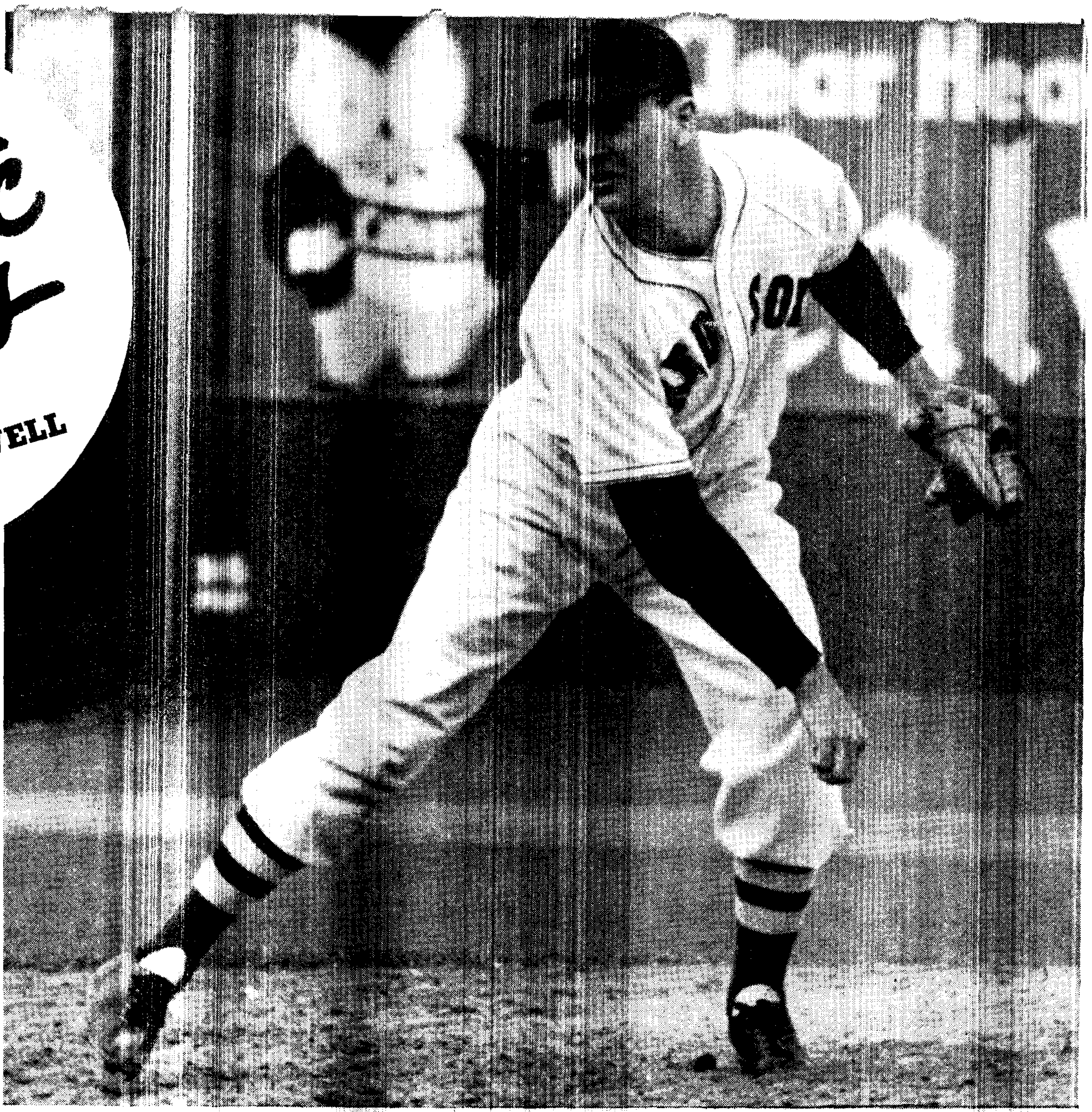
Five weeks before that first game, he had reported to the Red Sox minor-league farm team in Louisville, Ky., and that club at first had regarded him as useless and labeled him a physical wreck. He was asthmatic and allergic—at unpredictable moments—to the very grass of the diamond, also to the dust on which he stood. It might hit him at any time, just as it had in the Army.

He hadn't pitched a pro ball game in three years. He'd been with the Red Sox only four days. It was the first big-league game he'd ever played—and the seventh he'd ever seen.

His major-league debut, about which old-timers of the future fondly will reminisce, came perilously close to disaster. In fact, for a time it looked as though the big-league career of Boo Ferriss would last only one third of an inning.

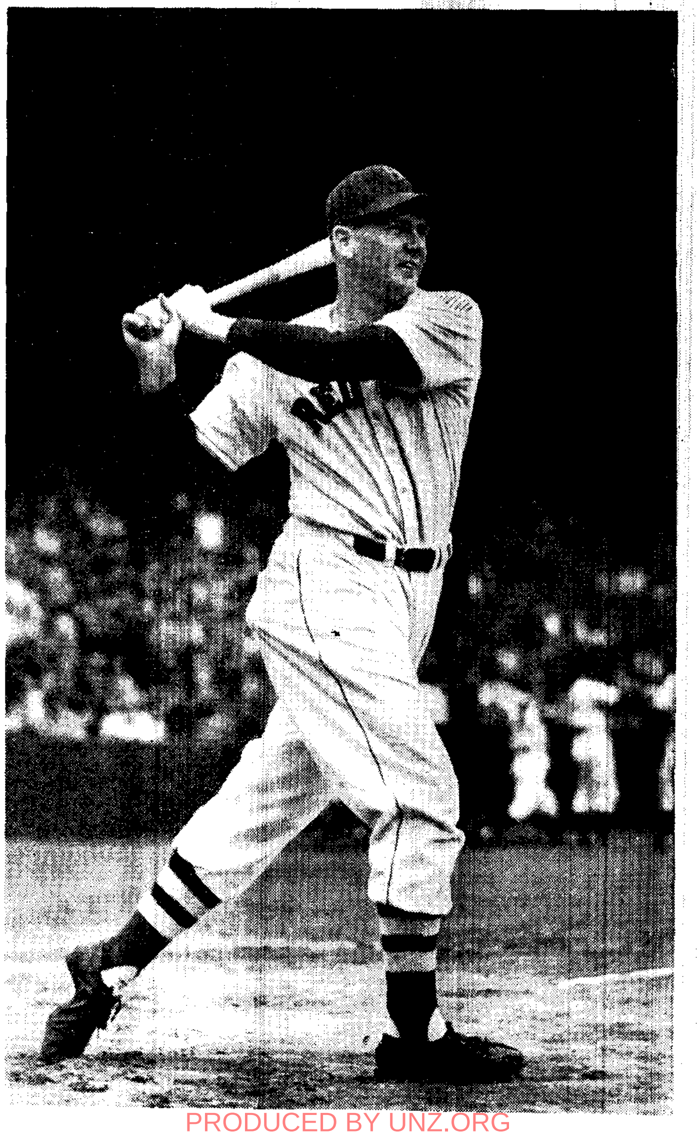
He was so wild, in his first inning, that he chucked the ball all over the landscape. His first thirteen pitches failed to cross the plate. Fortunately Bobby Estalella, third Philadelphia batter, swung at the tenth pitch—even though it was wide—and popped out to the second *(Continued on page 35)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

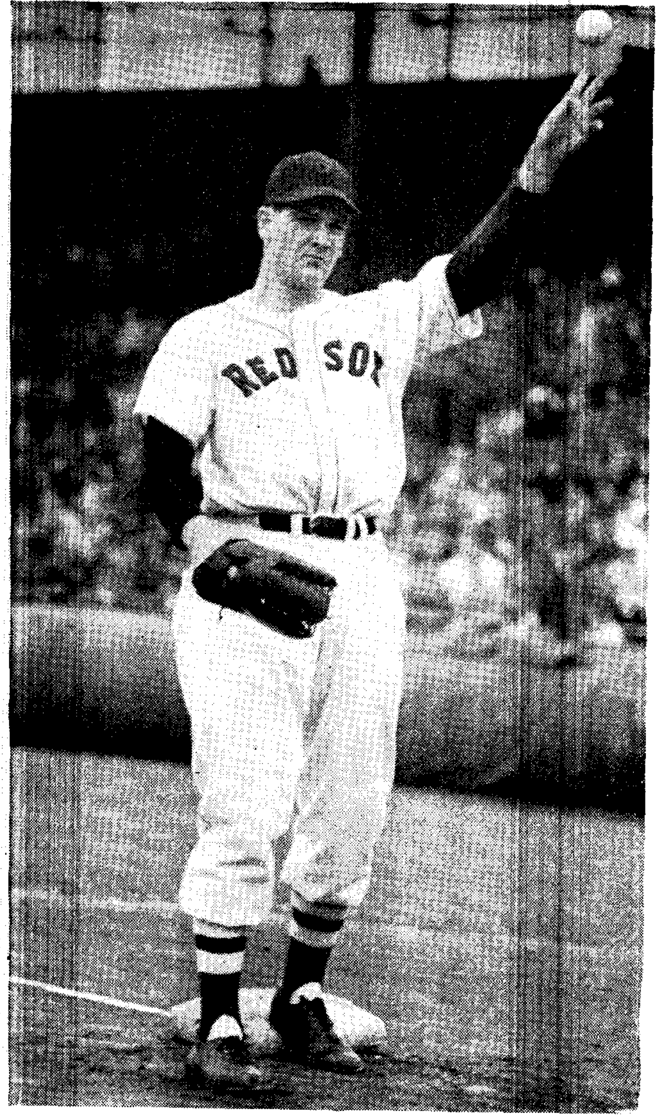


Baseball experts say that Ferriss would be good enough to stay in the big leagues if he pitched left-handed

Ferriss is a good hitter. In the San Antonio Service League last year his batting average was .417

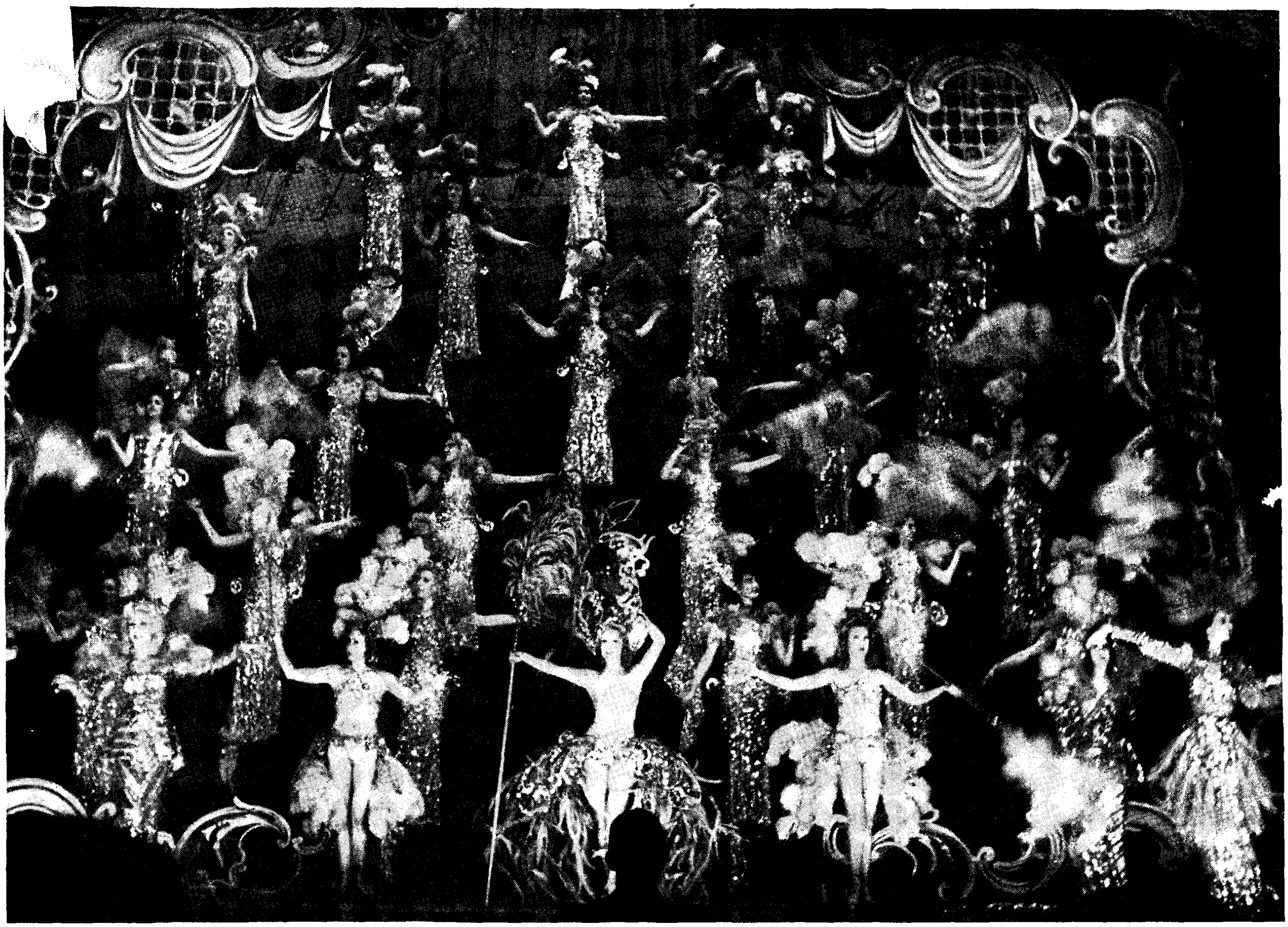


A first-class infielder, Ferriss sometimes plays first base left-handed to rest his pitching arm



Folies

Like their fathers in World War I, G.I.s make tracks for the Folies when they hit Paris



Finale of the first act is Broadway's Panoply. Fame of the Folies rests on its girls. Lowest in the scale are the nudes, who stand around in various stages of undress—no picnic last winter in unheated Paris—and get paid less than $2 a day. Next come mannequins, who wear costumes, and dancers, who get equivalent of $3 a day

PROBABLY the most disappointed G.I. in Europe was the one who went to the Folies Bergère in Paris, surveyed the ladies on the stage through a pair of liberated binoculars, and wrote a persuasive note to one named Yvette who was wearing some magnificent blond hair, a very narrow belt, and nothing else. To his pleased surprise, he received an answer making an after-the-show rendezvous at a near-by café. But when she appeared, subdued and brunette and almost respectable, the outraged soldier refused to believe she really was Yvette—sans wig, sans make-up, plus clothes—and stalked away.

For every disillusioned G.I., however, there are at least a thousand members of the second A.E.F. who are about to come home, like their predecessors of 1917-18, and reminisce smugly about "that night at the Folies" to the scandalization of their mothers and the dark suspicions of their wives.

Neither the proprietors of the Folies nor the members of the cast have quite recovered from the shock of the audience reaction on November 10, 1944, when the show reopened after the liberation of Paris. Searching vainly for a word to describe it, M. Derval, the current producer, still waves his arms helplessly. "Turbulent!" he says finally. "But turbulent!"

M. Derval is guilty of an understatement. The audience that night was almost exclusively American military personnel, many of whom had been busy chasing Germans since D-Day. They took one look and registered their unappeasable happiness with howls, whistles and loud remarks. The girls (forcibly accustomed to audiences of German soldiers who attended by regiments, applauded by the numbers, never came backstage, and always marched stiffly away) were confused, but not displeased. When the G.I.s discovered that nothing separated them from backstage but a curtain hung in a door, wolf cries resounded through the narrow hallways. Several indignant stagehands were trampled on the iron staircases that led to the dressing rooms.

Within a week, the curtain was replaced by a door, and an M.P. was stationed in front of it. But a few beauty seekers still slipped through—and often proved impossible to find because the girls learned to hide them under dressing tables or in closets.

The Folies are still packed with Americans night after night. The two main reasons: curiosity and sex. The G.I.s—and officers also—want to see if the Folies are as lively as they have been painted. Usually they go away pretty well satisfied that their six bits to four bucks hasn't been wasted, convinced that they have experienced the quintessence of Paris—of France, for that matter.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROGER COSTER—RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

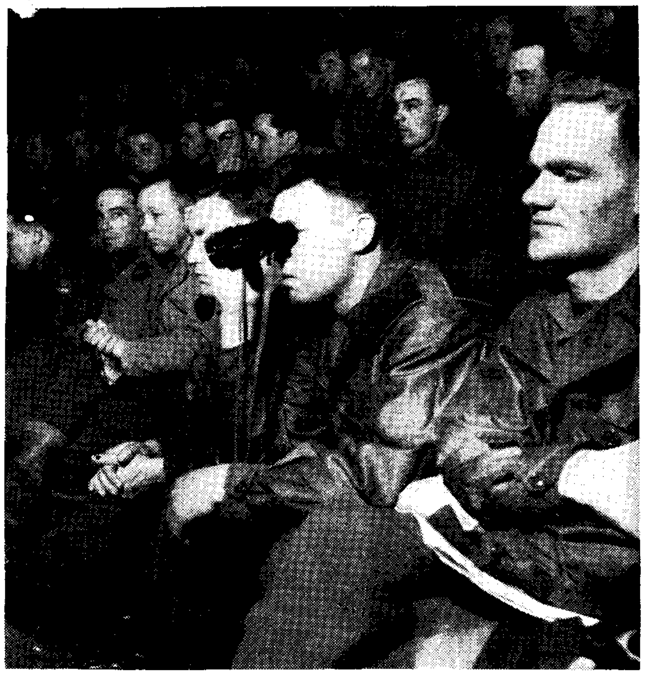
Bergère

BY ARTHUR GORDON

Ninety-nine per cent of those going to the Folies Bergère are G.I.s, Wacs, nurses, etc., on leave in Paris. Parisians regard it as strictly for tourists

Backstage at the Folies, between scenes. Most of the girls supplement their meager earnings with other jobs, such as movie extras or in cabarets

Dancers in their dressing room. They correspond roughly to an American chorus line, usually not so pretty or well trained. Most hope to become stars



Admission charges range from 75c to $4. G.I. with binoculars makes sure he gets his money's worth

A lone Frenchman, lost in an audience of howling, whistling Americans, glares at the cameraman

Star of the present revue is Mlle. Ginette Wander. Here she is singing—in English—On the Sands of Brighton. She has had terrific success with the G.I.s

Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. Parisians visit the Folies about as often as natives of Manhattan take sightseeing bus rides around Chinatown. The Folies are strictly for out-of-town consumption, for foreigners or provincials to whom they epitomize the wickedness of the big city.

Just how wicked the Folies seem depends on the observer. There is some low comedy of the burlesque-show variety that would scandalize the guardians of public morals. But Shakespeare would probably have thought it funny. Most G.I.s do. In several scenes there are a dozen or so girls wandering around clad in nothing but a plastic figleaf. There are also some pretty torrid dances designed to leave the corn-fed witness more than slightly popeyed and even give the jaded sinner an agreeable twinge or two.

On the other hand, as M. Derval will assure you, it is all in excellent taste. There is nothing so baldly provocative, for example, as a strip tease. The strip routine seems to offend the French, who cling to their contention that the female form divine is primarily something for esthetic contemplation. "We look," says M. Derval proudly, "for beauty, not sex."

The distinction is usually a bit too fine for the Americans.

The records show that the Folies got started in 1869. The name was probably derived from the Quartier Bergère, the Shepherds' Quarter of old Paris. Its fame as a music hall grew with the years, and such luminaries as Pavlova, Mistinguette of the famous legs, Maurice Chevalier, and even Charlie Chaplin appeared on its boards.

Judged by current standards, the offerings were not particularly sizzling even as late as 1918, when a program shows most of the girls reasonably

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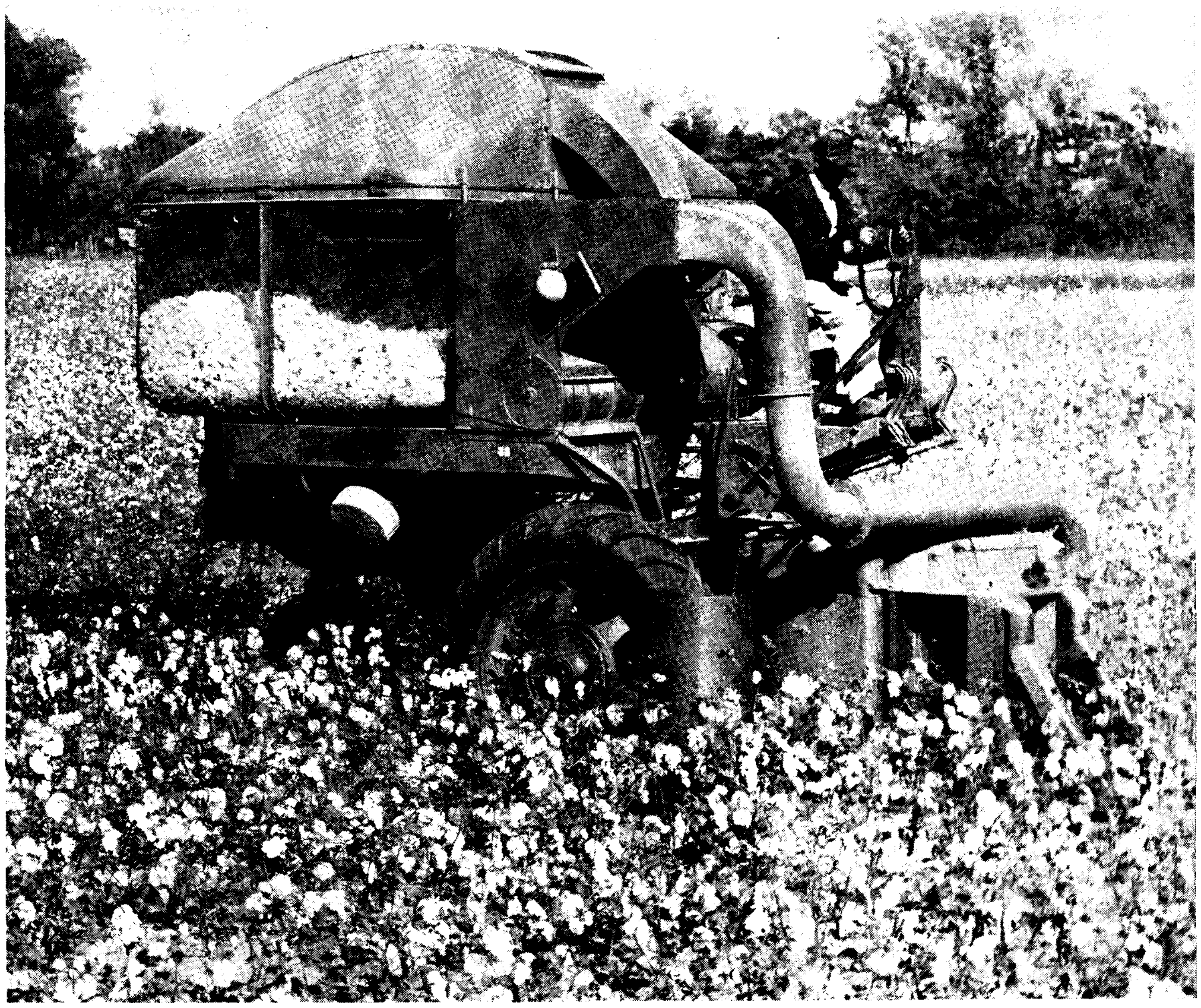
REVOLUTION IN COTTON



The long-heralded mechanical cotton picker is here, not in experimental models but in production types like the one above. It can pick a bale of cotton for $7.50; man-picked, a bale costs $40. Postwar mass use looks like a sure bet

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

The mechanized cotton plantation is here, and it promises to cure many of the South's ancient ills. It will also create new problems—some of them for the rest of the country

ONE day last fall, 2,500 people swarmed over a cotton farm two miles out of Clarksdale, Miss.—planters from every state in the South, bankers, textile men from New England. They had come to watch a demonstration as historically important as Eli Whitney's discovery of the cotton gin. Eight big machines, painted fire-engine red, lumbered through the fields. They were the first production models of International Harvester's cotton picker. Each was picking cotton sixty times as fast as a man could pick it. Together, they were doing the work of 480 pairs of hands.

This demonstration was a preview of an agricultural revolution. The cotton gin created the cotton industry through which fourteen million Americans gain a livelihood. Mechanization promises to save it—and at the same time to present a host of new problems.

Cotton, the country's No. 1 cash crop, has always been a man and mule crop—"planted in the spring, mortgaged in the summer and left to rot in the fields in winter." The Hopson farm makes a complete break with this tradition. It is as mechanized as an armored division. Since cotton promises to be one of the biggest postwar agricultural problems, it is probably the most significant farm in the U.S. today.

The Hopson farm has none of the amiable lassitude of most cotton plantations. It is run like a Detroit assembly line. Tractor-drawn equipment plants and cultivates the crop. Weeds are controlled by flame throwers—which destroy weeds and grass but don't damage tough, fibrous cotton stalks.

Lavish use is being made of airplanes. They dust cotton with insecticides; are used to plant vetch, a soil-building crop, and a week before cotton is mature, they sweep over fields applying a special formula cyanamid—a chemical which makes leaves shrivel and drop off. Cotton, thus defoliated, ripens more quickly and is easier to pick. When the leaves are gone, the cotton-picking machines move in.

All the people who thronged to see the demonstration had seen the cotton picker coming for ten years. But somehow it never arrived. There was always something wrong. Machines were badly built, cost too much or picked too much "trash"—leaves, hulls, stems. The South had stories about them. For example: the one about the old Negro who took one row of cotton, while a machine took the adjoining one. Like the history-book horse which won the race with the steam locomotive, the man won. But at the Hopson farm, the man didn't win.

Here were production models of machines owned by farmers. Without breakdowns they were picking a thousand pounds of cotton an hour, instead of the fifteen pounds an average man can pick. They worked all day without tiring. At night headlights were switched on, and the machines went on working.

If farmed by traditional methods, the 4,000-acre Hopson plantation would require the services of 130 tenant families—600 to 700 people. With the plantation completely mechanized, 40 skilled workmen can handle the job. This is labor displacement on a grand scale.

Project it to include the whole cotton belt, and a pretty unpleasant picture takes shape. Over a million families work the 22 million acres devoted to cotton. The crop is worth a billion and a quarter dollars. Mechanization is going to leave its imprint on every one of these acres, every one of these farmers.

For a long time now, cotton has been the sickest U.S. crop. Our commanding lead in world production has been steadily whittled down. In 1920, we produced nearly two thirds of the world crop. Since then, our share has dwindled to 43 per cent. Meanwhile, other nations have enormously increased cotton production; Russia up from nearly zero to 4 million bales; Brazil from half a million bales to two and a half million; Mexico from zero to half a million bales; India from three to five million bales; China and Egypt about stationary. On a free international market we could not produce cotton cheaply enough to compete with these countries—if we continue to work it as we have in the past.

Five-Cent Cotton is Ruinous

If they produce bumper crops, and prices sag to 5 or 6 cents a pound—as they did during the depression—enough dollars can't be coaxed from the soil either to keep American planters solvent or to provide a decent living for the people who make the crop.

When it booms up to 22 cents—where it stands at present—Southern agriculture gets a breathing spell in which to pay mortgages off. But it still doesn't have enough money to compete with Northern industry in bidding for labor. Some areas have lost half their labor supplies. Last fall, tens of millions of dollars worth of unpicked cotton was left in fields.

Cotton has never been able to provide the standard of living the rest of the nation takes for granted. Planters—wise planters, that is—don't like the sag-roofed sharecropper shanties any more than social reformers do. Yet, they ask, what are they to do about it? Cotton requires spurts of labor for short periods, and none the rest of the time. It takes one hundred days of backbreaking work to make a crop—with nothing to do the other 265 days.

The Hopson brothers—Richard and Howel Hopson, Jr.—see mechanization as a way out of this ancient dilemma. They are convinced that the same thing is about to happen to cotton that happened to wheat when the reaper and the thresher displaced the scythe and flail.

They have placed all bets on mechanization and have demonstrated that they can produce cotton at a price to compete on the international market—where prices are about a third lower than domestic levels. At the same time, they provide labor with a wage scale well above that prevailing on most plantations. Their painted, screened tenant houses with tight roofs and concrete foundations contrast sharply with the unpainted, unlovely hovels found elsewhere.

Tractor drivers, mechanics and other workmen get base pay of $20 a month, a good house, pasture for a cow, a garden plot, plus 40 cents an hour for work on the farm.

The Hopson brothers—along with their

(Continued on page 40)

A good deal depends on teamwork

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

IN THE operation of a crosscut saw, results depend entirely on how well people work together. That goes for the tire business, too. And that's why the close co-operation between Goodyear and the dealer is a real benefit to you.

Today these Goodyear dealers are serving communities throughout the country. Each is an independent business man. He's his own boss. Yet behind him is the friendly and expert counsel of the world's biggest tire company . . . for he is Goodyear's co-worker in your neighborhood.

This co-operation is rooted deep in mutual loyalty and trust. It wears well—419 dealers have flown the Goodyear flag for 25 years or more . . . 1269 for 20 years or more . . . 2594 for 15 years or more . . . 4268 for 10 years or more!

Everybody gains by this teamwork. The dealer builds his own business career as he serves his neighbors . . . Goodyear expands and improves methods of research and manufacture . . . and you—one of the buying public — *get better products and better service at lower cost.*

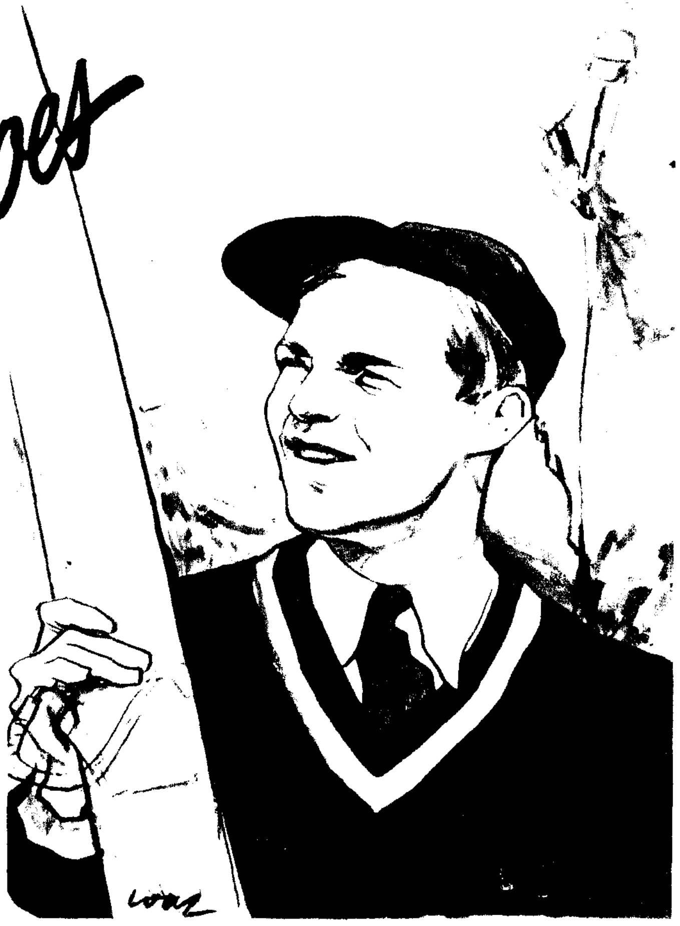
The world's biggest builder of tires, Goodyear is also an experienced worker in many vital fields — aviation, metals, fabrics, chemistry . . . striving always to make the Goodyear name on any product worthy of your utmost confidence.

BUY WAR BONDS BUY FOR KEEPS

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

THE Heroes



TECH. SGT. TORGER D. TOKLE

XXXIX

LITTLE has been told about the 10th Mountain Division, and yet no other command in the armed forces of the United States was ever called on for greater courage and more supreme fortitude than these ski and snowshoe experts who played so large a part in the Battle of Italy. Fighting above the clouds, clawing handholds in the ice, whipped by blizzards as they swung by ropes across terrifying chasms, they won their way from peak to peak in the Apennines, and at the time of the capitulation were hammering at the gateway to the Brenner Pass.

In the early days of the war, General George C. Marshall looked ahead to the possibility of campaigns in the mountainous terrain of Italy, Norway, the Tyrol and Greece, and called on the National Ski Association to aid in the formation of a division that would be as much at home in high altitudes as the chamois of the Alps or the wild goats of the Rockies. Also called in for consultation were such Arctic explorers as Vilhjalmur Stefansson and Sir Hubert Wilkins.

From every part of the country came men with some skill in winter sports, and among the first was Torger D. Tokle, a ski champion with few peers. Entering the United States in 1939, the young Norwegian dominated competition for a full three years, and one soaring leap of 289 feet still stands as a world record. Cut off from his native land and family by the war, blue-eyed, yellow-headed Tokle took out his citizenship papers, and enlisted in the 10th Mountain Division, proudly lugging his own skis.

Men of steel, all of them, used to exposure and hardship from earliest youth, nevertheless they were subjected to months of rigorous training that brought groans from the strongest. In the Adirondacks, the Rockies, the Sierras and the Cascades, they climbed the highest peaks, bedding down in the snow above timberline, and learning how to scale precipices and to skirt canyon sides while loaded down with 40-pound rucksacks plus rifle and side arms. After a time, any temperature higher than 20 degrees above zero was looked on as a heat wave.

Cheated out of a chance for action in Alaska, due to the retreat of the Japanese, the 10th Mountain Division went to Italy, but it was not until January, 1945, that the highly trained specialists were given opportunity to do their stuff. The Germans, occupying the Apennines, dominated the highway between Florence and Bologna, blocking any American advance to the Po.

"Clean them out!" came the crisp order from headquarters, and the 86th Regiment, in which Torger Tokle was a platoon leader, sprang forward to do the job. The main objective was Mount Belvedere, but in the way loomed Riva Ridge, a chain of peaks five miles long, and rising steeply to a height of 3,500 feet.

Marching in small detachments at night, the mountain men were finally collected in a small valley at the base of the ridge, and as darkness fell on February 18th, the order to attack was whispered down the line. Up they went, bound together by ropes as they scaled sheer cliffs, hacking footholds in the ice, whipped by a storm that never abated its fury, and at 5:30 in the morning, after ten ghastly hours, the summit of Riva Ridge was reached. A moment to catch breath, and then they fell upon the unsuspecting Germans, killing and capturing. Even so, fierce counterattacks necessitated two days of savage fighting, and at the end there was still Mount Belvedere, a 5,000-foot peak to be taken.

Even iron-nerved Torger Tokle must have suffered a bad moment, for aside from the steep ascent itself, the raging storm and the numbing cold, every possible trail was mined, and the heights were thick with pillboxes and machine-gun nests. At the signal, however, every man went forward as though it had been no more than a competition for silver cups at Lake Placid. German fire killed many, and scores fell to death as their frozen fingers missed a hold, but Mount Belvedere was won. Two days more of hand-to-hand fighting, and the stronghold of Della Toraccia was also taken and held.

Desperate German resistance continued, and Tokle and his comrades zoomed down one mountainside, only to climb another. In the following three days, ten peaks were captured, all in an advance of six miles. Up to the morning of March 3d, the young viking from Norway had never suffered an injury, but on that day his luck ran out. When the withering fire from a machine gun held up his platoon, Tokle grabbed a bazooka and crawled forward across an area heavily shelled by enemy artillery. Gaining a high point, he turned loose with the bazooka and put the machine gun out of commission, but just as he turned to wave his fellows on, a German shell blew him into fragments.

A bad blunder on the part of the Germans, for in all that gathering of gay, gallant men, none was more loved than Torger Tokle. With a wild shout, the mountain men charged past the mangled body of their dead comrade, smashed the German stand, swept on past Bologna, reached the Po, and were ready for the kill when the surrender came. . . .

GEORGE CREEL

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

MacArthur

Continued from page 19

the development of his personality. She taught him to solve his own problems and to make his own decisions, although she frequently made the decisions and then led him to believe they were his own. On each of his birthdays she had a long, serious talk with him about the future; she impressed upon him that he had been born under a star of military glory.

Nor did she cease her protective care when MacArthur became an adult. Until her death in December, 1935, at the age of 82, she continued to manage him whenever she felt that managing was required. She went to Manila with him in the late summer of 1935, when he took over the post of Field Marshal of the Filipino army. On board the ship, traveling with a party of friends, was Jean Faircloth of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, who had inherited some $2,000,000 from her father.

The story goes that MacArthur's mother selected Miss Faircloth as the general's second wife, introduced them, and carefully nurtured the romance. It is said that she proposed when MacArthur found the matter difficult. But people who knew her say this, though characteristic, is apochryphal. MacArthur and Miss Faircloth were married in 1937. They have one son, Arthur.

The dominant traits of MacArthur's character, out of which have evolved a personality which many find considerably less than endearing, can be traced mainly to three factors: his environment, the influence of his mother and the early training in self-reliance and self-discipline which she imposed upon him. They are traits possessed by all great actors—a basic shyness, an aloofness which keeps the mob at a distance, an utter inability to understand how anyone can disagree with him, a dislike of criticism, an overweening vanity and an intense love of personal dramatics.

MacArthur's histrionic gifts, however, do not include proficiency in what the theater calls "reading lines." As a speaker, he is slow, careful and plodding. He never gesticulates, seldom permits his face to betray his feelings; when making a speech he stands firmly erect, almost at attention, every inch a soldierly figure. He doesn't care a great deal for speaking, and he particularly dislikes to speak extemporaneously. In fact, he dislikes surprises of all kinds; before a ceremony begins, his aides must outline every step of what is to take place. He sometimes gets flustered if there is a break in the routine given him.

One of the contradictions of the MacArthur personality is his loyalty to his subordinates. And they return it, although even his best friends admit that he is not the kind of leader who inspires personal devotion. Yet twelve of the fifteen officers who were evacuated with him from the Philippines are still on his staff, and several have received more than one promotion. It is well known that some of these men dislike MacArthur personally, and that he returns their dislike. He keeps them because they are good men and have served him well; they prefer to serve under him because they have confidence in his judgment and they respect his gifts as a soldier.

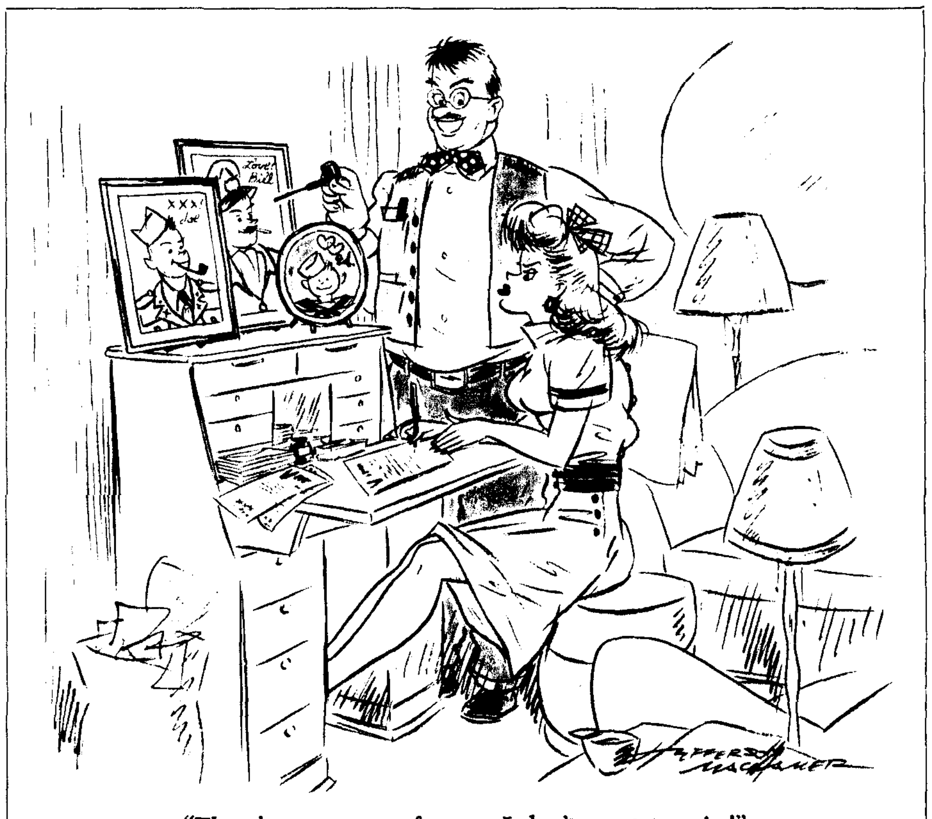
Closest to MacArthur now are Lieutenant General Richard K. Sutherland, his chief of staff, and General George C. Kenney, his Air Force commander. General Kenney was sent to Australia in July, 1942, at the specific request of MacArthur, who had served with him in the first World War. MacArthur describes Kenney as the finest air commander he ever knew, and Kenney is reported to have said of MacArthur, "He knows more about the strategic handling of air forces and has more imagination in their use than any commander in the world."

Yes-Man Not Wanted

It has also been said that when General Kenney arrived in Australia, the first thing he said to MacArthur was, "Now, Douglas, if you want a yes-man, okay; if you want the truth, here it is." Apparently MacArthur wanted the truth, for he still depends more upon Kenney than upon any other of his aides. He recommended Kenney for the fourth star.

When MacArthur was appointed to West Point in 1899, both he and his mother took it for granted that he would be the best man there. He was. He was graduated in 1903 at the head of his class, with the highest scholastic record made by any cadet during the first hundred years of the Academy's existence. His four-year average for the sixteen courses was 98.14 per cent. He had no grade below 90, and in three courses, his marks were perfect.

Scholastic work was so easy for him that he had time for other activities. He was manager of the football team, and although he never cared much for sports, he went out for baseball because he felt that he should win at least one letter in athletics. Naturally, he made it. Naturally, too, the baseball team



"There's a peace conference I don't want to miss!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

ANYONE WHO KNOWS CAN TELL THE REAL THING!

...THAT'S WHY CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE

Calvert

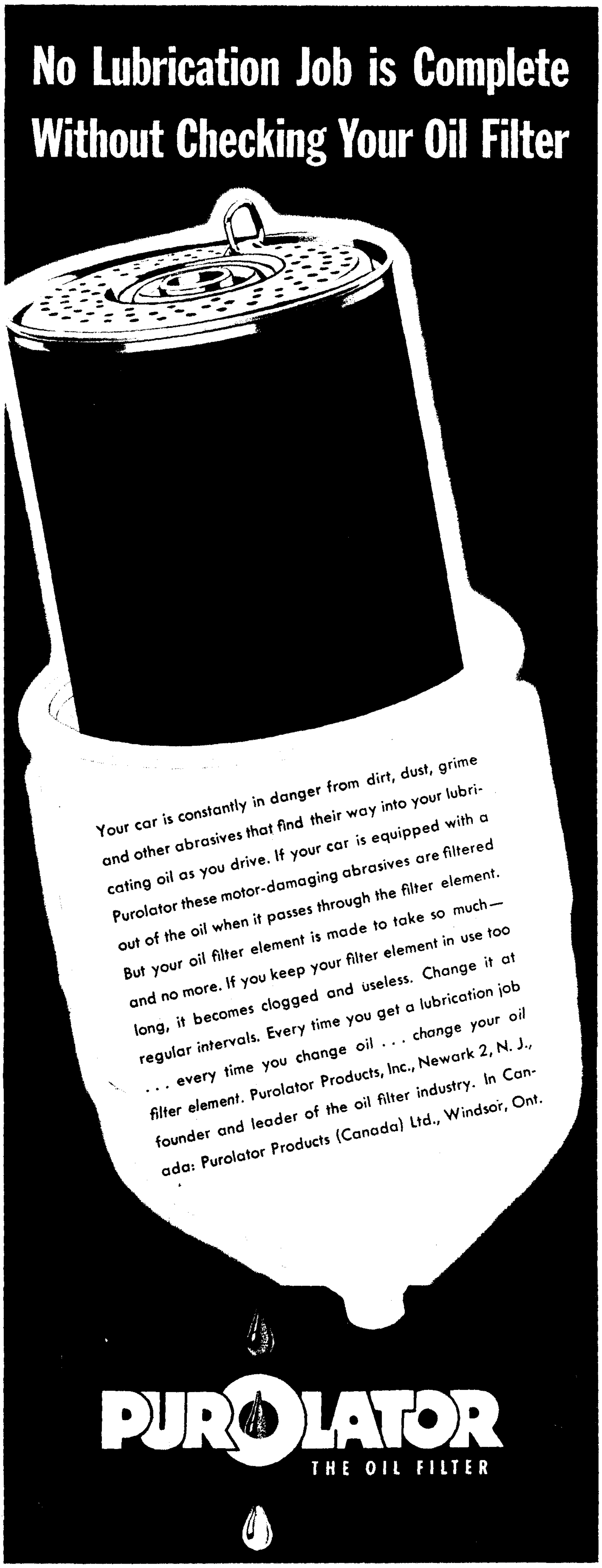
There's never any doubt, among those who know fine whiskey, that Calvert is "the real thing". It has a pre-war quality and excellence that can't be imitated . . . There's just no substitute for Calvert.

That's why, year in and year out, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "It's the whiskey most often asked for by name."

Once you taste this gloriously smooth and mellow blend, *you'll* keep on asking for Calvert, too. It's America's finest whiskey from the House of Blends!

Calvert
RESERVE
Calvert
SPECIAL

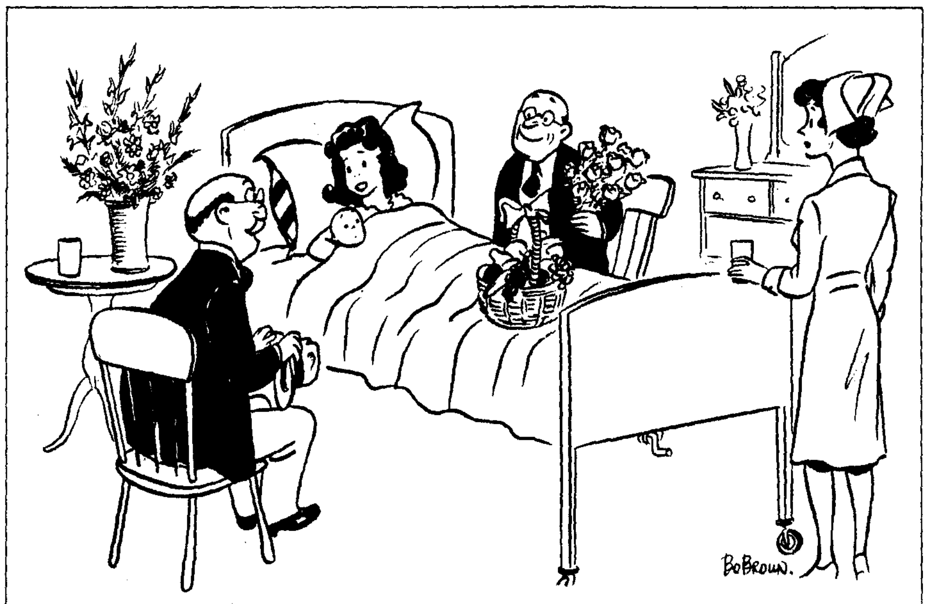
CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits



No Lubrication Job is Complete Without Checking Your Oil Filter

Your car is constantly in danger from dirt, dust, grime and other abrasives that find their way into your lubricating oil as you drive. If your car is equipped with a Purolator these motor-damaging abrasives are filtered out of the oil when it passes through the filter element. But your oil filter element is made to take so much—and no more. If you keep your filter element in use too long, it becomes clogged and useless. Change it at regular intervals. Every time you get a lubrication job . . . change your oil . . . every time you change oil filter element. Purolator Products, Inc., Newark 2, N. J., founder and leader of the oil filter industry. In Canada: Purolator Products (Canada) Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

PUROLATOR
THE OIL FILTER



"—and we've moved Jenkins out and converted his office into a nursery. Please tell us you'll be back!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

on which he played in the outfield was the first Army nine ever to beat Navy.

MacArthur was also captain of the cadet corps, and his handling of this difficult assignment is said to have served as the pattern for the post ever since. His fellow cadets were never permitted to lose sight of the fact that he was their superior officer. Once, when the waiters at the Point went on strike, Colonel Treat, the commandant, made a speech to the cadets asking for their consideration and cooperation. When he had finished, MacArthur arose and told the cadets exactly how they would conduct themselves. Colonel Treat had pleaded; MacArthur commanded.

Always before him, as he and his mother planned and arranged his career, was the shining example of his father. Partly on account of his father, he has always felt that his fortunes were inextricably bound up with the Philippines. He is still inclined to see the hand of destiny in the fact that he was assigned to the islands as soon as he had received his commission as a lieutenant of engineers. His first task after reporting at Manila in 1903 was to make a military survey of the island of Leyte on whose beaches, some 42 years later, he landed a great American army.

A Prophetic Survey on Bataan

Fate was again on hand when he returned to the Philippines as a brigade commander in 1923, following distinguished service in the first World War and a tour of duty as superintendent of West Point. On his own responsibility he selected and surveyed the defense line on Bataan to which he retired with his American and Filipino forces after the Japs had driven him out of Manila. His military assignments took him to the islands several times during the ten years or so that followed this prophetic task, and in 1935 he returned on a permanent assignment to train and organize the Army of the Philippines Commonwealth.

Throughout his service in the Philippines, and while he was in Washington as Chief of Staff, MacArthur tried constantly to obtain appropriations for strengthening the islands' defenses and otherwise preparing for the inevitable war with Japan.

There has always been a great deal of enmity toward MacArthur in the Army; it began when he was appointed to the important post of superintendent of the Military Academy over the heads of older officers and it has been fed during the years by his aloofness and theatricality. A large number of American generals, perhaps a majority, disagreed violently with his opinion that the Philippines could be defended; they believed the islands should be abandoned immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities with Japan.

The same situation prevailed when MacArthur, from Australia, announced his intention of driving the Japs out of the Philippines; many civilian and military brass hats, with the whole-hearted concurrence of the Navy, held that the islands should be bypassed. Events, of course, have shown that MacArthur's views were correct; the conquest of the Philippines has done more to restore American and Allied prestige in the Far East than anything else that's happened since Pearl Harbor.

MacArthur's critics in Washington were silenced for a while by the brilliance of his Philippines campaign, but they are again in full cry. Some two or three months ago, the State Department, with the approval of the Navy, ruled that all American civilians being repatriated to the United States from the islands must either pay their passage or sign IOU's. MacArthur cabled General of the Army George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, to the effect that he would not comply with the ruling. If necessary, he said, he would pay the passage of the refugees with his own money. As a result of his cable, the order was rescinded, and, as one of MacArthur's friends put it, "The State Department and the Navy are fit to be tied."

As a matter of fact, MacArthur was opposed to surrendering the Philippines even after Manila had fallen and Japanese bombs and artillery had made a shambles of Corregidor. He was evacuated from Bataan against his will. When on February 23, 1942, he received an order from President Roosevelt to take over the Southwest Pacific Command in Australia, he is said to have written a blunt refusal. He had planned, if driven out of Bataan, to split his forces into guerrilla bands, send them to Mindanao and to the mountains of Luzon, and harass the Japs until help could arrive from the United States.

His senior officers convinced him, finally, that he should obey the order. They had heard that a great American army was being formed in Australia; they believed MacArthur was to lead it to their relief. On March 10th, another cable was received from Washington, ordering him to proceed to Australia without delay. So a few days later, MacArthur and his party, which included his wife, his young son, and the boy's Chinese amah, or nurse, left Manila. Four PT boats took them to the coast of Mindanao, near Del Monte Airfield, some 600 miles south of Luzon. There they were picked up by Flying Fortresses and flown to Australia.

When MacArthur stepped off the train at Melbourne on March 21, 1942, he received a tumultuous ovation, and was officially welcomed by Australian dignitaries. He spoke briefly to the crowd in the railroad station, pledging the entire resources of the United States to the defeat of the common enemy.

"No general can make something out of nothing," he said. "My success or failure will depend upon the resources which our respective governments place at my disposal. In any event, I shall do my best. I shall keep the soldier's faith."

But he was already a little uneasy. He had talked to a few American officers at Port Darwin where his Fortress had landed, and on the long train ride across the continent. They had bewildered him by professing no knowledge of an army in training for the rescue of the Philippines. Nor had they heard of the great convoys which he supposed were en route to Australia.

By nightfall, MacArthur and his family were installed in their new living quarters, and next morning he was at his desk. Then began a period of terrible disillusionment. He had come to Australia, expecting to lead a relief army to the Philippines. But there was no army, and scarcely one in prospect. He had been ordered to assume supreme command of the Southwest Pacific; he found that all this great area, except Australia and New Guinea and a small section of the Solomon Islands, had been given to the Navy. For months the directive giving him authority didn't arrive from Washington.

Meanwhile American propaganda agencies were flooding the short waves and the foreign newspapers with glowing accounts of American production. Officers arriving from the United States told of seeing miles of crated airplanes stacked along the railroad tracks. American Cabinet members described the great doings in shipyards, where cargo ships and warships crowded one another down the ways. American newspapers told of the great new armies training all over the United States.

MacArthur could see the results of none of these miracles. He had only two divisions of troops, half trained. When he ordered an air attack on Rabaul or other Jap stronghold, his Air Force commander was lucky if he could muster as many as three bombers for the raid. His resentment and confusion increased as months went by, and the Southwest Pacific continued to be neglected in the apportionment of supplies, while the Jap crept nearer and nearer.

MacArthur felt that he was being deliberately shunted aside, and tried several times to resign his command. Washington said, "Be patient. Do the best you can with what you have." But apparently Washington didn't tell him about the global strategy which put the European war first. At any rate, a distinct coolness developed between MacArthur and Franklin Roosevelt, which persisted until they met at Pearl Harbor for a conference and MacArthur began receiving adequate supplies.

Long before MacArthur left the Philippines he had been built up in the United States as a hero, but to a large portion of the American public he had also reached the pain-in-the-neck stage. These Americans didn't like his flamboyant speeches and communiqués, and they felt that something was wrong with a hero whose reputation, in this war, was based upon defeats and last stands.

By the time he reached Australia, the campaign of belittlement which has plagued him ever since was in full swing; it had passed the point of ridicule, and was beginning to embrace serious charges respecting his courage and his conduct of the Philippines defense. It was started, primarily, by junior officers of the Army Air Forces, but after MacArthur had taken over the Southwest Pacific Command, the malcontents were aided by naval men who deeply resented the fact that they would now take orders from an Army officer.

The Air Forces officers blamed MacArthur for the loss of the small air force stationed in the Philippines, most of which the Japs destroyed on the ground. Also, they bitterly reproached MacArthur for ordering the surviving Air Forces personnel into the front lines with the infantry, where several were killed and others captured.

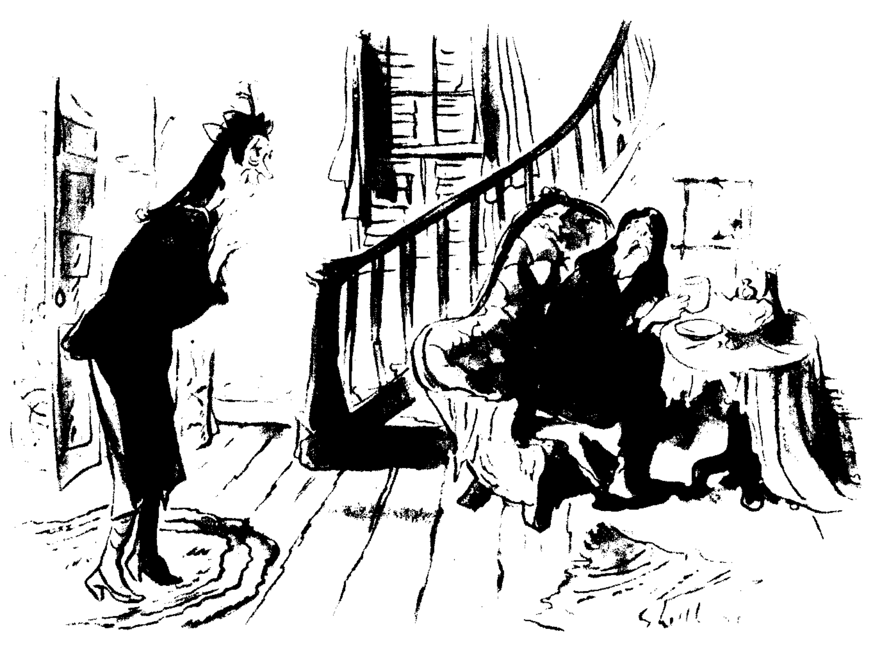
MacArthur himself has never commented on this controversy except to say that the Philippines Air Force "planned carefully and executed valiantly" its missions. But his friends have said that on three occasions he ordered the Air Forces to leave the Manila area and operate from Del Monte field on Mindanao, where they would have been comparatively safe. For more than three years the War Department refused to answer questions about these orders. But early in June of this year, the Department permitted the newspapers to say that the planes on Clark Field were lost because MacArthur's orders were not obeyed.

A New Target for Faultfinders

MacArthur's critics leaped upon the escape from Bataan with glad cries. Why, they demanded, hadn't Mrs. MacArthur and her son been sent to the United States with other Army wives and families before the Japs landed on Luzon and made departure impossible? Why hadn't MacArthur left her there? Was she any better than other American women who remained on the islands? Why had the amah been rescued instead of an Army nurse?

The story began to be embroidered. It was reported that instead of sending out "hundreds of Army nurses," or badly needed Air Forces personnel, MacArthur had used every available plane to get out his furniture and his wife's clothing. Then the rumored loads began to include kegs of whisky, cases of wine, chests of silver and jewels and money, a sewing machine, refrigerators, and even little Arthur's toys. Rumor loaded MacArthur's PT boat with enough to cram a full-sized freighter.

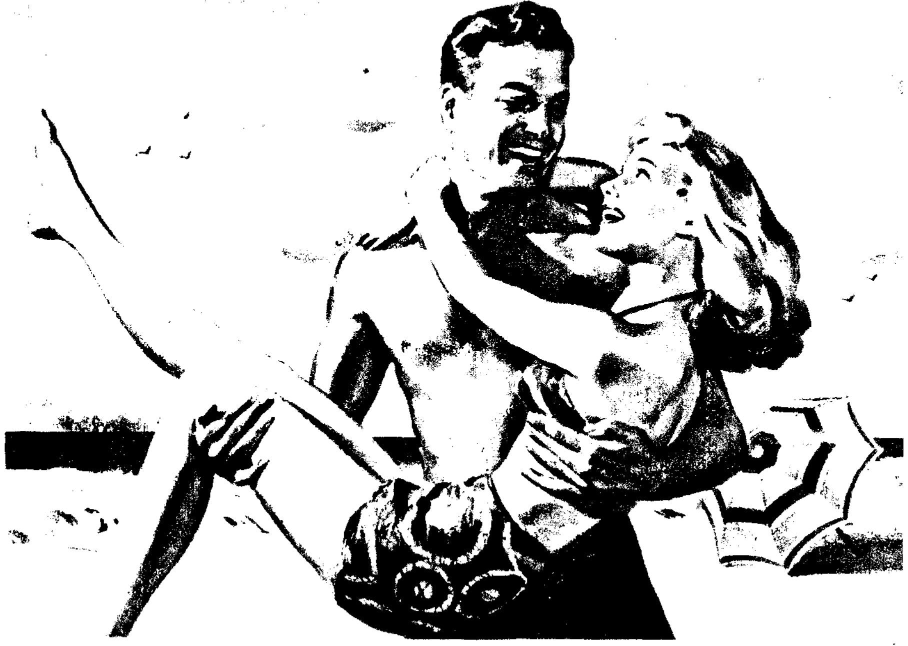
One correspondent, who spent three years with MacArthur, investigated these tales on an average of once a week throughout that time. He was never able to find anyone who had seen the planes loaded with furniture, or who knew where the things had been stored. He found literally hundreds of young Air Forces officers who knew, though not by name, a pilot who had flown one of the planes. But the pilot himself was very elusive. He could never be located. The correspondent finally concluded that actually MacArthur had brought out four suitcases,



COLLIER'S "Mother, I met the most ghastly man today!" GEORGE SHELLHASE

How to change grim to grin — in one easy lesson!

6 A. M. First day of Al's vacation—and what a start! Al is sluggish, headachy . . . full of constipation symptoms. But smart Mrs. Al suggests a sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica—right now, before breakfast. And then—



8 A. M. Into the bounding surf! Is Al grateful for that trusty Sal Hepatica!

Taken first thing in the morning, this popular saline laxative usually acts within an hour—brings quick, ever-so-easy relief. And Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too.

Not surprising that 3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed in a nationwide survey, advise Sal Hepatica. Next time *you* need a laxative, better try it!

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficiency of this famous prescription: Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this: caution—use only as directed.

Whenever you need a laxative
-take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN "Time To Smile"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P. M., E.W.T.
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P. M., E.W.T.

one for each member of his family, and a mattress for his wife, who had been ill.

The rumors about MacArthur's furniture and clothing subsided somewhat as time passed but they were revived again when Mrs. MacArthur returned to the Philippines on the first boat to dock at Manila. A fresh storm of criticism also arose from Army officers whose families have not been allowed to join them. MacArthur ignored this controversy, as he has others, but one general officer in Washington made this comment:

"If feminine companionship serves in any way to help MacArthur, let her stay there. MacArthur is not a young man. Maybe he needs his wife. Other officers have complained because they do not have the same privilege. Well, you've got to draw the line somewhere. They can't all have their wives. I say let Douglas have his."

Friends of the MacArthur family say that he does need his wife; he seems lost without her and constantly draws inspiration and courage from her presence. In some respects, she takes the place of his mother, who helped order his life for so many years. Little is known about Mrs. MacArthur, for both she and her husband keep their personal lives as private as possible. MacArthur firmly discourages newspaper and magazine articles about his wife and son, and has always refused to pose with them for pictures. He spends every moment of his leisure time at home.

During the two years and a half in which he maintained living quarters in Australia, MacArthur never accepted purely social invitations. Except for two or three formal dinners with Prime Minister John Curtin, MacArthur ate all his meals in his quarters, and they were cooked by Mrs. MacArthur, who also did all the family shopping. She became a familiar figure in the shops and vegetable stalls of Brisbane and other cities, but many clerks didn't even know her name.

Prefers Simple Living Quarters

MacArthur's official life has been almost as simple as his private life. Despite reports to the contrary, he has always occupied unpretentious quarters. When he set up his headquarters in Melbourne, he was offered a choice of a half dozen of the city's finest homes. Instead, he moved into a small apartment in the old-fashioned Menzies Hotel. In Brisbane he had a double apartment in the Hotel Lennon. At Port Moresby he lived in Government House, a large frame building overlooking Moresby Bay. At Hollandia he occupied a house which became the source of one of the most widely circulated misstatements about him.

It was reported throughout the Pacific, and in the United States as well, that the Seabees who built a road to his Hollandia headquarters had canceled their War Bond subscriptions because MacArthur was living in luxury in a castle, while they eked out a miserable existence in tents pitched in a swamp.

The story was wholly untrue. The Seabees were not encamped in a swamp, and they did not cancel their War Bonds. And instead of a castle, MacArthur was installed in a small shingle-and-beaverboard house with the billets and offices of his staff on either side. He had four rooms which sufficed for living quarters, office, and map and conference rooms. In Manila, at last reports, he was living in a modest house on the north side of the Pasig River.

Wherever his headquarters have been located, MacArthur has, as far as possible, followed the same simple routine which he established in Australia. There he usually ate breakfast with his wife and son at 7:30 o'clock, and read the newspapers and overnight reports until about ten. Then he left for his office, using a black sedan bearing the license plate USA-1. He went home for lunch about two o'clock, and returned to his office at four.

He worked with a fairly clear desk, and devoted as much time as he could spare to answering fan mail from boys in the United States. He received about 100 to 150 letters of this sort a day, most of them asking for autographs or shoulder patches. He finished the day's work at eight P.M. and then dined at home with Mrs. MacArthur and their son. Occasionally there would be a guest for dinner, nearly always one of the members of his staff. After dinner MacArthur read until bedtime. He never attended the movies, or the frequent parties held in his hotel.

MacArthur's relations with the war correspondents have probably been colored by his antipathy to surprise, as well as by his natural aloofness and his extreme sensitivity to criticism. His aides say that an unfavorable dispatch or a critical message from Washington will upset him for an entire day, and sometimes longer. He treats the press with courtesy and consideration, but he doesn't see the correspondents as often as the public might suppose, in view of his undoubted liking for publicity.

During the first three years he was in command of the Southwest Pacific, he held only four press conferences, all of them "off the record." At each he left the impression that correspondents could walk into his office at any time and ask him questions; actually he is almost inaccessible. This may be due to the zeal of his press-relations officers, but whatever the cause, the fact is that MacArthur is only seen by press men when new correspondents arrive or leave his area.

COLLIER'S "I'm your next-door neighbor—may I borrow a dress?" JARO FABRY

Experienced correspondents have found that the best time to get a word with him is when he is making a tour of the front. He never tells the press when he is going on a trip, because he doesn't like to be followed around by a train of jeeps, but if a reporter can catch him there, he will always take time to chat a while. And on the record, too.

There has also been considerable criticism of the MacArthur communiqués, among the correspondents. Several members of MacArthur's staff contribute to these masterpieces, but they are carefully edited and polished by MacArthur himself. The lofty phrases and the references to God are MacArthur's. Some of the correspondents have felt that in these communiqués MacArthur has estimated Japanese losses too high, although of course no one has produced any figures to prove him wrong. They've also felt that in many cases the communiqués took too rosy a view of the situation, and made claims which were not justified by actual military gains.

For several weeks preceding the capture of Manila from the Japanese, the MacArthur communiqués were actually ahead of themselves; they announced that objectives had been taken, while heavy fighting was still in progress. The New York Herald Tribune said editorially on December 13, 1944, that "from the beginning of the campaign, the MacArthur pronouncements have consistently painted a picture much rosier than the reality."

In MacArthur's behalf, it has been said, first, that he may have been given too optimistic a picture by his staff; second, that he was under a terrific emotional strain. He kept badgering his staff to go faster. Once in his eagerness, he moved his headquarters closer to the front line than those of General Walter Krueger, operating head of the Sixth Army.

Perhaps the most widely circulated tale about MacArthur—though none of the circulating has been done by correspondents who have seen him in action—is that he is lacking in courage; that he appears on the invasion beaches to have his picture taken and then ducks for safety. This story likewise appears to have been started by men of the Army Air Forces. Less than an hour after MacArthur arrived in Melbourne from the Philippines, an American correspondent was approached in the lobby of a hotel by a young Air Forces officer who asked what he thought of MacArthur.

Before the correspondent could reply, the officer said, "That guy MacArthur is a yellowbelly. Know what we call him? Dugout Doug! That's what he is—Dugout Doug, the general who's too scared to get out and see some fighting for himself."

Actually, MacArthur is fearless. His record of bravery is probably superior to that of any other officer of our high command. It goes back beyond the memories of the current crop of soldiers. It began before many of them were born—at Vera Cruz in 1914, when he disguised himself as a Mexican and carried out one-man patrols behind the Mexican lines.

In the first World War, from which he emerged as the youngest division commander of the American Army, he spent much of his time in the front lines. Then, as now, he refused to wear a helmet or carry sidearms; his only weapon was, and is today, a small pocket pistol. Once he went on a trench raid in France carrying a riding crop, "just to let the boys know somebody from headquarters was with them." He and his patrol brought back eight prisoners.

On another occasion he led American troops in an attack on a German machine-gun nest. He won an Oakleaf Cluster for his D.S.C. in this action, and the citation read, "on a field where courage was the rule, his courage was the dominant feature."

When he was made a brigadier general, and perforce had to stop his excursions into no man's land, a French officer said, "The Americans have lost their best platoon leader."

By the time the war with Japan began, MacArthur had more decorations than had ever before been awarded to an American officer—thirteen American and ten from foreign countries.

Since the attack on Pearl Harbor, MacArthur has gone ashore with the first or second wave of troops on nearly every invasion, and has repeatedly exposed himself to Japanese fire. He has taken risks which no officer of his rank ought to take. During the first three weeks of the invasion of Leyte, when air raids by the Japs were of almost hourly occurrence, MacArthur was never once seen to take shelter. He has an intense dislike of flying, yet he flies whenever it's necessary, although he has to take a sedative to quiet his nerves.

In Action with Paratroopers

Once when a parachute regiment was to attack Nadzab airfield on New Guinea. MacArthur accompanied the paratroopers. His Flying Fortress led the attacking formation, and flew at a low altitude over the field for an hour, while MacArthur watched the soldiers land and start the work of overrunning the air strip.

When the Japanese were driving the Americans back on Bataan in the bad days after Pearl Harbor, MacArthur visited the front as often as he could get away from his pressing duties at Corregidor. And when he did go to Bataan, the troops there saw him go closer to the Japs than any other general officer.

After the recent landing on Corregidor and partial reconquest of the fortress, MacArthur was the first American to step inside Malinta Tunnel. At the time, Japs were still hiding inside, and American soldiers were throwing grenades at them. No one has been able to figure out why the Japs didn't shoot the general.

In all of the invasions against Jap-held territory, MacArthur has shown a contemptuous disregard of snipers and of booby traps and land mines.

Once when MacArthur was walking with news correspondent Jack Turcott on a beach which was under heavy sniper fire, Turcott asked why the general didn't wear a helmet instead of his spectacular braided cap. MacArthur replied that he wasn't afraid of bullets or shells, and wouldn't dignify Jap arms by wearing a helmet. Then he turned to Turcott with a grin.

"You're not really worried about me, are you?" he asked. "You're thinking that maybe a sniper might aim at me and hit you."

He has handled captured Jap equipment with no sign of fear. Once when an aide asked him not to inspect Japanese weapons until they had been examined for booby traps, MacArthur fixed the officer with a ten-second stare and asked scornfully: "Do you want to live forever?"

THE END

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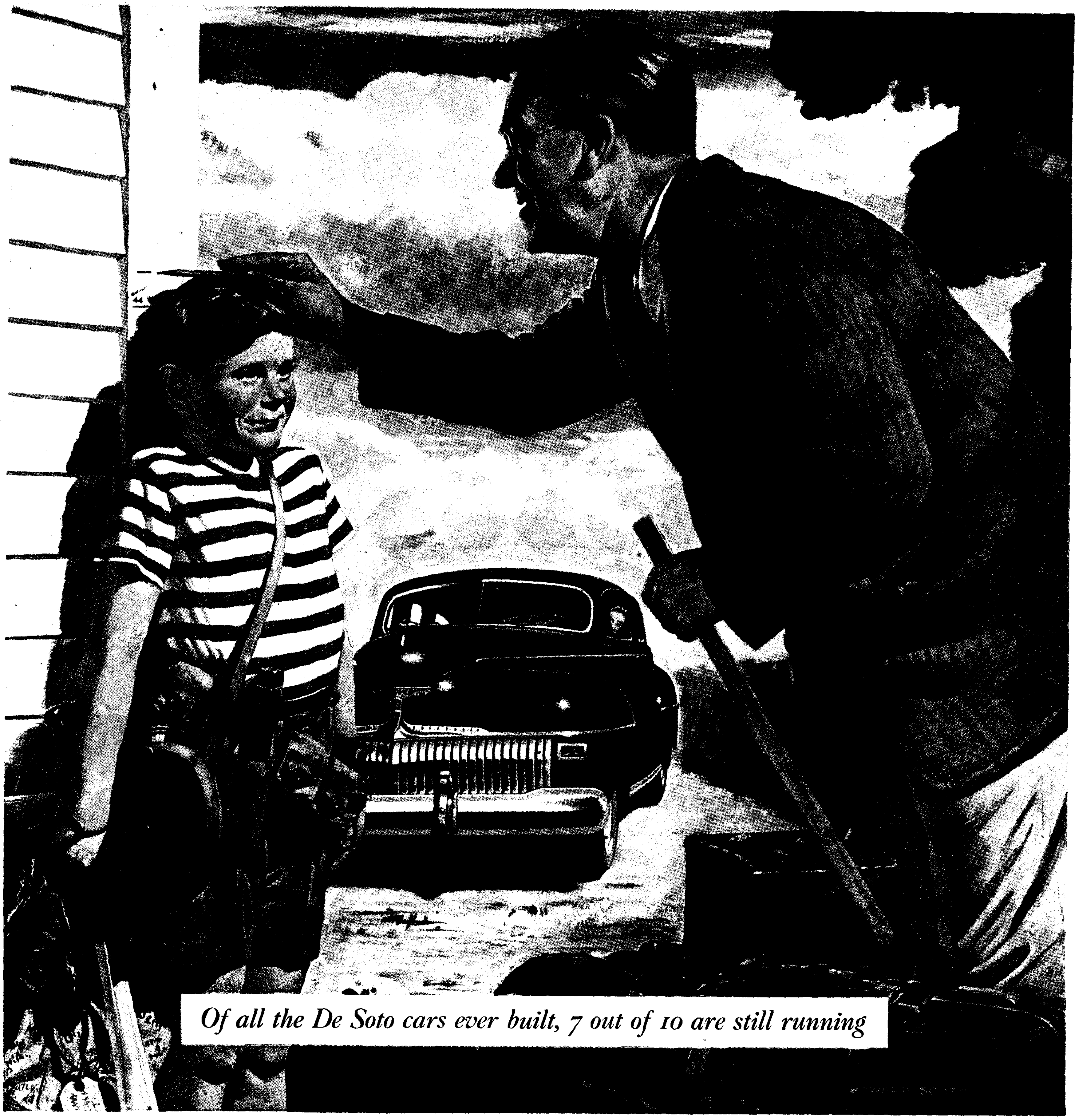

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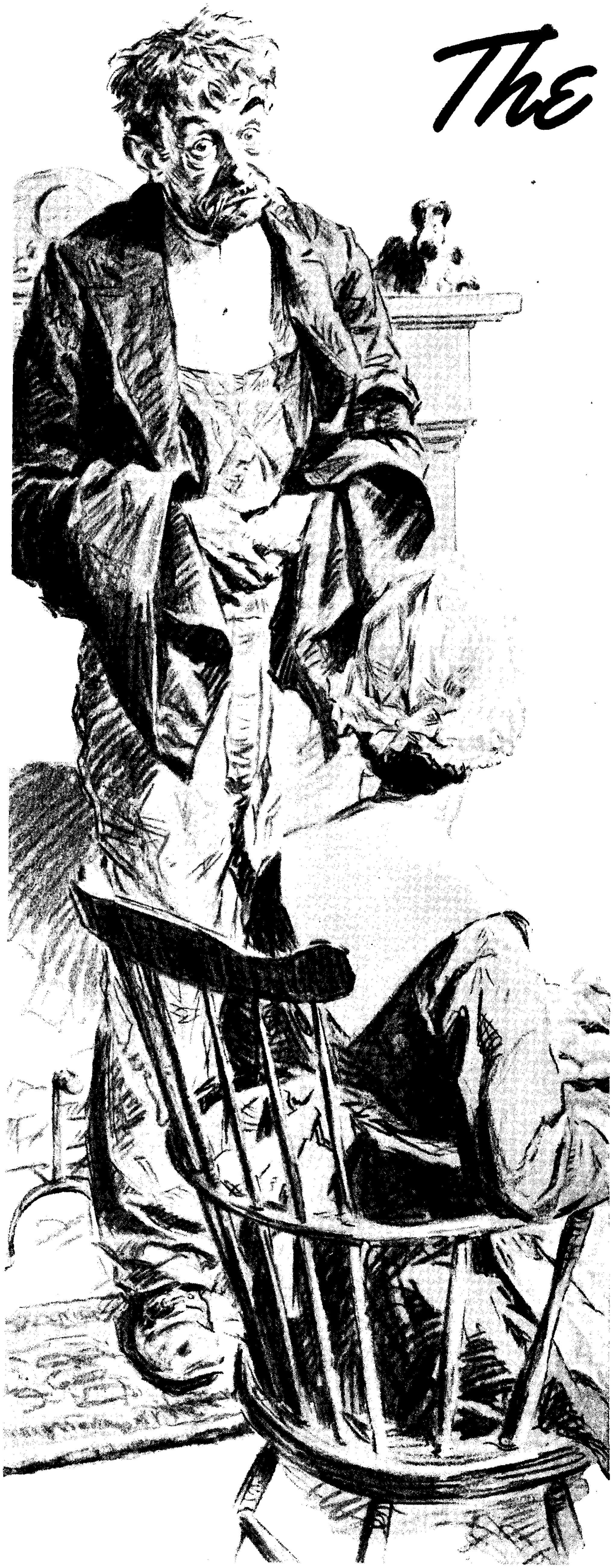
BY JESSAMYN WEST



"Thee's sure thee's not robbing thyself?" Eliza asked Old Lafe. "No," he assured her, "I don't eat eggs. It's against my principles"

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

IT WAS toward evening of a day in spring, after a long dry spell. A cold wind was blowing dust along the pike, shivering windows in their frames, sending puffs of smoke from the fireplace out into the sitting room. Eliza, who was braiding rags for a rug, heard at the front door a loud and somehow solemn knocking. She put her work down and went to the door.

"Mrs. Birdwell?" the old fellow standing before her asked.

"Yes," said Eliza.

"I'm Lafe Millspaugh," he said, "come to bring you a little gift of eggs."

Eliza saw the eggs—and she recognized the name. Old Lafe Millspaugh, his name was Lafayette, though no one ever called him that, lived down the pike about a mile south of Maple Grove Nursery. He had been born in the neighborhood but had left early to practice his trade of carpentry in the north of the state and was only now returned since his father, long a widower, had died leaving the family farm to Lafe.

"That's real kind of thee, friend Millspaugh," Eliza said, having placed him in her mind. "Won't thee come in out of this wind and warm thyself?"

"I was waiting to be asked," Old Lafe said frankly and entered.

Eliza closed the door and turned to look at her caller. He suggested so many things at once to her that she gazed somewhat longer than politeness required.

Old Lafe laughed, his long, ginger-colored mustaches framing his empty mouth in the way she'd seen grapevines garnish the edges of a limestone cave.

"Reckon you're going to know me next time you see me, ma'am," he said.

Eliza didn't feel she could deny it. There he stood, hatless, his back to the fire, holding the eggs in front of him like some kind of scraggy limb, fallen from a tree with nest attached.

"Yes, I will," Eliza said, friendly as possible. "Thee's a neighbor of ours, isn't thee?"

Old Lafe's small, leather-colored eyes, no more than pin pricks set high in two of the crosswise creases of his much creased face, smiled. "I'm your neighbor," he affirmed, "and I've brought you a present." He held out the eggs.

Eliza took, with what enthusiasm she could muster, the eggs and their container, a round and somewhat strawy object, thinking: Nothing missing here but the hen.

"Thee's sure thee's not robbing thyself, Friend Millspaugh?" she asked. "Must be a dozen or more eggs here."

"Seventeen," said Old Lafe proudly. "One's a bantam, though," he admitted. "No," he assured Eliza, "you're not robbing me. I don't eat eggs. Wouldn't touch 'em. It's against my principles."

"Thee's got convictions against them?" she asked gently.

"No, ma'am," said Lafe, "you've got it hindside foremost. You've put the shoe on the wrong foot. I've got convictions for them. To my mind an egg's a perfect thing, one of nature's masterpieces and far too pretty to eat. How'd you set about to improve on an egg, Mrs. Birdwell?"

Cleanliness is next to godliness, and Eliza was a godly woman, but when Jess began to tangle with bathroom plumbing, she felt he was carrying cleanliness too far

Eliza shook her head.

"Think it over," said Old Lafe. "Take your time."

Eliza hadn't any idea how to improve on an egg. She tried to think as bade, but she really didn't know; they were handy-sized, tasted good, and a hen's way of producing them seemed as sensible as any. "Eggs," she agreed with him, "are mighty satisfactory."

"Satisfactory." Old Lafe snorted. He hoisted his coat tails and stood so near the fire he made it draw better. Eliza was glad to note; but the heat made him kind of steam, too, in an unpleasant way.

"You might say the moon was pretty as an egg," he suggested, "but can the moon hatch? Can it?"

"No," said Eliza feebly, "far as I know, it can't."

"You might say a rose was an egg's equal in the choice way it's made. But can a rose last a century, hold its shape till doomsday, if not broke, the way an egg can?"

"No," said Eliza, looking down at the seventeen she held, "I don't suppose it can."

"You might say," said Old Lafe, "an emerald's more precious than an egg. But which would you rather find on a desert island, Mrs. Birdwell, an emerald or an egg?"

"An egg," said Eliza, seeing what was expected of her but thinking just the same of the forty barred Plymouth Rocks of her own, all laying like a millrace, until Jess had said he'd cackle if he had to face another floating island or custard pie.

"You see?" asked Lafe. "That being the case, I never touch them. I ain't got a word to' say against those who do, that's their lookout—but for myself, I'd sooner think of busting a rainbow than cracking an egg. Why'n't you go set the eggs down someplace, Mrs. Birdwell," he asked hospitably, seating himself in a rocker on his now well-warmed trousers, "and come back and we'll have a little chat? Weather's too mean to do anything outdoors."

The idea of getting rid of the eggs pleased Eliza anyway, and she said, "Thank thee, Friend Millspaugh, I'll do that," went into the kitchen and closed the door behind her.

There, sitting at his grafting table, his grafting tools laid aside, head thrown back, laughing till the tears ran down each side of his big nose and got caught in the little grooves at the corners of his mouth, was Jess. Eliza regarded her husband coldly.

"Shanghai berries," Jess said, looking at the seventeen eggs. "My precious Shanghai berries. So thee'd rather have an egg than an emerald, Eliza?"

"Thee hush right up," Eliza told him, having listened to all the nonsensical talk about eggs she could stomach for one afternoon. "Thee hush right up and get in there and chat with thy neighbor."

"*My* neighbor," said Jess.

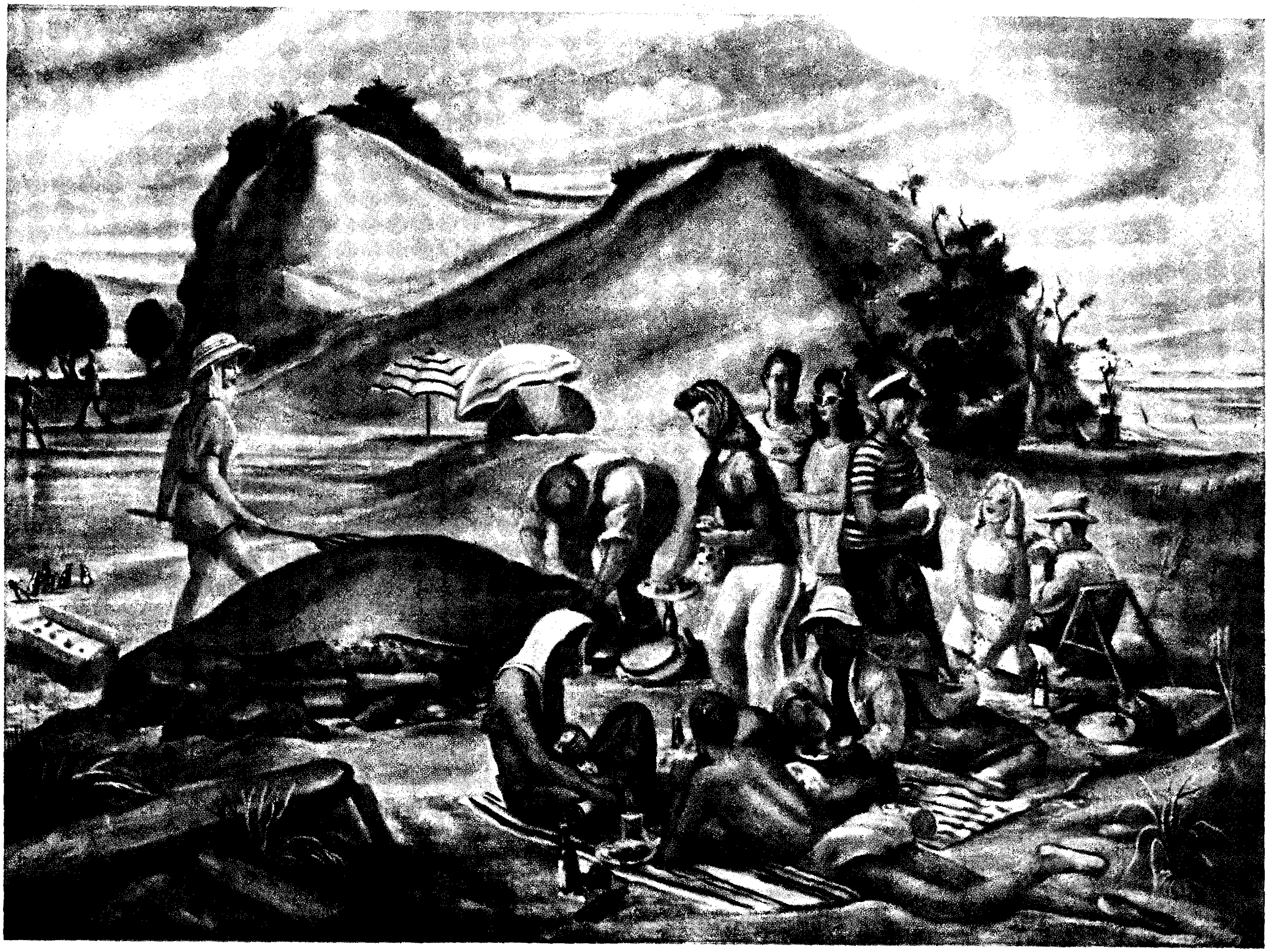
"He's a man," Eliza said, as if that made Jess responsible for him, "and thee get in there and talk."

Jess was tired of making grafts, so he went—and talked for quite a spell—time enough, anyway, for Eliza to stir up the fire in the cookstove and put another batch of custard pies in the oven.

"Shanghai berries, indeed," she said, cracking eggs vigorously and giving no thought to the perfection she was ruining. "If Jess thinks eggs are so funny, he can just eat a few more and laugh."

The pies had been in the oven some time

(*Continued on page* 44)



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Beer belongs . . . enjoy it

Fantastic Ferriss

Continued from page 21

baseman. Boo got his fourteenth pitch over the plate for a called strike. But the next pitch was wide, and the bases were loaded.

The career of the rookie from Mississippi teetered on the rim of oblivion. One more erratic pitch would tumble it over. But the next pitch was over the plate. Dick Siebert spanked a grounder to the shortstop side of the mound. Ferriss lunged for it, but it only ticked his glove. Shortstop Skeeter Newsome, however, raced over, grabbed it and converted it into an inning-ending double play.

And now, suddenly, the big guy began to find the range. The ball went zinging across the plate and spanked loudly into the catcher's mitt. The third inning was barely under way when three consecutive Philadelphia batters had gone down on called third strikes.

Silencing the Fans' Jeers

They couldn't see what Ferriss was throwing at them, and the 24,000 fans, so recently jeering, looked on in mute respect. Ferriss not only outpitched Bobo Newsom. He also came close to outhitting the entire Philadelphia team as well.

In the third inning he opened his big-league batting career with a solid single to center. He then went on to score Boston's second run. In the fifth, he faced Newsom again and smashed another hard single to center. So, when Ferriss came to bat for the third and last time, Bobo bore down with his Sunday pitch. Ferriss lashed it cleanly to right center for his third straight hit.

Ferriss, who had made a hit before yielding one, went into the last of the seventh with three hits for himself against three for the Philadelphia team. But the Athletics went to bat in the eighth and ninth. Ferriss didn't. He wound up with a five-hit 2-0 victory—a shutout for his first game in the majors.

Boo's father, a cotton planter and former semipro ballplayer whose lifelong dream had been that his son should be a big-league ballplayer, had died two years before. And his mother, who shared her husband's dream, is postmistress in Shaw, Miss., population 1,669.

The first thing Ferriss did after pitching that shutout and getting those three hits was to take a shower. Next he dug into some ice cream. Then he called the postmistress at Shaw, Miss.

Boston papers bore tales of the striking debut of the ex-corporal, and in Boston, the following Sunday, 32,000 thronged the stands to see him pitch against the New York Yankees.

He beat them, 5 to 0.

In three times at bat, he hit a single and a two-bagger and forced a runner at second with a grounder that scorched through the shortstop's hands and hit him in the stomach. Ferriss also drew a base on balls, and in the second game of this double-header, he was sent in as a pinch hitter and drew another base on balls. The latter walk was intentional.

He'd now stepped to the plate eight times and reached base every time, and he had five hits for six technical times at bat.

It was the third time in major-league history, according to the record books, and the second time since 1909 that a pitcher had started his career by hurling two shut-outs. Harry Krause did it for the Philadelphia Athletics in 1909, winning his first ten games in the big league, six of them by shutouts—the greatest freshman record in history.

The Red Sox had an open date on their schedule the following day and were given a vacation. Some of the second stringers, however, held an informal workout.

Frank Fallon, a Boston radio announcer, dropped out to the ball park to see what was going on. Out in center field he saw a left-handed outfielder racing deep to the center-field fence, spearing flies and blazing the ball—left-handed—into the plate.

As the Red Sox had no left-hander playing the outfield at the time—and no outfielder at all who could throw that far—Fallon asked Manager Joe Cronin the identity of his left-handed outfielder.

"That's Ferriss," said Cronin.

That night I asked Ferriss why—when he'd just pitched his second straight shutout, continued his fantastic hitting streak, and was riding the headlines—he went out of his own accord and shagged flies on a day off.

"I needed the running," he replied, "to get in condition. A pitcher simply can't get enough running."

Making His Hero Look Bad

As a high-school boy, down in the Mississippi Delta, Ferriss had indulged in a bit of hero worship for Rudy York, powerful Cherokee Indian slugger of the Detroit Tigers, who at the time was breaking Babe Ruth's record for home runs in a calendar month. And now Ferriss, still unscored upon, went out to Detroit to pitch against the Tigers and York. He struck York out four times. Each time there were men on bases, and each time it was a called third strike.

That was the day Ferriss set a new American League record for consecutive scoreless innings pitched at the start of a career. Not until his twenty-third inning, the fifth of the game at Detroit, did Ferriss yield a run; and that run was scored solely because a Boston outfielder, subbing for an injured first baseman, threw to a wrong base.

Two innings later, Ferriss yielded another run. But that was only because the Red Sox had an 8-1 lead and the infield played back, ignoring a runner on third.

Ferriss went on to Chicago, held the White Sox to four hits and shut them out, 2-0, facing only 29 batters—two above par.

He came back to Boston, faced the league champion St. Louis Browns and ran his second scoreless streak to 17 innings before he yielded a run in the seventh. He won, 4-1. Were it not for the two runs at Detroit, he'd have had a string of 42 scoreless innings.

Then he met Chicago again and came within three inches of a no-hit game. That was the distance Left Fielder Bob Johnson came from making a shoestring catch of Tony Cuccinello's second-inning fly to short left. Johnson trap-blocked it for a single—the only Chicago hit of the game. Ferriss faced only 28 batters and won his one-hitter, 7-0.

In a month, he had won six straight games—exactly half the victories the Red Sox had won at that point. He had yielded only three runs in 54 innings, and he was leading the league in batting as well.

Ever since he crawled out of three-cornered pants, Ferriss' chief love has been baseball. As a seventh-grader of 12, he was used as a "ringer" in a game for Shaw High. During a game the second baseman was injured and, instead of using a sub from the bench, the coach pulled Ferriss out of the crowd and put him at second base. All Ferriss did was break his right wrist when a base runner crashed into him as he pivoted on a double play.

That injury helped develop his ambidexterity, but, according to Ferriss himself, didn't start it. "I've always been a natural left-hander as well as a right-hander," he explains.

A Prize for Ivory Hunters

Ever since he was a 17-year-old high-school senior, he has been trailed by scouts—both collegiate and professional. After he pitched his final school game, in which he fanned 18 and won, 2-1, college scouts bore down on him in squadrons. He received major-league offers from the Philadelphia Phillies and the Detroit Tigers, as well as minor-league bids from Memphis and a host of other teams.

He decided to attend Mississippi State, which had been an object of his childhood loyalty. His father, fearing a football injury might end his baseball career, induced him to give up football when he entered college.

So Boo made up for this by playing two positions on the baseball team. He pitched right-handed and—when not pitching—he often played left-handed at first base.

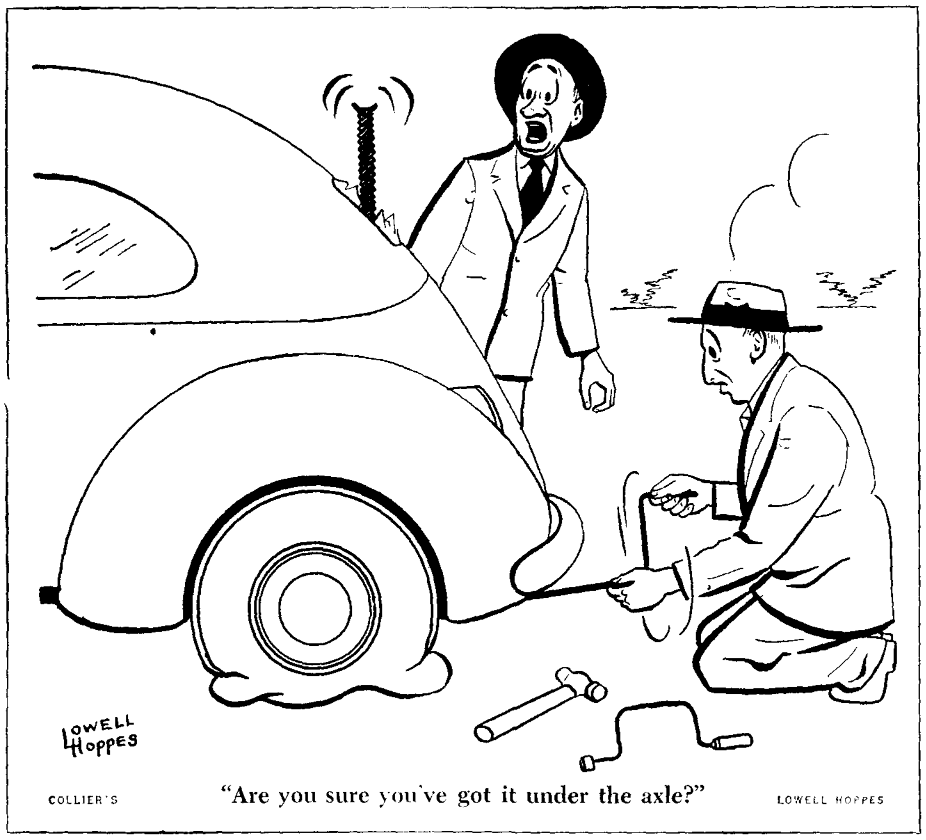
In a semipro game at Minter City, Miss., one summer, Ferriss pitched the first five innings right-handed. Then he switched and pitched the last four left-handed—and he won his game.

He moved to Greensboro in the Piedmont League where, after a mediocre season's record of seven games won and seven lost, he came through with three blazing victories in the league play-offs. Then he went away to war. Because of asthma, he flunked numerous physical exams for overseas duty. When he got out of the service this winter, things happened fast. February 24th he was discharged. March 24th he joined Louisville. April 24th he reported to the Red Sox.

His chief exhibition of left-handed pitching, since coming to the majors, has been in warming up before games. On these occasions, particularly one day at Chicago, he warmed up so naturally left-handed and showed so much speed and so sharp a curve, that any onlooker would have taken him for a natural southpaw.

Bostonians are urging the Red Sox to pitch him right-handed one day and left-handed the next. Then, they contend, if it will only rain the next couple of days on each occasion—until he's rested again—Ferriss can win the pennant.

THE END



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Let's Go, Sweetheart

Continued from page 12

up. She scored with her toe, though, and then turned and started down the steps.

I took the steps two at a time, went about fifteen feet past her and then turned waiting for her to run into me.

"All right, doughhead," I said. "What is this about the dog and the pigeons?"

She stopped just in time and began to laugh. She liked me to call her doughhead. She said, "My landlady's dog can talk, and she said I can take him at noon today after his lesson, and I'm going to bring him over here, and he'll talk to the pigeons and tell them they have to stay off the horses." She giggled—the way Peter Lorre giggles when he's got a knife in his hand.

"Then we'll take pictures of him talking to the pigeons and the pigeons will fly away and that'll be our story, and I can stay for another month because I didn't pay the rent."

"But you had twenty bucks yesterday . . ."

"I know, but the dress—the one with nothing in the middle—I bought it for when you take me to the University Club dance."

"What's that got to do with the rent?" The only thing was to outlast her.

"I spent the rent money on that, and my landlady wanted to throw me out."

"So you told her," I finished, "that you would get the dog in the papers, and she would be famous—if she would forget the rent."

She kissed my cheek. "That's why I have to marry you, Joey. You understand me."

I understand her all right: the way a drunk understands he shouldn't drink and every night he swears off, but every morning he's after the bottle.

"What about the iron?" I asked.

"I thought that if it didn't work, you know, and the landlady threw me out—well, then, I could go to your house and iron my dress, so I'd look real good for the movies tonight and you'd be proud of me. Don't be asking so many questions, darling. Where's your car?"

"No, you don't."

"Joey, if you don't drive me over to Minneapolis to get Henry, you just don't ever have to talk to me again."

I stopped and turned her around to face me. I held her hands with one of mine and dug in my pocket with the other. I came up with a dollar and shoved it into her pocket.

"Go on home, take a swim at Calhoun and wait for me," I told her. "I'll buy you dinner." I got set, backed away, and started running.

I could hear her, first tearfully, "Joey," then warningly, "Joey, you come back here." Then faintly: "I hope you fall under any convenient streetcar."

It was near noon, and I wanted to take Bill Benson to lunch with me. The paper wanted another story on those pigeons, and the only way I was going to get it was through Bill.

I found him in the hall on his way to the cafeteria in the state office building across the way. "Eat with me," I said and he nodded okay. We walked over to College Avenue where I'd left my car. We drove out to West St. Paul and out the Dodd Road to a chicken shack. After lunch we took our time coming back to the capitol.

"I hear around town that Mary's your girl," he said.

"They're ribbing you."

"Listen to me, Joey. You like her, marry her. Listen to me. I've seen that girl around. There's a girl ain't never going to get old on you. What the hell you want to marry? One of them women's club dames up on the hill who's going to drag you around to hear speakers all the time?"

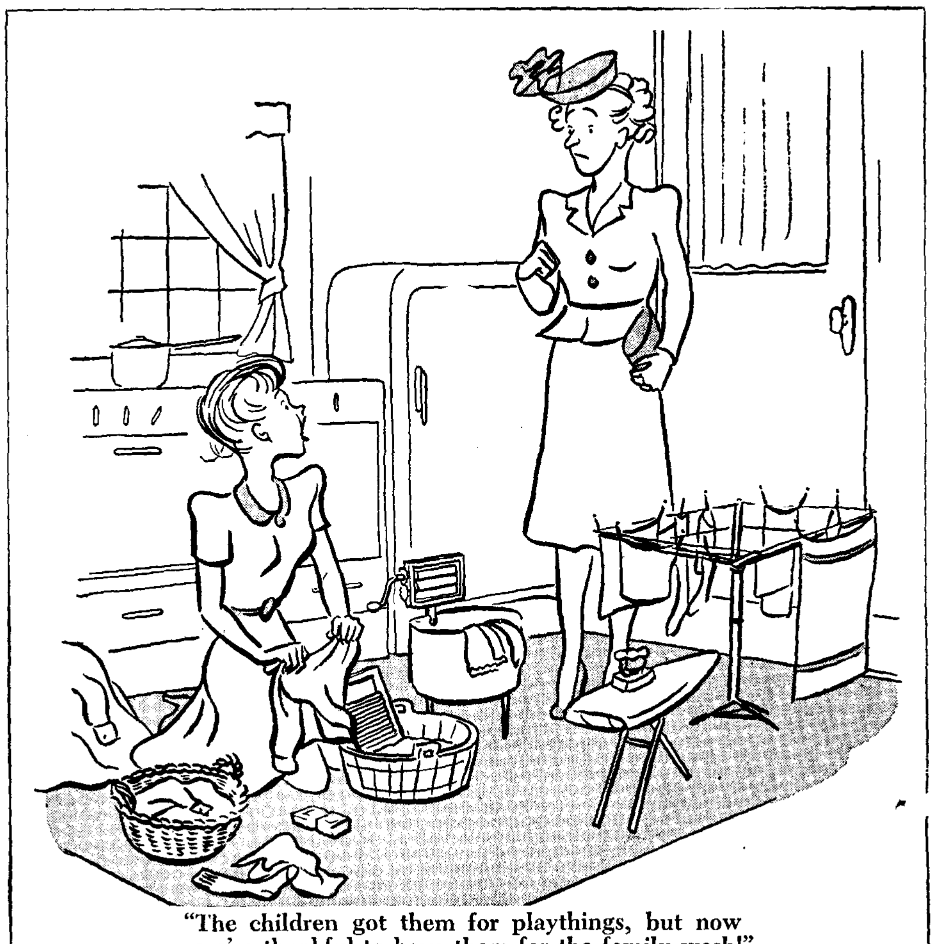
"Forget it." I'd spent enough nights trying to figure it out myself, and besides, I was too busy just then trying to second-guess my darling, to talk marriage. Right now I figured she was probably on her way from Minneapolis with three or four lions from the Hennepin County Zoo.

BACK at the capitol, the cop said there was a call for me on Bill's desk. It was her. "What do you want?" I asked.

"Sweetheart, are you going to be at the statehouse in an hour?" She said it like a kid asks about his mother's health just before he puts the bee on her for the movies.

"No, the paper's sending me to see if it was true about Livingstone." I hung up on her.

When I got up, Bill was motioning me into the governor's office. He held the door open for me and I went straight up to the old man's desk. He held out his hand for me, and it looked then like I might get something out of him yet.



COLLIER'S

"The children got them for playthings, but now we're thankful to have them for the family wash!"

JOHN M. PRICE

"How are you, Joe?" he asked.

"All right, sir. I hope you're not mad at me over that story."

He bit the end off a cigar and waved his hand. I sat down opposite him, and we were just smooching around talking elections and the like, and staying away from pigeons, when the copper on the door stuck his head in.

"Someone to see you, Joe."

"I'm busy." I held up my hand shooing him out, and just as I did, I heard the most mournful sound I'd ever listened to in my life.

It was like a wolf howl, long and high-pitched, and it made me feel like I was listening to the sound of a thousand fingernails coming down a thousand blackboards.

I got to the door fast and slammed it behind me. Standing in the middle of the anteroom was my darling, and next to her, weighing at least five hundred pounds and growling at the copper, was the biggest dog I'd ever seen. I swear he was bigger than the ponies you see in amusement parks, saddled for kids to ride.

"Henry," Mary said, "say hello to Joey."

Henry yawned. He wasn't tired, he just wanted me to get a load of his choppers.

"Mary, be a good girl, honey. Take Henry outside and wait for me. I'll be through here in a few minutes."

Mary smiled. "Henry wants to go in, too."

"Mary, get that hound out of here or I'll have you both tossed out on your ears."

Mary bent to the dog. "Get him, Henry," she said.

That monster just left the ground in one movement, and I felt like I'd been hit by a ten-ton truck.

He didn't do anything but straddle me, dripping saliva on my suit.

Mary kneeled down, one hand on Henry's head. "You're going to help Henry and me, aren't you, darling?" She nodded. "Aren't you?"

I nodded back. I started thinking of all the bad things I'd done in my life—like a guy going under for the third time.

"And you're going to take me to the movies tonight, aren't you, Joey?"

"Yes."

She told Henry to get off, but he stood waiting beside me after I got up, just in case I insulted his lady friend.

"Let's go, sweetheart," she said.

"Where we going?" I asked.

"You're going to get the janitor, love, and have him take us to the rotunda, and he'll get us in to the horses."

"I am not going to bother the janitor."

"Henry," she murmured.

"Mary, for Pete's sakes, doll, what are you doing? This damn' mongrel will make hash out of me if I breathe crooked, and you know darned well you're just getting me fired." I could talk big, but with the King of the Woods beside me, I kept walking toward the janitor's office.

"Darling," she assured me, "you'll be able to write a beautiful story, and you can take my word, Joey, this is going to get on the front page, and the wires will pick it up, and it'll be all over the country, and we'll be famous."

"And live happily ever after," I added, "with Henry."

THE custodian was a guy about forty. Once a year I wrote a story about him and the tunnels and old rooms in the building. The rest of the year I didn't say three words to the guy, outside of hello.

I found him working on a lock with a screwdriver. I asked him to take us up to the rotunda but he shook his head. This guy was as loose with words as a deaf mute. I started arguing with the jerk because I wanted to get up there and get this thing over with, but Mary tugged at my jacket sleeve.

"Joe, me." She pointed at herself. "Let me, Joe."

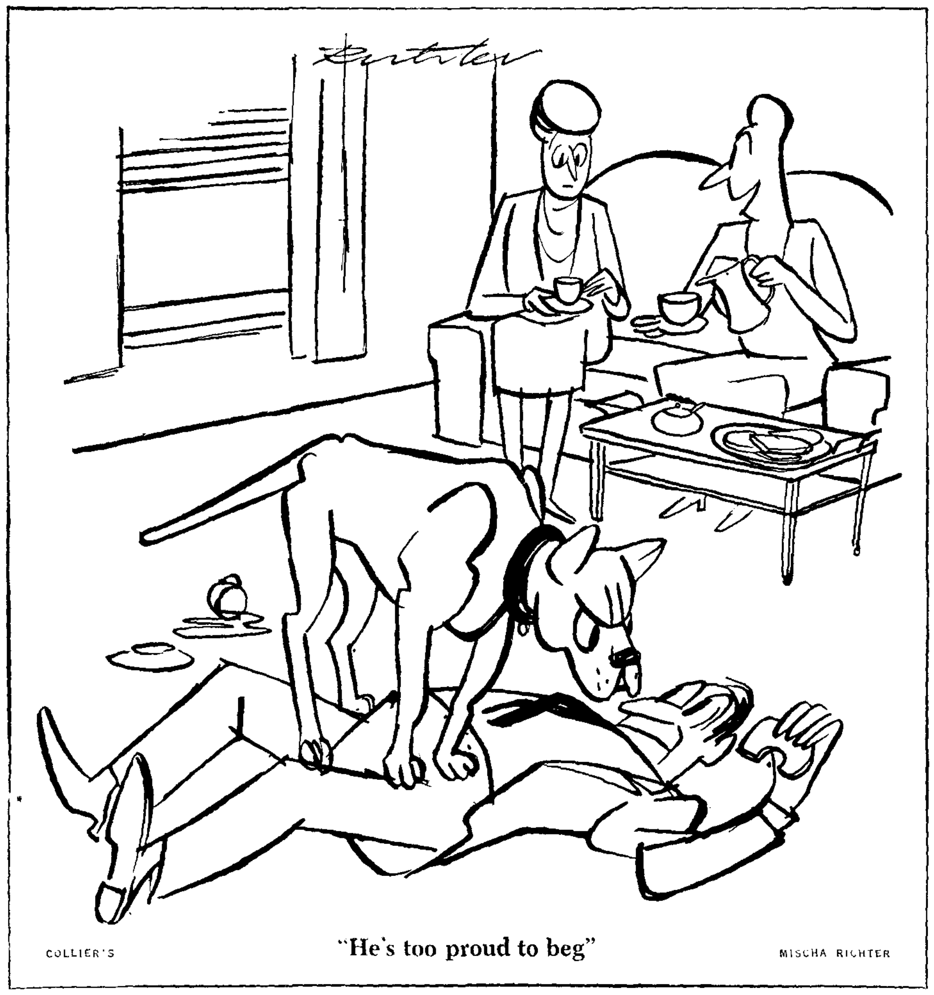
I stepped aside and let her move in.

"You don't have to take us up there, sir" she started. "I don't blame you if you don't want to. I wouldn't if I were you, but it's such a big thing for me, it means so much to me, and if you just gave me the key, I'd promise on Campfire Girls' honor to return it to you, and I never lie, sir. Once in high school the teacher asked me if I was cheating and I said yes, even though I wasn't because I thought she would think I was lying if I said no, and she flunked me, and my daddy wouldn't buy me the roadster and I had to walk to school, but . . ."

He gave her the key.

She bent over and kissed his head. "Come on, Henry, honey. Thank you, sir. Come on, Joe. Hurry." I wasn't spry enough for her.

We took an elevator to the third floor, me leading the way, my wolf friend padding along next to me, waiting patiently for me to get out of line once so he could use his



COLLIER'S "He's too proud to beg" MISCHA RICHTER

Are they Kidding?

Here's a SHAVING CREAM Guaranteed *not* to make shaving a pleasure!

Shaving is no joke— And we're not going to joke about it!

Shaving is *not* a subject for light-hearted banter. At best it's a nuisance. And according to all the information we can get from scientists, tea-leaf-readers, and crystal gazers, it's likely to remain one.

O.K.—we can't make shaving a pleasure. But here's something we *can* do: We can help make that routine in front of the mirror as quick, painless, and easy as possible!

That's all we claim for Listerine Shaving Cream—no sudden miracles, no earth-shaking discoveries. Just a lot of plain, ordinary, honest satisfaction! And mister, unless you still believe in Santa Claus, that's *plenty!*

You'll find that just a fraction of an inch of Listerine Shaving Cream billows up into plenty of good, rich lather—that means it holds water like a thunderhead holds rain . . . and you know, *water* is the secret of the whole beard-softening trick.

Like this refreshing kind of talk? Well, you'll like the refreshing shaves you get with Listerine Shaving Cream, too! Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

Sincerely,

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St. Louis, Mo.

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SHAVING CREAM
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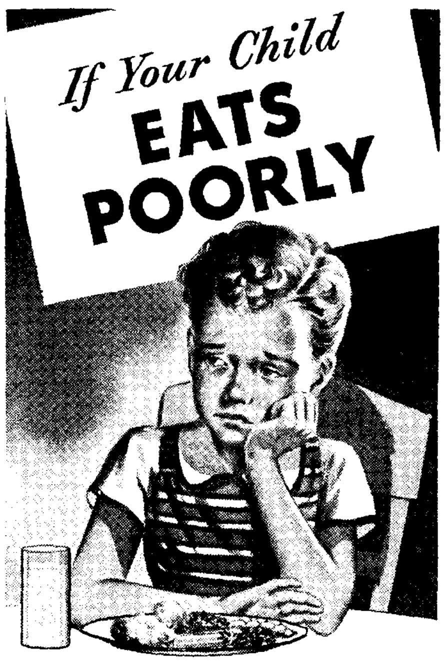
35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Listerine Brushless is 25¢

LISTERINE
brushless
SHAVING CREAM



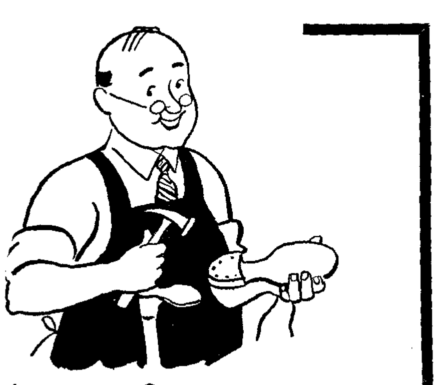
try giving him Ovaltine

If a child's diet lacks certain food elements serious things can happen. *Poor appetite*—faulty nerves—bad teeth—stunted growth—soft bones—defective eyesight!

Ovaltine supplies food elements frequently deficient in ordinary foods. Three glasses made with milk provide a child's daily requirement of appetite Vitamin B_1, Vitamins A, D and G, and minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. In addition Ovaltine provides *basic* food substances—complete proteins to build muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance. It thus acts as an insurance against food deficiencies that retard appetite and normal growth.

So if your child eats poorly or is thin and nervous turn to Ovaltine.

OVALTINE



JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..

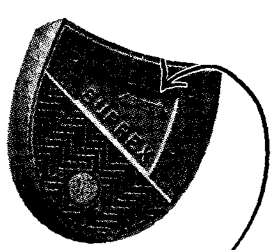
"Where there's smoke there's 50 people lined up to buy cigarettes.

• • •

Achilles was the first guy to appreciate a good heel. If he'd lived in these times, I reckon he'd be in the shop asking for Hood Suprex Rubber Heels.

• • •

Yep, and you don't have to know who Achilles was to appreciate the long-wearing qualities of Hood Suprex Heels in these days of shoe rationing. Just look for the Hood Arrow."



LOOK FOR THIS ARROW

HOOD

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY
A Division of B. F. Goodrich

bridgework on me. Every once in a while he would rub his head on my thigh.

We walked up circular iron steps for almost ten minutes, to a platform that came out from the sides of the rotunda about two feet. From it, there was an iron ladder, anchored in the platform. The ladder ended at a door the size of an opening into a storm cellar. Beyond it lay the horses.

"Go ahead, doll," I said. "You go up and I'll walk right behind you in case you slip."

"Henry!" she cooed.

Henry growled. The echo was like a summer thunderstorm.

"What's the matter with you?" I yelled. "Dear," I added, hearing the dog breathing.

"You go first, Joey, and open the door. Here's the key. Henry and I will follow you."

I grabbed the key, took hold of a rung of the ladder and started up. I was halfway there when I made my mistake. I looked down. I'm the guy, that when I was working police I never slid down the fire pole because I was afraid. I stood there, swaying a little, the sweat coming out on my face and my shirt sticking to my back, the dog's muzzle in my calf. Then I heard Mary.

"Henry," she whispered.

I remembered that even a rat will turn and fight when he's in a spot. I was no rat. I got up the rest of that ladder somehow, pushed the key in the door, and shoved and clambered out on the ledge.

There was enough room behind the horses for a mamma and a papa pigeon. When I stood up, holding onto the stiff tail of one of the horses, Mary and Henry were there.

I knew that if I let go the tail, I was a goner. Looking down, I saw the people far out on Wabasha Street, and I wondered why they didn't turn, why somebody didn't come help me, why I had ever met this girl, why she had ever come to Minneapolis from Rockford, why my father had let me go in the newspaper business instead of his grocery store.

There was a metal plank underneath the horses' bellies, as though the man who made them had nailed a two-by-eight there to hold them up. Between the horses is where the pigeons hung their hats. The pigeons had been staying alive eating off statehouse visitors for years. They were as scared of us as Henry was of me.

"All right, Henry," Mary ordered. "Tell the pigeons to go away and leave the beautiful gold horses alone."

She didn't have to coax him. He sat back on his haunches, his big chest a beautiful target for the knife I was praying I had, and put his nose in the air. There may have been some people who didn't hear that hound then, but they were safe in Calvary out on Dale Street.

The pigeons just strutted around the horses' heads.

"Talk some more, Henry," Mary ordered. "Talk nice to the pretty pigees." She knelt on one knee to stroke the monster. His idea of pretty was to imitate a six-alarm fire.

THAT did it. The capitol emptied so fast you'd think there was a tiger loose in the building. People poured out on the front lawn looking up at us, gathering in groups like football teams huddling all over the lawn. The pedestrians and motorists saw them, and they came running, and this must have pleased Henry because he shifted into an eight-alarm fire. I saw the governor and Bill Benson standing out on the lawn, and across the square, on Park Avenue, they came out of the state office building like they were running to watch an eclipse.

"Henry, stop! That's enough, Henry!" Mary patted his head. I arched my neck to look at her the way a guy does to plead with someone who's got a gun to his ribs. "Holy kopoly!" she snapped her fingers. "Holy kopoly!" she shouted. Then she hugged herself and began jumping up and down and laughing.

"Give me the key, Joey," she said. I gave it to her, figuring we were going down.

"Henry." She pointed her finger at the dog. "Henry, I want you to stay here with Joe and keep him company."

She kissed his ear, turned fast, slammed the door and there I was: Henry behind me wailing like a thousand banshees, the pigeons walking on my hands, at least ten thousand people down below looking up at me.

I was about ready for the men in white when I heard sirens, and the squad cars and police emergency rigs pulled up. They huddled for a few minutes with the governor, and five minutes after that, the fire sirens joined the chorus. Henry took all this as an insult to his vocal powers and started putting out in high gear.

THE firemen began throwing ladders up against the building, but none of them came within fifty feet of me. There were enough trucks there to water down every building within a mile. They spliced ladders, but they couldn't get them close enough to the horses, and there was nothing for the ladders to rest up against.

Far down Wabasha, I could spot the News photo truck coming, and when I looked carefully, I could see photographers all over the lawn shooting at me, but they didn't have any long-range stuff with them, and they'd get blurs and nothing more.

Henry had shut up to get second wind, and coming up at me, like the flames from the fire at a weiner roast was the buzz of those thousands of voices below. Well, I'd lived here too long anyway, and I'd always wanted to hit out for the big dough. This was as good a time as any.

Then I saw Mary. Not walking or sitting or standing—oh, no! Mary was riding the back of the water tower, the pride of the city's fire chief. This thing is a truck with a single ladder that works off a revolving disk in the center of the rig. That ladder can go up high enough to reach the clouds, I guess. They'd pulled their ace in the hole. Except one thing. I wasn't going down any ladder for all the dough buried in Fort Knox.

They ran the rig right up on the lawn, and pretty soon that thing started lifting from the rear of the truck. It came up as slow as a pole vaulter treading air to get over the bar, and it kept growing and growing and getting higher and higher until it was just even with my eyes and about twenty feet away.

A little guy started climbing the ladder, and I waved him down but he didn't pay me any attention. He got up to the top and put one leg over the top rung like a trapeze artist and beckoned me. I let go the horse's tail and reached back with my hands trying to get away, but all I touched were cool jowls. I moved forward again.

"All right, wise guy," the fireman said. "Let's get going. Put one leg over after I get down a ways and come on down slow."

"You're nuts!"

"Come on, son. You don't want to stay up here, it's too chilly. Come on down and we'll talk this thing over."

"Go away," I said. "You think I'm crazy, going down that ladder?"

"No, you're not crazy," he answered. "You're in good shape. You got pigeons, horses and dogs. So long, lamebrain." He probably had a wife and two kids, and didn't feel like coaxing me.

He started down, and I leaned over the horses' rears and asked the pigeons about why I had this coming. They were very sympathetic until they found out I didn't have any peanuts. Then they dropped me flat.

I was getting ready to talk business with Henry when I heard Mary laughing. "Joey, Joey, honey, baby, look where I am!" I didn't have to look. She was draped over the ladder just like the fireman, only she had a camera in her hands.

As I turned, she snapped my picture, and then changed plates and yelled again, "Henry, Henry, here, Henry, baby!"

I'll never know how come the brute didn't push me over the side, but I held onto the tail, the dog with his front paws up on the horses, standing next to me, like we were buddies riding a surfboard together.

"Come on, Joey, sweetheart, you've got to come down now!"

"Get away from me!"

"You've got to, Joey. I threw the key away and told them I lost it, and they can't find another one. Isn't that swell?"

"Mary!" I'd never done anything to anybody. Minded my own business and helped support my folks, sent my brother to the university.

"Henry!" she shouted.

WELL, I went down. I never heard of a dog coming down a ladder but this wolf took it as easy as chasing squirrels. Mary went down first like she was walking downstairs to breakfast. When I reached the waiting arms of four cops, she was gone. I tried to get out of the way of photographers, but they had me covered. That damn' dog loved cameras. He sat there looking pretty, and grinning like Rin Tin Tin. It took me an hour to get away from the cops, and if it hadn't been for Bill Benson, I'd have been booked for disorderly conduct.

He walked over to the car with me, and when I opened the door, White Fang leaped in. He sat down on his feet and made himself comfortable.

I drove down to the office shaking like I had just come out of an ice shower, but afraid to reach for a cigarette for fear he would take my arm off. I wondered what the boss was going to say to this.

The night editions were on the street when I got down. Our paper had the story and some fuzzy pictures of me atop the dome. I thought it would be best if I didn't go see the boss until tomorrow.

I was standing by the car, pleading with Henry to leave it when I heard her running down Fourth Street from the Star building in the next block. I knew it was her before she yelled.

"Joey, you and Henry look beautiful. Beautiful." She handed me the Star and jumped into the seat. For her, Henry moved over. There I was on the front page, me and Henry and the horses and the pigeons, and underneath there was a story with her by-line over it.

I walked around to the side of the car and squeezed myself into the two inches of space left for me.

"Joey," she said, "we'll have to take Henry home before we can go to the movies."

"What makes you think I'd go any place with you?"

Henry moved his head to look up at me; I wasn't talking to suit him. And right there I gave up. I leaned over Henry and put my head in her lap. She cupped my chin with one hand and patted my head with the other.

I swear I heard the dog purring.

THE END

ELEEMOSYNARY NOTE

I always get the pearls with the asterisk—
You know, where there's a footnote to the ad
Saying, "Simulated. Price, 3.87"—
And the finest R. H. Macy ever had.
I'm swathed in fur that's practically sable
Though the tag discreetly hints it may be
phony.
Either "civet-stenciled, lynx-type alley
feline"
Or "let-out mink-dyed pure domestic cony."

I always get the pearls with the asterisk.
They're never from a Blue Point's
smörgasbord.
My sparklers aren't Kimberley but Kress's.
My emeralds are Libbey-Owens-Ford.
Attention, please, some philanthropic
bureau—
Or Henry Morgenthau, or RFC—
When you shovel out more money
On a brainstorm that's a honey
And you run plumb out of Hottentots,
There's me!

—Ethel Jacobson

DOCTOR of MOTORS
PERFECT CIRCLE
Custom Made
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5169
THE OIL STOPPER
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MATE!

RADIO
OFFICER?

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Urgently!
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The Doctor of Motors—your automobile mechanic—puts new life into old cars.

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Established 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION Peekskill, New York
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Celebrating Seventy-Five Years of "Know How" and Experience
America's First Gin

Fleischmann's Quality!
1 It's so soft! So delightfully velvety! The secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S *discards* that part of the "run" containing most of the impurities! *Then . . . every drop is carefully filtered!*

Fleischmann's Smoothness!
2 Light! Dry! Delicate! Smooth! The reason? It's 75 years of "know how"—for *no other* gin was made in America before FLEISCHMANN'S!

Fleischmann's Taste!
3 It's priceless! Found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. It comes from a mash *specially prepared* from finest American grains . . . plus *continuous* distillation!

Fleischmann's Mixability!
4 The result is a gin so crystal clear—it never "masks" flavors . . . always lets you enjoy the "hidden taste" of fruit juices, other mixers!

You find all 4 only in
FLEISCHMANN'S . . .

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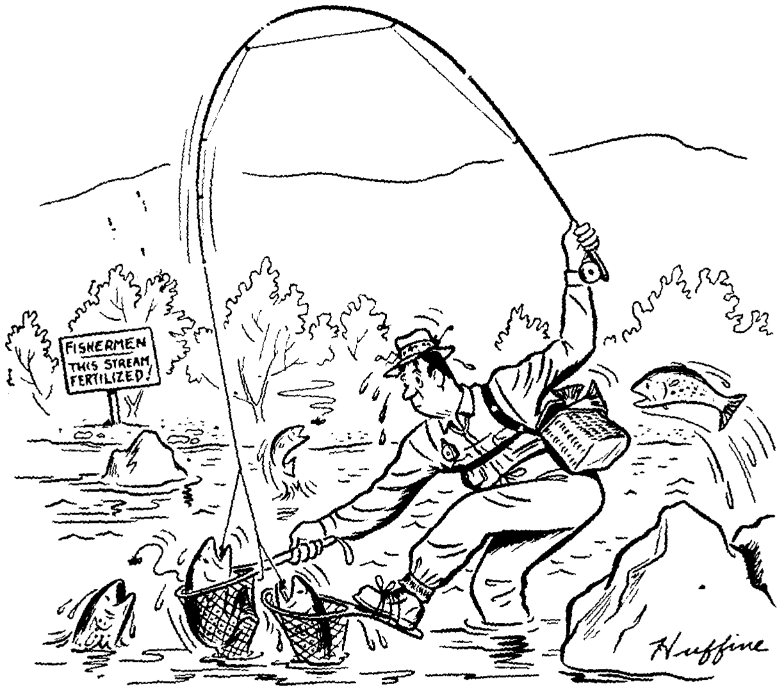

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Fatter and Faster Trout

The speckled trout you'll be catching in tomorrow's streams and ponds will be a sportier proposition than the old-timers because they'll be specially fattened for the kill. The secret will be dirt simple: Trout runs will be dosed with common garden fertilizer.

The fish themselves won't eat the fertilizer, but the microscopic plankton—tiny animal and plant life—will thrive on it and vastly multiply.

Trout and other game fish that live on plankton have a hard time getting enough to eat in ordinary waters, for these small living things do not thrive in them. But once their food supply is improved, the fish wi live like kings.

Tests show that a typical trout yield four pounds per acre of water can be i creased to 120 pounds by adding the rig amount of commercial fertilizer. Fish f on the new diet are bigger and tastier tha the old ones that had to scrape for a livin They are reported to be gamier, too.

Storage Batteries That Won't Fold

You won't be turning in your old storag battery every two years after the war, n will you get stuck some wintry morning b cause there is no juice to make the starter g

Revolution in Cotton

Continued from page 24

three sisters and mother—inherited the farm on their father's death in 1933. It was sharecropped by traditional methods. Farm labor chopped (hoed) the cotton. When picking time came, migrant workers supplemented local labor in getting the crop in.

Labor prices were abysmally low. Field workers got $1 a day; pickers 50 cents a hundred pounds.

Howel Hopson had no taste for this. Mechanization seemed the only answer. But machinery which would handle a cotton crop hadn't been invented. As early as 1850, inventors had patented mechanical cotton pickers, but none of them worked. Now things were stirring again.

In Memphis, Mack and John Rust were working on their machine, and at Greenville, Mississippi, Hiram Berry was working on his. International Harvester was devoting a good part of its research and engineering talent to the problem. The Hopsons made a deal that International was to use their farm as a test ground. Then they could watch progress in their own back yard. When the first production models emerged a little over a year ago, the Hopson Planting Company got first crack at them.

As it stands today, International's cotton picker is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. The present model covers one row of cotton at a time. Multiple-row machines are on the way.

The machine straddles the row and moves through the field at two miles per hour. The cotton plants pass through a metal guide and are probed by deft steel fingers. These fingers—moistened spindles which are revolving—pick up cotton from open bolls. The cotton is removed from the spindles by rubber strippers, picked up by a blower, and deposited in a wire hopper on top of the machine.

On each trip through the field, the machine picks 95 per cent of all open cotton, doesn't bother unripened bolls which are gathered at a later date. The chief criticism of all earlier picking machines has been that they collect too many leaves along with cotton. This "trash" grades cotton down, reduces the price.

A Machine That Slashes Costs

The International machine collects enough of this to cut the value of a $100 bale of cotton by about $10. But it costs about $40 to hand-pick a bale of cotton; the machine does it for $7.50.

While experimental work on the picker was under way at the Hopson farm, another highly significant machine came along—the flame weeder. It was obvious from the outset that if a successful cotton picker were ever developed there would still be a labor bottleneck in chopping cotton. Hoeing weeds out of the crop four or five times a year requires an enormous amount of labor. The flamer, developed in the Louisiana sugar country, was the answer.

The present model covers two rows at a time. Jets of flame strike both sides of the row, shriveling the weeds and grass. The machine burns cheap Diesel oil. But greater effi-

Synthetic rubber has come to the aid of the battery maker in a new application that multiplies the life of an average battery five times.

Storage batteries usually quit because the thin wooden strips that separate the lead plates finally rot and go to pieces. When the war began giving batteries unheard-of punishment, wooden separators were no longer good enough. Chemists began working on a synthetic rubber that would do all that wood could do and more besides. They eventually produced it: an acidproof material with millions of microscopic cells in it, that would absorb and hold the chemical solution and still last indefinitely. This new feature was even more important than its long life. Batteries could be shipped across the world perfectly dry, fully charged, and ready for service the minute acid was added at the other end.

Your future battery will be of this type—lasting as long as your car, free from the danger of being ruined if you should let it run dry.

The garageman's problem will be equally simple. He will keep his new batteries on the shelf and the acid in glass bottles. Ten minutes, and he can have a new battery installed and ready to go.

Goodby to Clotheslines

The age-old problem of how to dry the laundry on a rainy day will soon find a solution in a new machine that will be a welcome companion to the postwar washer and mangle.

You pile the damp clothes into the drier and turn on the current. After a few minutes they come out perfectly dry, and so unwrinkled that many of them will not need any ironing at all.

The machine is simply a revolving metal tub with a current of hot air circulated inside. The evaporation of the moisture keeps the temperature from rising too high. When the drying is done, and the clothes start to get hot, an automatic thermostat shuts the machine off.

Rotation not only dries the clothes evenly but fluffs them for a soft, white finish.

No clotheslines in the back yard; no clothespins to lose, no postponing washday till the sun is out.

Tubercular Check-Ups for All

Eternal vigilance is the only sure defense against the terrible scourge of tuberculosis, yet until now, such protection has been beyond the reach of most people. But tomorrow a new X-ray method sponsored by the government will bring a sure means of detection within the reach of every man, woman and child in the United States. The U.S Public Health Service has just obtained ten million dollars from Congress to establish a system of yearly check-ups throughout the country.

The secret of mass protection against the white plague is a new device for taking miniature X-ray photographs of the lungs. These X-rays automatically turn out perfect, no matter how thin or fat, young or old the subject may be. The machine can run steadily all day, photographing six people a minute without a single failure. Every person has a different resistance to X-ray. Using the cumbersome, full-sized films of the past, even the most skillful technician could only guess at the right length of exposure.

The high-speed X-ray method uses a new electric-eye device called the "phototimer," placed close beside the film and receiving a portion of the rays that pass through the patient. When just enough exposure has been made, the timer shuts off the apparatus, and the film winds on for the next.

Built as a portable unit, the machine can take perfect pictures of 1,000 chests a day, recording them on movie film which can later be enlarged and analyzed by a doctor.

Watch for These. . . .

Coffee ground and measured and compressed into cubes, wrapped in cellophane and sold ready to be dropped into the pot. A cube makes two or three cups and stays fresh till used.

A new protective hand cream for firemen or anybody who runs the risk of dangerous "flash burns" in his work. Rub in the cream, then pass through naked flame unharmed. The cream easily washes off.

A new kind of sorghum, invented by the Department of Agriculture, that is useless as grain or fodder. But it is so tough and hardy that it is the best thing yet to hold your soil against erosion. ★★★

ciency would be achieved if the flamer were combined with the cultivator.

Even as it stands today, the machine represents a significant stride forward. At a cost of 15 to 35 cents an acre—depending on the weed growth present—the machine can clean up a field. Even under the old abysmally low wages, it cost more than a dollar to have an acre hoed by man.

While the Hopsons picked almost $200,000 worth of cotton by machine last year, enough flamers weren't available, because of wartime restrictions, to eliminate all hand chopping. But one 28-acre field, which acted as a test plot, gives a preview of the future. This plot was handled completely by machine. It produced exactly the same amount of cotton as surrounding fields.

An elaborate cost-accounting system covers all these operations. Figures indicate that at prevailing wages it costs 10 cents to hand-pick a pound of lint cotton—after all charges for labor, supervision, transportation are made. Machines pick it for 1½ cents—after allowing for amortizing the $3.750 machines in five years, allowing $250 a year for maintenance.

Add further savings for flame weeding, and dusting by planes instead of ground machines, and you get mass-produced cotton at unheard-of low prices.

Some people are convinced that mechanization will come with a bang at war's end, as soon as large production of cotton-picking machines can start. International Harvester is ready with its model; Allis Chalmers is getting the final bugs out of the Rust machine; and Deere & Company is about ready to produce the picker invented by Berry.

For the better part, cotton planters are annoyed that production hasn't already started. They are highly critical of government policy in spotting tens of thousands of German prisoners in the cotton belt, to be used as farm labor. As cotton pickers and field hands, the Germans are washouts. The planters believe that if more picking machines had been built, millions of dollars worth of cotton would not have been left to rot in the fields.

As opposed to the group which think mechanization will come immediately at war's end, a second group contends that it will come gradually. First, a few big plantations will shift over, then smaller farms. Mechanization, they contend, will be restricted to the great flat areas of the Delta, Texas, California and other such places.

Better Times for Small Farmer

They don't think the small hillside farmer will have any place in the picture. He will have to diversify, go to other crops. And this, they think, may be the best thing in the world that could happen to him. It would untie him from cotton, which has always been a feast or a famine crop. Diversification would provide more security and a better living for his family.

Former Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard sums it up: "Mechanization of cotton production is inevitable. It may come gradually as it has in the wheat belt and in the corn belt, or it may come quickly. We can't stop it and we shouldn't try to."

Whether it comes rapidly or slowly, mechanization will inevitably have a tremendous impact on the world cotton market. Before the first World War, our cotton exports averaged 8 to 10 million bales a year; by 1939, this had declined to 3. million bales. Lowered costs, due to mechanization, should regain a large part of this lost market for us. It

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Put 1 level teaspoonful of sugar in a tall glass. Dissolve thoroughly in a little White Rock water. Add juice of 1 small lime (or ½ lemon) and stir. Add cracked ice (or ice cubes), then 1 jigger of rum (2 oz.). Fill glass with White Rock Sparkling Mineral Water — the lively mixer with the refreshing tang. Stir *slightly* . . . and drink. *Um-m-m!*

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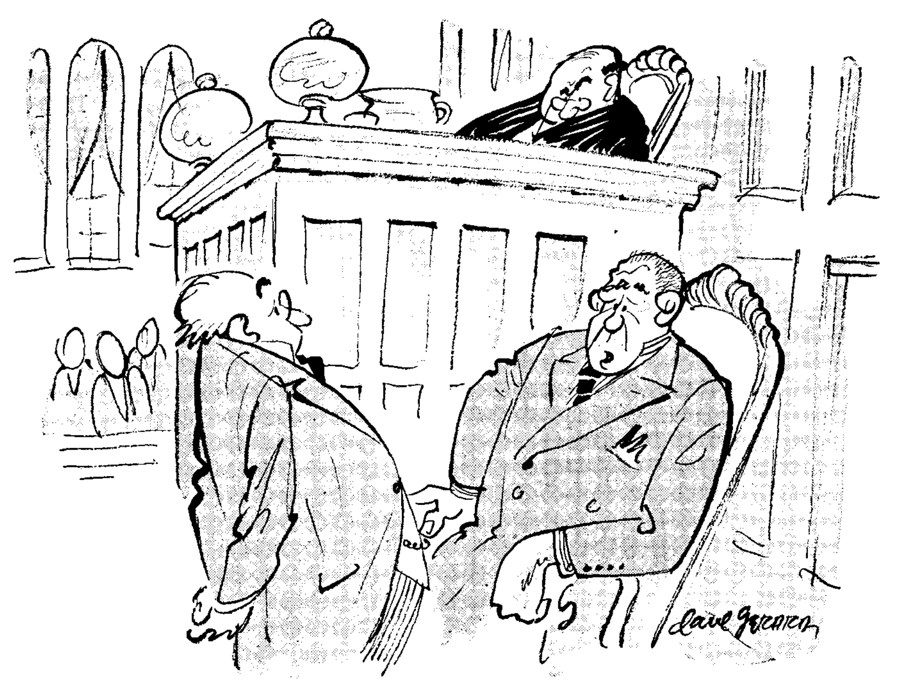
should also provide cotton goods—sheets, towels, clothing—at lower prices than we have ever seen before. This, incidentally, fits in well with postwar plans for an expanding economy of plenty.

All these points are on the favorable side of the ledger; there is an unfavorable side. Take displaced labor. Some people estimate that 80 per cent of the labor now devoted to raising cotton will no longer be needed. They foresee a great migration of Negroes to the North, and a few thoughtless people are pleased with the prospect. One of them said: "The North never has liked the way we handled the Negro problem. Maybe we have been wrong, I don't know. But I am going to be interested in seeing how good a job Detroit, Chicago and New York do with it."

Others feel that such a migration would mean economic ruin for the South. Removal of the spending power of Negroes would mean shrinking towns, thousands of bankrupt businesses. Former Secretary Wickard has an idea for easing the South out of this situation: Let cotton sink in price to world levels, he says. Then to prevent economic collapse in the South, farmers would collect bonuses on a constantly decreasing scale, until at the end of about five years, this subsidy would disappear.

Meanwhile, large farms would have time to mechanize so they could operate without a subsidy. Small farms would use this breathing spell to shift to other crops. The South is still woefully lacking in such dietary essentials as meat, vegetables, dairy products. The Department of Agriculture feels that this new food production could be entirely absorbed in the South without disrupting production elsewhere. Meanwhile, too, the displaced workers would be released gradually to find other employment, and there will be no huge flood of job seekers to overwhelm other sections of the country.



"To put it in my own words—I was a restive youth, yes, even recalcitrant, in my formative years. I held no brief for constituted authority . . ."

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

While this shift in agricultural production was under way, the South would be engaged in an aggressive campaign to attract new industries. It has raw materials for vast industrial expansion: paper mills, mattress factories, potteries, a canning industry. Leftover war plants—such as the South's new aluminum industry—can act as a nucleus for other types of production.

All this is going to be a revolutionary upset of traditional Southern economy. But in the end, it may mean a final solution of many of the South's problems.

Howel Hopson asks pointedly: "Is it better to take steps to improve the lot of people who remain on Southern cotton farms, or to tolerate a stagnant arrangement which holds no hope?"

There is but one obvious answer.

THE END

Folies Bergère

Continued from page 23

well covered. In those days they still went in for jugglers, acrobats and other such diversions. But it was about this time, or shortly afterward, that the first *nue*, as the French call the undraped living models, was introduced. She was drawn across the stage in a kind of chariot, holding a bow and arrow, and looking as statuesque as possible.

In the nineteen-twenties and thirties, the show got progressively more lavish and more naked. The 1945 version doesn't seem to have been seriously curtailed by war conditions. The production is alleged to have cost 3,000,000 francs, or some $60,000 at the legal rate of exchange, but that is probably a trifle high. In any case, with 40 shows a month (two performances on Sunday and Monday and no days off), with a theater capacity of 1,500 seated and 1,000 standees, the investment seems safe enough. The show is designed to run 10 months without change. The average box-office gross is probably around $3,000, but the government takes a good bite of that in taxes.

The Folies consist of a revue with twenty-odd scenes: a balanced diet of low comedy and lavish spectacle with a few nondescript song and dance numbers thrown in for good measure.

The Old Stuff is Ever New

The comedy runs from variations on the old husband-lover-wife theme to the ancient gag of having a comedian find a pair of step-ins on the stage and then pass through the audience trying to make some embarrassed female spectator admit they're hers—or prove they're not. The spectacular scenes usually have a pseudo historical flavor—a medieval tournament of love, a Renaissance wedding night—anything with colorful costumes oriented toward sex.

In other words, the Folies offer practically nothing that you couldn't find in successive visits to a fairly good musical show and a fairly low burlesque in the States. The most remarkable thing about the show is its reputation, founded upon its girls.

There are about fifty of these girls who form a hierarchy, with *les nues* at the bottom, the mannequins and dancers in the middle, and two or three feature performers or stars at the top.

Top star in the current show is Mlle. Ginette Wander, a small blond dynamo with considerable sense in her head as well as talent in her legs and voice. Smallest star ever seen at the Folies (4 feet 11 inches; 97 pounds), she began dancing at fifteen, made several European tours, played at the London Casino (her English is excellent), returned to France at the start of the war and became the star of the Folies after the liberation of Paris.

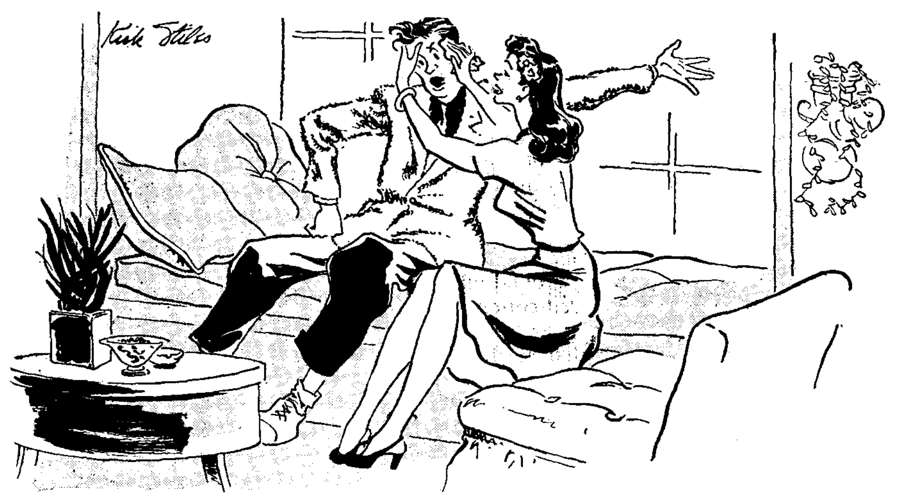
In April she submitted to an interview, subsequently reported in The Stars and Stripes in which she gave out with a lot of chatter about *amour* and how the G.I.s were really babies when it came to love. This provoked a flood of letters, most of them suggesting that Ginette allow the writer to help her revise her opinion.

A lesser light in the Folies, but still a star, is Nicole Roy, a 25-year-old Polish girl. Nicole arrived at the Folies in 1939 as a cancan specialist and has been elevated to the rank of supreme nude. She loves to eat, which is not surprising since she has a big handsome body to support, and it is not unusual to see in her dressing room, instead of flowers, a couple of eggs or a fine slice of roast beef contributed by an admirer. She gets the princely sum of $4 a day.

What the effect of the Folies on the average G.I. may be, no one can possibly say. In an effort to find out, an officer in the Army's fine new Information & Education Division, designed to keep our occupation forces happy and busy, was queried. Did the Folies fit into their plans for cultural entertainment?

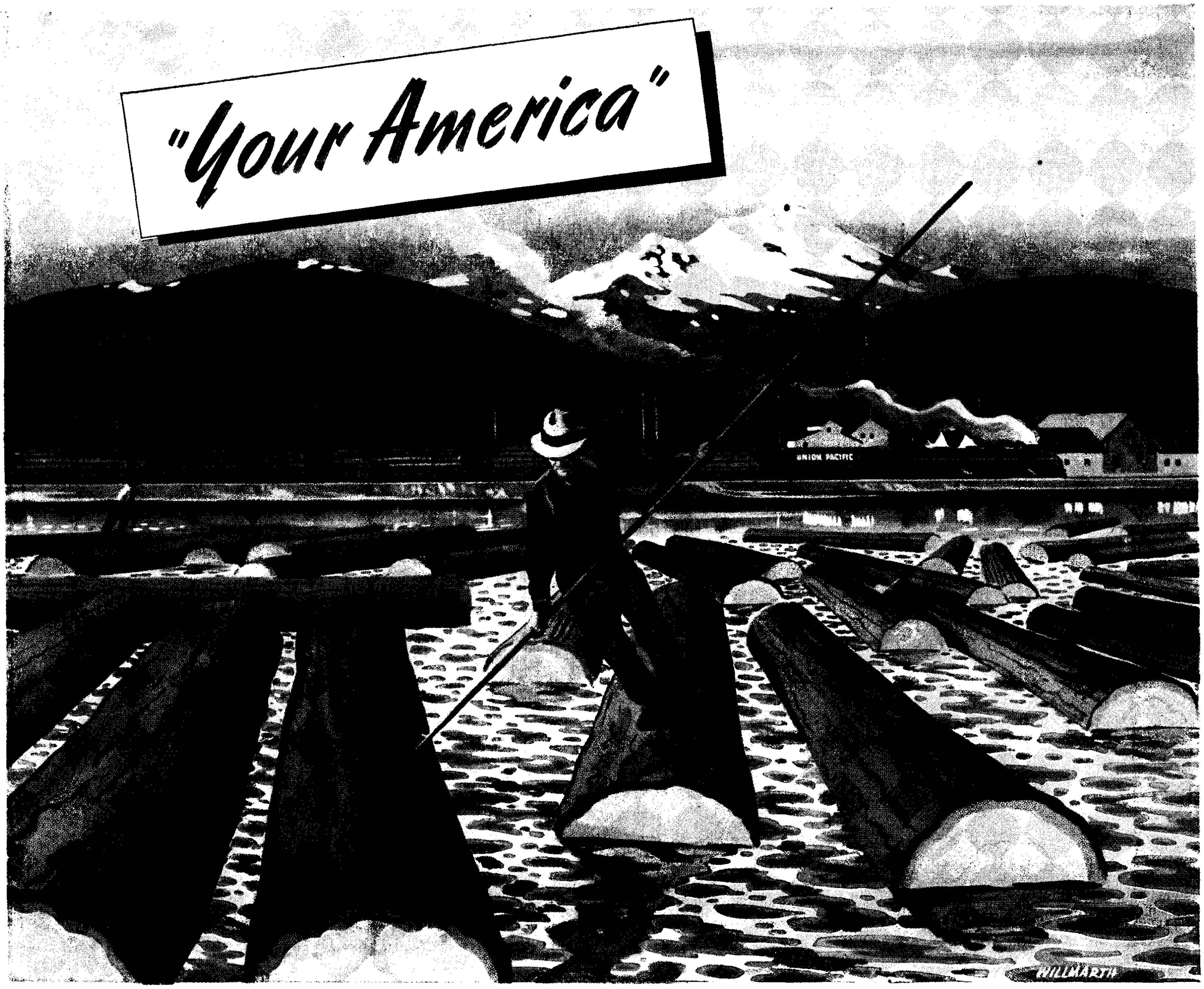
"No," said the officer, commendably deadpan. "We think the boys will inform and educate themselves along such lines without any help from us."

THE END



"Why does it come off you so easy and stick so hard to me?"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES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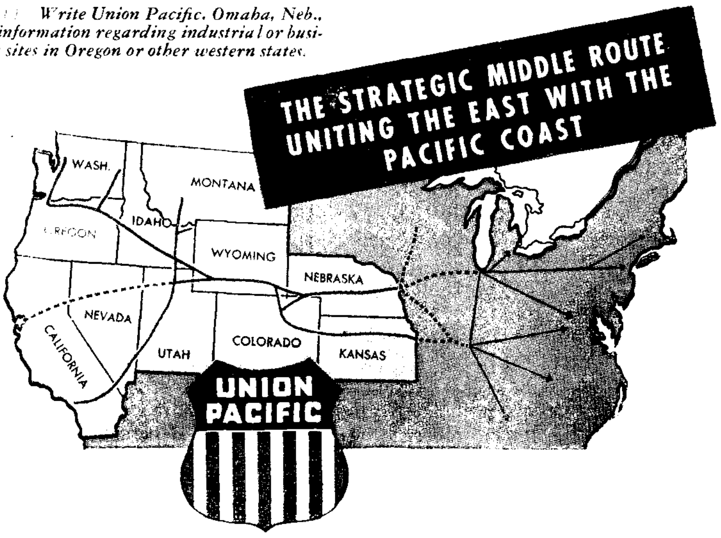
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The Carnal Room

Continued from page 33

when Jess came back into the kitchen. "Friend Millspaugh's a mighty interesting old codger, Eliza. Notionate as all get out, but interesting. He's leaving now and wants his hat. What'd thee do with it?"

"He's bareheaded when he came as far as I remember," Eliza said. "If he had a hat, he must've dropped it someplace in the sitting room."

Jess was back in no time. "His hat, Eliza," he said, "was what the eggs was in. What did thee do with it?"

Eliza regarded Jess solemnly. "Jess," she said, "I burned it. How's I to know it was a hat? Looked more like a hen nest to me. Lice and all. Anyway it's gone," she said. "I'm baking custard pies with it. What's to be done?"

"Fine how-to-do," Jess fumed. "First time a neighbor calls, burn up his hat. Well," he said glumly, "nothing for it, I guess, but to go in and say, 'Friend, my wife says she's baking custard pies with thy hat.' Thee sure thee burned it, Eliza?" he asked.

"Oh, Jess," said Eliza impatiently. "Thee think I'm blind? I shoved it in with the poker and I saw it blaze. Thee go on in. Thee tell him I burned it by mistake."

"Don't sound much like a mistake to me," Jess said doubtfully. "Pushing it in with a poker."

"It was a mistake to burn it," Eliza explained, "turning out as it does to be his hat."

"Well," said Jess, pausing at the sitting-room door, "I reckon this'll put an end to any neighboring between us and Friend Millspaugh."

JESS was mistaken about that, though. Old Lafe was not a man to hold a grudge, and Eliza hadn't burned his only hat. He was soon back, wearing, so far as Eliza could see, the egg container's twin, ready to further instruct and edify.

"Won't thee stay for supper?" Eliza asked him one evening, seeing that he was staying anyway, and feeling that an invitation would dignify the occasion. "Jess isn't back from town yet, but we won't wait. Thee knows how Jess is, once he gets talking."

"Thank you," said Old Lafe. "I will. The smell of that cobbler decided me to say yes —if I's asked—some time back."

Eliza would've asked him for a meal before, only Old Lafe was a kind of strong object to set down amidst the aroma of well-cooked victuals; but now, seeing his pleasure, her conscience smote her.

Thee's getting too fine-haired, Eliza, she chided herself. Letting thy nose instead of thy heart direct thee. Nothing amiss with him that soap and water won't remedy—and that's more than can be said of most.

Soap and water she set forth in plentitude on the wash bench outside the house and said in an offhand way, "Here's where we wash before eating, Friend Millspaugh. Thee just take thy time," she said encouragingly, "and when thee's finished, supper'll be ready."

Old Lafe seemed to somehow shrink inside his vestments at the sight of that big basin of steaming water, like a sinner brought to holy fount.

"Here's the towel," Eliza told him cheerfully, "and soap of my own making." She put the bar in Lafe's reluctant hand.

He set it down at once and brushed his hand against his pants as if he'd got hold of a nettle. "Ma'am," he said, "I wouldn't dare."

"Thee wouldn't what?" Eliza asked thinking she'd misheard.

"I wouldn't dare," Old Lafe repeated. "If I wet so much as a finger, Mrs. Birdwell, my whole body pants and thirsts after water. One splash of water, and my whole body twitches for a taste of water like a desert under a noonday sun. If I touched that," he said, backing away from the washbasin, "I'd have to go jump in the rain barrel. I'd have to run waller in the horse trough to satisfy my craving. And that'd never do. Man my age, company for supper to boot, roistering around in the horse trough. No," he said, and picked up the basin with great care and poured its contents gently on the gravelly spot at the foot of the windmill, "it'd never do to chance it.

"And now," Old Lafe said, replacing the basin, "I don't know've any reason for keeping that good cobbler of yours waiting longer. No point loitering, is they?"

"No," said Eliza feebly. "No point I know of. Thee go right on in, Friend Millspaugh," she said, taking, herself, a long last breath of summer air, "and seat thyself."

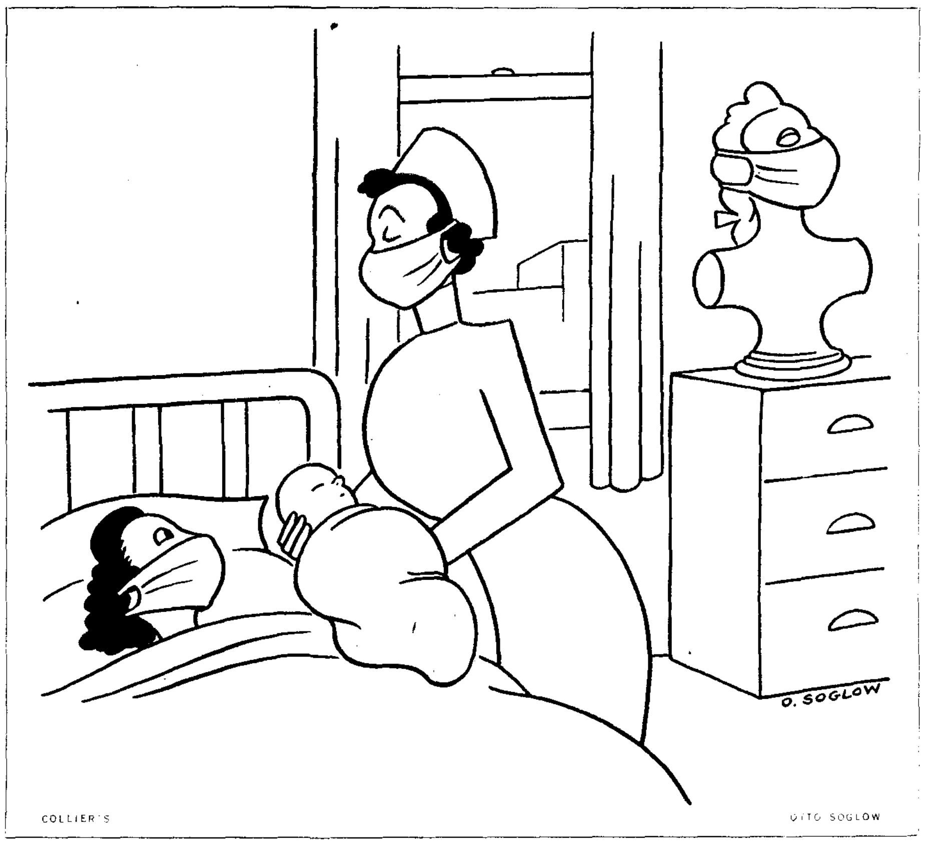
HEARING her report, Jess scoffed. "Women," he said, as if that explained all.

"Women," repeated Eliza. "How's I responsible for Lafe Millspaugh's craving water all over?"

"Thee should have called his bluff, Eliza."

Eliza lay over onto her side of the bed. "If thee thinks, Jess Birdwell, that I'm going to provide baths for thy cronies before they eat, thee's mistaken. Have my kitchen splashed, and naked men sashaying around."

"Wait till next time," Jess said comfortably. "Wait till Old Lafe says that to me."



COLLIER'S

OTTO SOGLOW

Eliza waited—and when the time came, stayed clear of kitchen and porch, leaving Jess to handle the washing matter in whatever way he saw best; but when Lafe sat down to table, he was as plainly undiluted by water as ever in his life, and Jess, in spite of all Eliza's questionings, was mighty close-mouthed about what had taken place.

"His whole body thirsting, indeed!" Eliza said. "Why'n't thee call his bluff, Jess?"

"I'm agoing to, Eliza. Thee just bide thy time. I'm agoing to give Friend Millspaugh such a drink as will set his cravings at rest. Going to provide him a draft to suit his thirst—all at once and all over—the way he says it has to be."

THEN and there, as Eliza afterward supposed, that outlandish idea was hatched in Jess' head. Or maybe not. Maybe it was a notion he'd long held, and Old Lafe had only roused it up again; but if Old Lafe had any connection with it save as carpenter for its building, Jess never admitted it. To hear *him* talk, all was planned for her comfort, only; though that planning was pretty far advanced before Eliza got any wind of it.

She was stepping through the house, fluttering and flying, Jess would have said, glorying in the summer weather. "What would thee change?" she asked herself.

Have the warm wind which was lifting the curtains die down? Have the peaches which were ripening, ripe? Have Lafe and Jess, who were on the back porch talking, silent? Have it another hour, another house, another season?

No, no! This hour, this house, this season. All was as it should be. It was one of those contented peaks a woman reaches and clings to. Not a thing clamoring to be done, not so much as a piece of lint beneath the hired man's bed to keep the mind from resting.

The parlor eased the eye; furniture ranged as neat as checker men before playing disturbs them. The sitting room was like a welcoming hand—chairs saying, "Sit and rock"; flowers saying, "Sniff and smell." Eliza sat and rocked. She rose and sniffed and savored. She did not see that anything could be bettered.

The satin rose on one end of the mantelpiece (clear red with thin petals like silk) balanced the velvet rose (deep red, heavy as plush) upon the other. But not quite, perhaps. Eliza moved the velvet rose a fraction to the right. Now, all was perfect. She stepped along the yellow line of the rag carpet toward the kitchen door, moving inside the picture she had made, the way a painter, differences between air and canvas being ignored, might saunter down a lane his own brush had traced.

She paused on the kitchen threshold, hearing with pleasure Jess' deep-chested tones and Old Lafe's thin ones blending together on the summer air, like bumble bee and wasp.

Then she heard, with no pleasure at all, a word said—and quickly repeated.

"Nekid," said Old Lafe Millspaugh. "Mother-nekid. Stretched out in that room, not so much as a pair of drawers between you and your Maker. Not so much as a G string to signify you're man or fish. A carnal room, Jess Birdwell, a fester on the township, a downright invitation to . . ."

Eliza shut the door firmly behind her and heard no more. She sat again in the sitting room, she rocked and sniffed but she got no pleasure from it. Perfection was a hollow thing, after all. A petal from the velvet rose fell to the floor. Eliza let it lie. What was Jess up to now?

Whatever it was, it rested easy on his conscience. When Old Lafe left Jess tiptoed across her freshly scrubbed kitchen, came into the sitting room and stood smiling down upon her. "I declare, Eliza," he said, "thee has things so redd up, I'm afraid to set my feet down flat."

Eliza wasn't a whit taken in by all that show of docility and bidability. Jess was what he'd always been, a mighty slippery man to handle once he had an enterprise on foot.

She watched him stoop down now, mild as Moses, pick up the fallen petal and rub it gently back and forth across his ruddy cheek. "Thee ever remember a better year for roses, Eliza?" he asked.

Eliza stopped rocking. "Jess," she asked, "didn't I hear thee and Old Lafe talking?"

"Why, Eliza," Jess said, "I wouldn't know. I just wouldn't have any way of knowing short of thy telling me. Did thee?"

"Yes," said Eliza, "I did."

Jess seemed perfectly agreeable to talk on the subject. "Lafe's a notionate old fellow, ain't he?" he asked. "But pious and work brickel as all get-out," he assured her. "Don't know a better carpenter anywheres."

"Jess," said Eliza, seeing he'd have to be pinned down, "who's this person Old Lafe spoke of, stretched out"—Eliza paused hunting suitable words—"undressed?"

"Me," said Jess blandly.

"Thee," said Eliza aghast. "Where?"

"In my own bathroom, Eliza, soaking the dirt off, taking my ease."

It was all planned and ordered, designed solely for Eliza's comfort; and it would be not only a means of lessening labor and increasing cleanliness, but reason for civic pride: the first room of its kind west of the Ohio, surely. Who knows but west of the whole range of the Alleghenies? Jess couldn't've been more stirred had politics been his subject, or religion. It would be no trick at all for a carpenter of Old Lafe's skill. A part of the back porch next the kitchen would be enclosed; the tub itself would be made of metal, water flowing in from the windmill tank and drained away by pipes toward the kitchen garden where it wouldn't be wasted.

Eliza grabbed at a straw in the passing flood. "I don't know's I'd care for vegetables watered by bath leavings," she said.

Jess stared at her. "Thee taking a stand against fertilizing, too?" he asked.

ELIZA saw she'd made a mistake. Jess swept on. The water could also by a very simple piece of work be warmed by winding water pipes about in the stove, a thing he'd often thought of. It would be a good-sized room.

"Paint it a pretty color," Jess said. "Put a nice rag rug on the floor to catch the drippings. No reason why there shouldn't be a stove in there in winter to warm it. It'd be a pacemaker, Eliza, a thing we'd be noted for."

Eliza didn't doubt it for a minute. "We'd be noted for it," she agreed. "We'd be a byword," she lamented, "known throughout the countryside for lolling about with our clothes off."

"No need to loll," Jess said. "Jump in an jump out."

"It'd be a temptation," Eliza warned. "The room so warm and the tub so sizable."

"See," Jess pressed his advantage. "Thee admits it would be comfortable."

"Comfort," Eliza said, with dignity, "is not the whole thing in life, nor what a bath's for, Jess Birdwell. Cleanliness, let me remind thee, is the object there."

"It'd be cleaner," Jess said. "More water and a chance to rinse. Thee'd be cleaner."

"Jess," Eliza said, her black eyes getting blacker, "is thee suggesting I'm not clean?"

"No," shouted Jess, heated both by enthusiasm and irritation. "By sugar, I didn't say that! Thee's the cleanest person I know."

"Then thee needn't build a bathroom for me," said Eliza reasonably. "It'd just be carrying coals to Newcastle."

"Eliza," Jess said, "thee's got less interest in new and better ways of doing things than anybody I know. Except that a series of enterprising, forward-looking men's married into thy family from time to time, thee and thy women kinfolk'd still be living in caves and cooking over holes in the ground."

"If the world was left to people like me," Eliza said, with conviction, "we'd be al nearer the Garden of Eden."

Jess fairly hopped. "Eliza," he said, "thee had just as much to do with what happened in the Garden of Eden as I did. More, from all accounts I ever read. It wasn't my sex started talking to the snakes."

Then bethinking himself that Biblical disputation with Eliza was a thing he was always second best at, he changed his tack. "It's ordered, Eliza," he said firmly, "and for thy convenience. Old Lafe starts work tomorrow."

"Friend Millspaugh's against it," Eliza said. "I heard him plainly say—" Eliza paused before using Lafe's strong language, but, feeling there'd be no virtue in being

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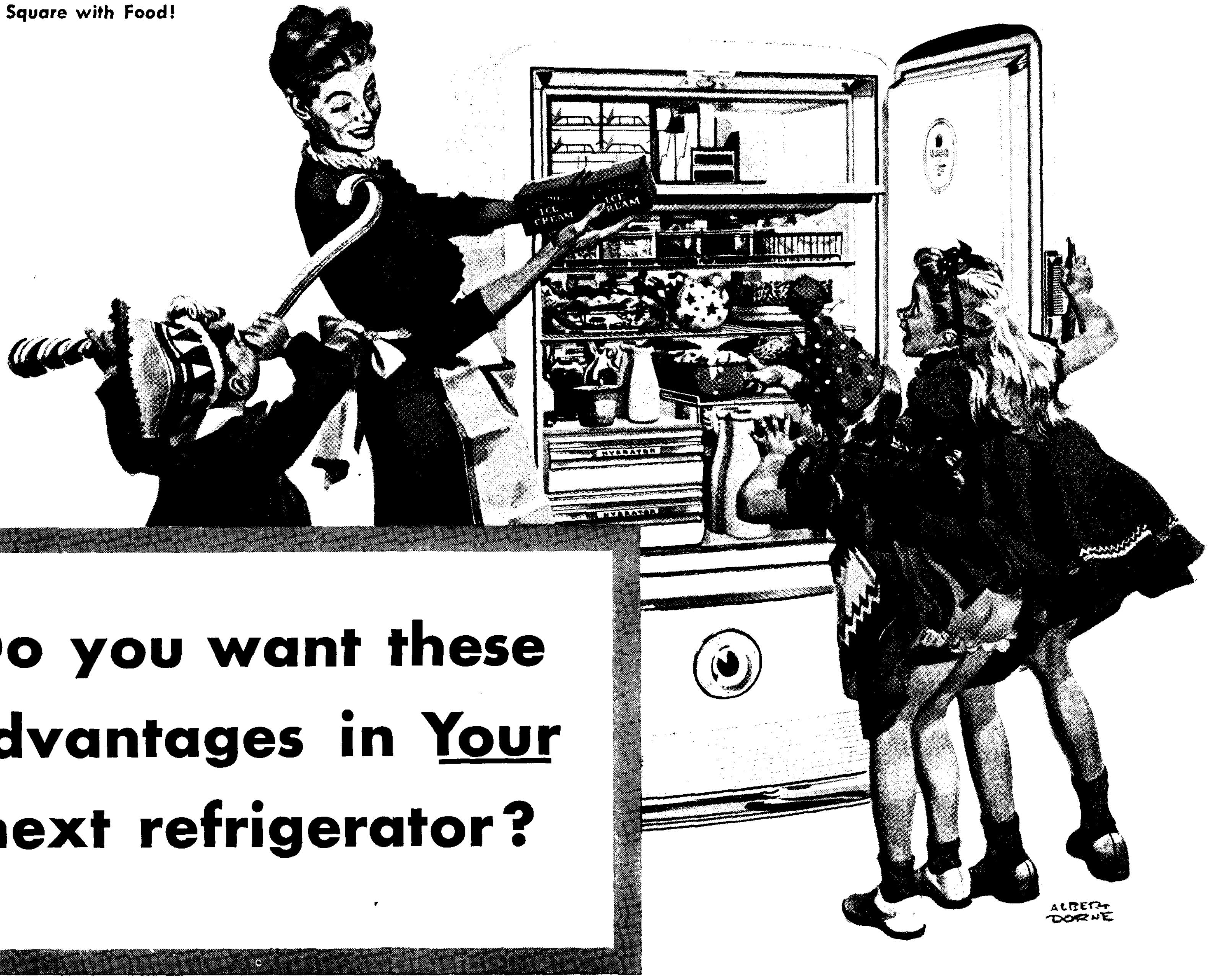

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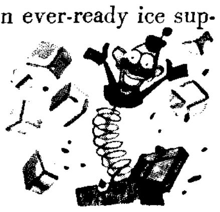

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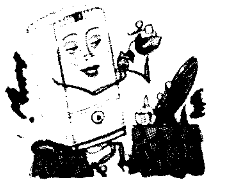

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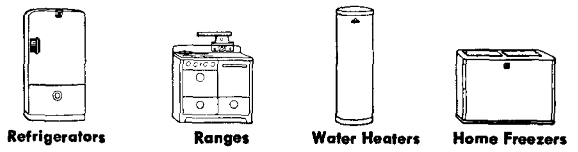

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

KENTUCKY TAVERN
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THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS... *WAR BONDS!*

mealy-mouthed about so serious a matter, she used his words. "I heard him plainly say it'd be a carnal room. Friend Millspaugh and I don't see eye to eye in many ways, but there we do. It'd be neighborhood talk, Jess, a room like that."

Jess set his feet down flat. "Lafe's starting work tomorrow morning. Thee'll live to thank me for this day's planning, Eliza."

"Friend Millspaugh's against it, Jess. He'll never do it."

"Friend Millspaugh's with bathrooms as with eggs," Jess said. "Eggs are not for him but he don't go around cracking his neighbor's eggs in despite. He's got the plans and he goes to work in the morning."

ABOUT one thing, anyway, Jess was right. Next morning Old Lafe went to work; but toward the end of the building, Eliza came to feel, in spite of Jess' convictions, that to Old Lafe, eggs were one thing and bathrooms another.

At first the work went at a slapping pace, everything merry as a wedding bell and noisy as a foundry. All was finished but the partition on the morning Jess left for Madison to attend his yearly meeting of nurserymen: tub fashioned and set up, pipes laid and fitted, and water flowing through them sprightly as a side-hill spring.

Jess stood for a minute admiring the shape his dream had taken, before going down to hitch up.

"Nothing like this since Roman days," he said to Old Lafe.

"Recollect what happened to the Romans?" Old Lafe asked—a mite sourly, Eliza thought, though Jess didn't seem to note it.

"Ruled the earth," Jess said. Then without giving Lafe time to dispute it: "Reckon this ought to be finished time I get home tonight."

"I reckon," Old Lafe said.

"Come home and wash the stains of travel away. It'll be something to look forward to," Jess said. He kissed Eliza and the children. "Might stir up something a little special for supper tonight," he suggested. "We'll kick up our heels a mite. You eat with us, Lafe," he said. "Join in the celebration."

Eliza stirred up something special, Lafe stayed, and heels were kicked up—though not, as Eliza could tell by midafternoon, in any way Jess had anticipated. Bathroom-building, by then, had taken, even to Eliza's uninstructed eye, a strange turn.

She was of two minds about speaking to Friend Millspaugh. In the first place, the matter being between Jess and him, she didn't know that her mixing in it would be suitable. In the second place, she sympathized with Lafe. Building that room must've gone against his grain—for more reasons than one—as it did against hers. Not truly un-Christian she supposed, but moving toward an ease and a laxness which was far removed from the early Church's admonitions.

AT DAY'S close, she ventured a question. "Is that," she asked, indicating the boards Old Lafe was securely pounding in place, "part of Jess' plan?"

Old Lafe took the nails out of his mouth. "Ma'am, your husband said, 'Build a partition here.' No more. I'm doing that. If he'd meant more, he'd ought to've said it. I don't set myself up to be any mind reader. Don't peep in teacups nor peer in crystal balls. The whole room's a mistake if you ask me. But nobody asked me. I'm doing what I's told." He put the nails back into his mouth and took up pounding where he'd left off.

He'd finished his work and was sitting outside on the wash bench, peacefully smoking when Jess turned in the driveway that evening. Eliza, hearing him, hurriedly seated the children about the long table in the cool dining room.

"It'll be a little space," she told them, "before supper's dished up, but you're to sit where you are and be quiet."

She herself returned to the back porch to await Jess. Jess was a good man, she knew, but he wasn't red-haired for nothing, and there was no point having the children within earshot if words were to be said.

She didn't have long to wait. Jess hastened with the unhitching and in no time at all was coming up the path between the currant bushes.

"Wash up for supper, friend," he called to Old Lafe in passing, asking for trouble as Eliza could plainly see; then bounded up the porch steps to have a look at the finished room.

His look turned to a stare. The room was finished, all right; it was finished to a fare-ye-well, sealed tighter than a tomb and neater than a beehive; boarded from top to bottom, not so much as a crack left of a size for an underfed gnat to squeeze through, let alone a good-sized and well-fed Quaker.

"Why, the old vinegar cruet!" Jess said low and unbelieving.

He said it low, but Old Lafe heard him, mounted the steps two at a time, protesting as he came.

"Never said a word about it," he shouted. "Not a word. I listened for it. I kept my ears pricked. Heared you talk about a tub, talk about pipes, talk about drainage, talk about a partition. Heared you talk about the Romans. But never a word about a door. I thought it was peculiar—I'd have a door myself, I told myself—but every man to his fancy. Jess Birdwell's a man who knows his own mind, and if he don't want a door, that's his business. I ain't no mind reader. I don't pretend . . ."

Jess interrupted him. "Thee old vinegar cruet," he repeated, as much with admiration, as anything, it sounded to Eliza. Still he had laid aside his hat and was taking off his First Day coat.

Eliza waited to see no more. She hastened to the dining room, and there with the children hovering about her, listened anxiously to the sounds from the back porch: words only, at first—an equal number high-pitched and deep-chested, but neither kind Eliza feared, with any hint that what was to come would be a love feast.

"Will Pa get hurt?" asked Mattie tremulously.

"Certainly not," said Eliza. "Thy pa's a strong man."

IT WASN'T Jess' getting hurt, Eliza feared, it was what he might do. Once when riled by a traveling huckster he had belabored the fellow with one of his own saucepans, and though he had grieved about it afterward, worried and prayed over it, nevertheless he had done it.

The voices gave way presently to other sounds: boards crackling, saws ripping, the squeal of nails being pulled out. I reckon Lafe has heard by now, Eliza thought, the word he listened for and didn't hear. I reckon Jess has told it to him in no uncertain terms. Then the ripping and cracking ceased, and all was quiet except for the gurgling sound of running water.

"Is Pa going to take a bath before supper?" Mattie asked.

Eliza certainly hoped so, but she doubted it; far more likely, she feared, that Jess was going to give a bath before supper, thuds and snorts and grunts now coming from the bathroom.

Eliza tightly clasped her hands. This, then, was what Jess called the march of civilization . . . the whole house shivering with the force of someone's fall or sliding. Civilization, as far as she was concerned, was rapidly going downhill.

I hope and pray, she thought . . .

Then Jess began to speak, and she and the children held their breaths to better make out his words.

"Swim, friend," they heard him say. "Satisfy thy cravings. Quench thy thirst and break the drought," these admonitions being terminated by a mighty splash.

The splashings were still continuing when Jess walked into the dining room, sleeves rolled up, considerably dampened by water, and breathing hard.

"You young'uns take your places," he said shortly, seating himself at the end of the table opposite Eliza.

"Do him a world of good," he said heartily, as if expecting to be contradicted; but no one said a word, and Eliza could tell by the look he gave her before he bowed his head for grace that he wasn't easy in his mind.

Jess didn't keep his head bowed long, though. No sooner had he shut his eyes than out from the carnal room, high-pitched but strong, came Old Lafe's voice singing.

Loud and happy, if not tunefully he was declaring:

"Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river. . . ."

"Sounds as if he'd caught sight of Jordan's flood," Jess said, nodding down the table to Eliza as much as to say, "I told thee so." Then he did a thing Eliza could never remember his having done before. He let grace pass by with that short shutting of his eyes—no more'n a wink, really—and said, "Cleanliness, being, as it is, next to godliness, and seeing how much has been accomplished in that line tonight, let us eat."

Eliza was taken aback, but Jess said, "First time, not counting rains and heavy dews, Friend Millspaugh's been wet in thirty years. But I's satisfied he'd take to it once the shock'd worn off." Jess nodded his head in time to the strong beat of Old Lafe's song. "Ain't that pretty?" he asked. "Ain't that downright sweet?"

Eliza didn't feel she could go that far, considering Old Lafe's voice, but the words he sang, she supposed, were a kind of blessing in themselves:

"Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God."

"Well, well," said Jess, with the air of a man who has earned his food, "will thee kindly pass the gravy, Eliza?"

Eliza, seeing the turn events had taken, passed it.

THE END

THE NINES HAVE IT

BY GERALD MYGATT

O. SOGLOW

THE vanishing number is 9. It apparently detests all other figures. It won't have a thing to do with them. Put a 9 in any column of figures and then add the digits and you'll find that the 9 has disappeared. It has taken a powder.

Don't let anybody try to tell you that 7 is a mystic number. It isn't. But 9 is so mystic it can give you the creeps.

Let me show you—first by backing off a little:

No matter how many times you add 9 to itself, the ultimate sum of the digits is 9. 9 plus 9 is 18. 1 and 8 are 9. 9 plus 9 plus 9 plus 9 plus 9 is 45. 4 and 5 are 9. 9 taken 8 times is 72. 7 and 2 are 9. 9 taken 256 times is 2,304, which again adds to 9.

Just to be funny, 9 taken 2,708,413 times is 24,375,717, the sum of whose digits is 36, the sum of which is 9.

Just fool around with some assorted 9s to prove this to yourself. You'll prove that no matter how thick or how thin you slice it, the ultimate sum of the digits still remains 9. When you have finally convinced yourself that this is so, you are ready for the next step, which is to watch your 9s vanish under your eyes.

To achieve this is very simple: Just add another number—any other number—to your 9 or 9s. Whether 9s feel exclusive, I don't know. Whether they just don't like other numbers, I don't know. But I do know that the minute you add any other number to a column of 9s, the 9s go away and you're left holding the bag with the number you added; neither more nor less.

Let's start this very easy. We take a single 9 and set him up before us. Then we add the smallest number there is, which is a 1. Now 9 and 1 are 10, the sum of whose digits is precisely the number we added to the 9—or 1. 9 and 2 are 11, the sum of whose digits is 2, or precisely the number we added to the 9. In other words, the 9 has scrammed.

Where has he gone? I don't know. I'm not a mathematician.

9 and 327, to take a number at random, add up to 3. I know this without looking, because the 2 and the 7 add up to 9, so they cancel out; and so does the 9 we added in. Now let's do the sum:

$$\begin{array}{r} 327 \\ 9 \\ \hline 336 \end{array}$$

The digits of 336 add to 12, which is a 1 plus a 2, which is 3. The two 9s have vanished completely.

Let's take a big number, say 2,117,456. The sum of its digits is 26. Now let's add 9,999. It comes out 2,127,455, the sum of whose digits is 26. Sorry, but there's nothing I can do about it. The 9s simply decided not to play ball and walked off the field. Don't ask me why.

Many smart bank tellers use this eccentricity of the 9s in checking long columns of figures. They do them with the 9s and then without; if they get the same digits, they're right.

Maybe the 9s are clannish, because the minute you get them alone, they squeeze around the old family tree. Any multiple of 9 adds up to 9, and I don't care how far you go with it. It will still, when you boil it down, add up to 9. Take any figure you like, but just to make it hard for me let's take 2,148 and multiply it by 999. The answer—wait a minute—is 2,145,852, the sum of whose digits is 27. And 2 and 7—but suppose you tell me. ★★★

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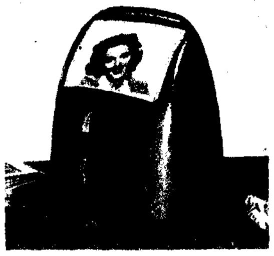

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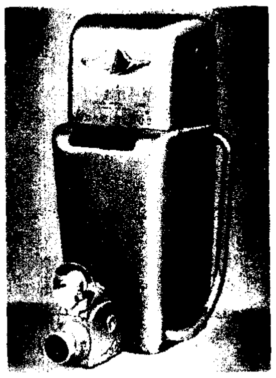

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Swindler's Paradise

Continued from page 13

the salesman. "Stock is selling at thirty cents. Easy to sell in a ready market. You won't be angry at us if we make some money for you; we've made money for you already, haven't we?"

Mr. R——, it turned out, had bought 100 shares of Fleetwood at 20-odd cents each. He didn't know that some of the shares cost DePalma as little as five cents each, that in the United States this sort of 400 per cent mark-up would land a security dealer in jail.

The salesman urged him to buy 900 shares and "round out your trading block. Easier to sell that way."

The salesman put the receiver to my ear. "He's saying no," he said excitedly. "Listen to this, he's saying no."

The salesman pushed hard to sell 400 shares, then 100 shares. He cited stocks that had doubled in price that day on the Toronto Stock Exchange and finally made a sale after promising Mr. R—— to send him a copy of a weekly mining newspaper which, incidentally, New Jersey has barred as a tipster sheet and which offers with each year's subscription a copy of the Bible.

The shares which Mr. DePalma's salesman was pushing have not been registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission or with state securities officials as required by our federal and state laws. They represent ownership in companies which are not producing gold or tantalum metal but will only produce them if they are lucky. The shares are not listed on any stock exchange where DePalma's "clients" can keep track of the price.

The "market price" of which the telephone salesman spoke was no market price in the sense that buying and selling by investors had created it. It was a price set by DePalma, who moved it up or down at will.

Ignorance of matters like these is costing many an American his shirt. Federal officials estimate that stock racketeers across the border in Canada are hooking American suckers at the rate of about $25,000,000 yearly. Pennsylvania has issued 42 cease and desist orders against Canadian stock pushers since 1942. New Jersey has filed 33 bills of complaint. California, Missouri, Ohio have long lists.

Some of the stock racketeers are American boiler-room pressure artists who learned their trade before the SEC drove them from the country in 1934. Some operators slave over their telephones in Toronto from Monday to Friday, then fly back regularly for week ends in New York.

Some are tipster-sheet operators, confidence men and fugitives from American justice. The racket is not wholly American, for members of Toronto's financial community have made fortunes by selling highly speculative gold-mining stocks to Americans despite SEC and state officials' efforts to stop them.

In this paradise, men with criminal records have been licensed as brokers and salesmen, lurid promotion literature is mailed without prior official scrutiny, racketeers' books go unaudited despite legal provision for such policing, and spoil-sports like the American SEC can't reach men who violate American laws, or who have fled after indictments here, because our extradition treaty with Canada doesn't cover many securities and mail-fraud offenses.

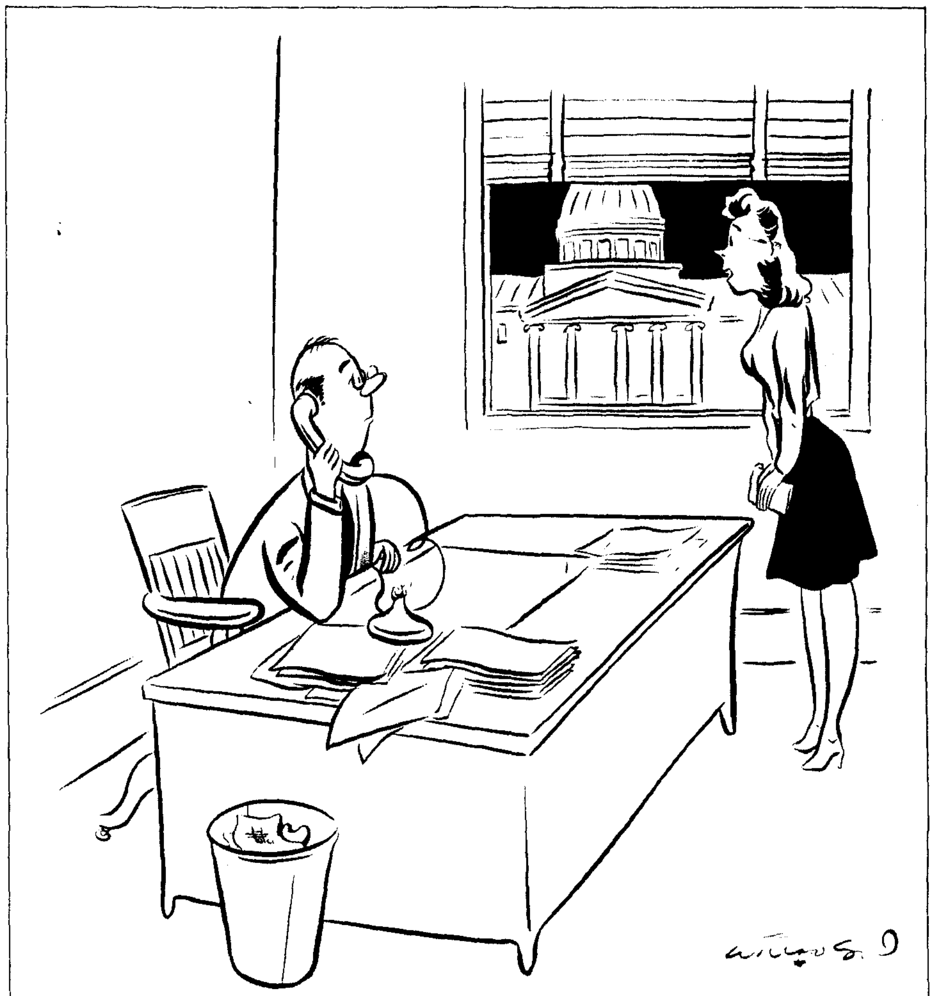
Boom Times in the Dominion

To make the stock promoter's paradise complete, a wild, speculative boom is sweeping Canada. Its center is Toronto, Canada's financial capital, home of many of its chief insurance companies, and home also of Canada's biggest securities market place, the Toronto Stock Exchange.

A community of almost 900,000, Toronto wears the feverish flush of a mining town living through the fever of a big gold strike. You can't sleep in Toronto's hotels because of the night-long carousing.

Actually, wartime restrictions have cut gold production, and no new mines are being brought in. But the diamond drills of the gold-seekers are perforating the north country like buckshot on a board fence.

The drillings are watched in Toronto with the absorption of a sweepstakes. Tickets to these sweeps are mining-company shares, issued by the hundred thousand and sold for



"The hospital just called, sir, you're a father in quadruplicate!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

pennies. A drill that hits gold ore may also hit the jackpot.

Recent jackpots on the Toronto Stock Exchange have included Quemont Mining, a 35-cent stock that jumped 2,000 per cent to $7 in three months. Then there was Giant Yellowknife, which started at 20 cents and went to $7.50. A $75 return on a $2 gamble—on paper. Neither mine is in production. Only drilling and other exploration work from the surface have been done to date.

Although mines are found about once in a thousand tries, and stock-market jackpots, like all jackpots, are unusual, every day in Toronto is sweepstakes day. The bootblack bending over your shoes at the King Edward Hotel urges you to buy Trojan at 80 cents. The beggar in Bay Street calls himself the Sage and slips you a hot tip on the market in return for your handout. Counter boys and cab drivers talk the mining lingo the way a Dodgers fan talks baseball. The ups and downs of mining-stock prices are masterminded with at least the facility of Americans discussing batting averages.

The little people get in for pennies and dollars, and many a big-shot Canadian investor gets in for thousands. Canada's tax laws exempt market winnings. So why not take a flier?

Second in activity only to the Big Board in New York City, the Toronto Stock Exchange traded about six times as many shares last April as during the same month in 1940. Almost half the shares listed are for gold-mine properties. From three to five million shares are traded a day.

Most of the shares with which American suckers are hooked are from a group of about 500 stocks not listed with the Toronto Exchange where certain minimum information is required of promoters.

Joe Poundfoolish, American sucker, may be a solid businessman, a doctor, a schoolteacher. According to complaints to the SEC, he may even be a bank president or an industrialist. His name is usually taken from the lists of stockholders of such gilt-edged companies as A.T. & T. or Standard Oil of New Jersey.

Joe Poundfoolish's life recently has been brightened by an avalanche of mail, free subscriptions to mining papers and market advice letters which show how many others have made wonderful profits by following their advice. Joe Poundfoolish is no dope, and he is skeptical about lurid promises of easy riches. He answers no letters, sends no coupons.

One day he gets an unexpected telephone call all the way from Toronto, Canada. Mr. Poundfoolish lives, let's say, in Los Angeles. He's flattered and impressed but he's still suspicious. The "broker" sells him nothing, but Joe confides that he holds some War Bonds, some A.T. & T. stock, has some cash in the bank for a total kitty of $6,000.

The Fish Was Wary—At First

The big investment firm in Ontario is going to advise Poundfoolish how to handle his money and make profits—for free. Mildly amused, Joe decides to ride along for a while. After all, they can't *make* him buy against his better judgment.

He's wrong. The racketeers know the extent of his resources and have measured him for the bite.

Subsequently, Mr. Poundfoolish is advised to sell his A.T. & T. because the Toronto experts hear "it's going to tumble" and to switch to International Nickel, a gilt-edged Canadian stock. Nothing phony about that to Mr. Poundfoolish. He is less suspicious now, and the boys from Toronto have started him trading through their firm, an important first step for them. The mail continues to bring exciting reports of fortunes made through gold, of the inevitable devaluation of the dollar and the coming roaring inflation in America that will make the dollar worthless and catapult the value of gold.

Then comes the bite. Mr. Poundfoolish is urged by wire to sell his gilt-edged stocks and War Bonds and buy Wild Kitty mines located "in the heart of the Yellowknife Gold Mine country and right next door to Giant Yellowknife, the wonder mine itself." A famous mining engineer, it says here in the telegram, has reported that Wild Kitty shows the best gold prospects he's ever seen. Joe Poundfoolish doesn't know that in Ontario anybody can call himself a mining, chemical or metallurgical engineer, that the stock racketeers hand out more engineering degrees in a year than any university ever thought of.

And so Joe buys Wild Kitty, "below the market" at 25 cents a share. It's only a $100 flier, and he is delighted to be told a week later that he can sell his 400 shares and make a profit, since they've gone to 35. Mr. Poundfoolish sells back to the stock pusher, but he doesn't know it.

Easiest money I've ever made, thinks Mr. Poundfoolish. Telegrams, free subscriptions to mining papers that carry big ads about Wild Kitty, market advisory services that proclaim "Watch Wild Kitty" pour in. Mr. Poundfoolish doesn't know the "advisory services" are prepared at the stock pushers' order, and their advice is synchronized with his campaign. Mr. Poundfoolish is happy because he is told his 25-cent stock has gone to 45 cents, 55 cents. He even lets the broker pull a fast one on him, accepts a confirmation of an order for shares which he never placed. Mr. Poundfoolish has made a nice profit, hasn't he?

On paper, yes. Until the promoter "pulls the plug." He stops buying back the shares and moves on to another customer. When Mr. Poundfoolish tries to sell his shares, he finds there's no market. He's stuck.

What Stock Pushers Don't Tell

Usually the stock promoter buys an option on several hundred thousand shares from a mining company that's still in the stage of finding out whether it is on the trail of gold. The promoter usually pays a nickel or a dime a share, and if you've paid him 40 or 50 cents, it's your hard luck. As this is written, the stock pusher doesn't have to tell you how much he paid for the stock.

"Does your furniture dealer tell you what he paid for the table he sells you?" one indignant broker asked me when I raised this point.

But, you want to know, isn't there a law? Certainly. Canada has a Dominion criminal code, and the province of Ontario has a securities law and a securities commission.

I went to see H. R. Clark, the acting registrar of the Ontario Securities Commission. Mr. Clark is the administrative official of the commission, handles licenses for brokers, grants registration for the sale of mining company shares.

I asked Clark about complaints by SEC and the securities commissioners of various states that the Ontario Commission had failed to co-operate in investigating promoters, brokers and salesmen or checking on stock rackets.

"There's nothing in our act to censor the men the SEC or state securities commissioners complain of," said Clark. "But if they bring prima-facie evidence of guilt by our brokers or salesmen, we'll look into it."

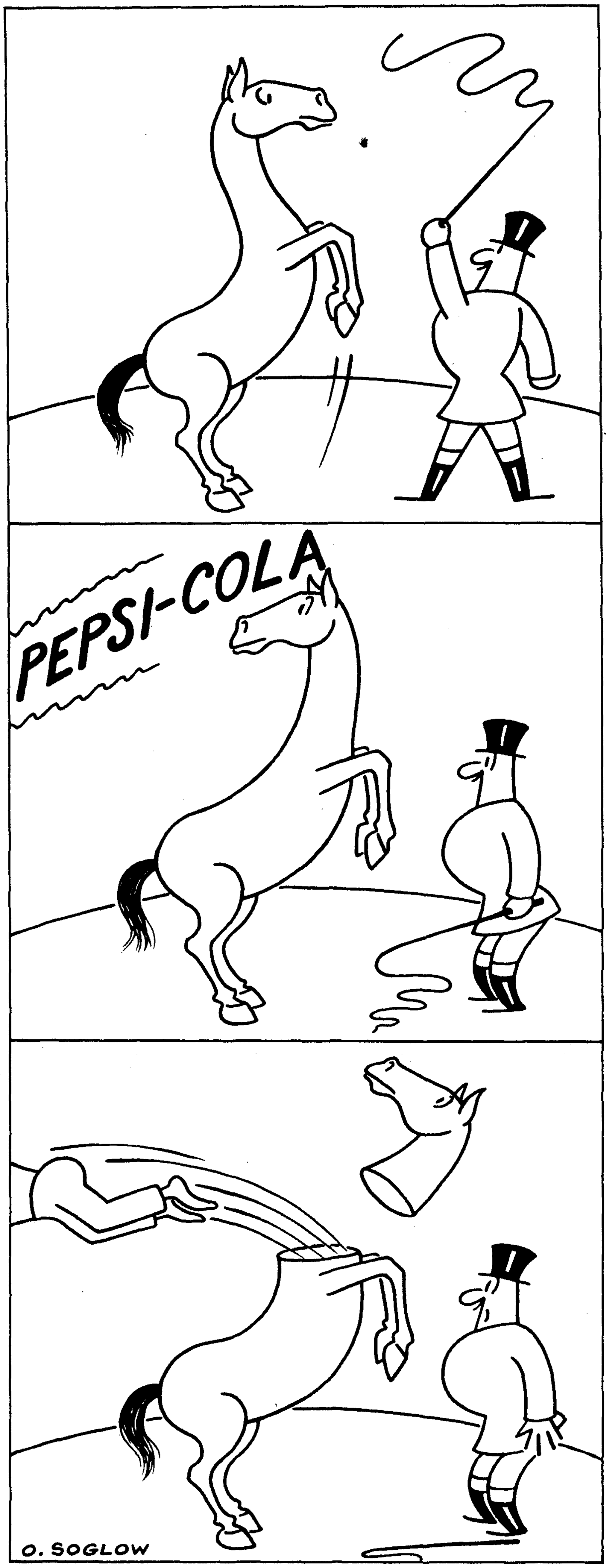
Prima-facie evidence is pretty hard to get when racketeers use the telephones, and suckers won't complain because they're still ahead of the game on paper, or are ashamed to complain because they've been hooked.

I asked Mr. Clark whether the Ontario Commission checked on a man's reputation before granting a license. I had before me the records of one newly licensed broker and five newly licensed stock salesmen. The broker had served time in Canada for arson and fraud. The records of the salesmen ranged from an Ontario security-law violation to several jail terms for fraud. One salesman had been convicted in the United States on security-fraud charges.

"It's bad administration," Mr. Clark admitted.

I walked down two flights of stairs in the Parliament Building to the office of Leslie Blackwell, attorney general of Ontario and acting securities commissioner.

Blackwell, who was a water-polo star at Toronto University despite the loss of a leg in the first World War, answered questions with complete candor. He pointed out that Colonel George Drew's provincial government, of which he is a member, had passed a new securities act, but its enforcement was



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held up pending the provincial election.

The new securities law resulted from a study by a Royal Mining Commission. It sets up a securities commission of three men to supplant the present one, and it relies largely on disclosure by security sellers to protect the speculating public. Member brokers of the Toronto Stock Exchange, already self-policed, are exempt from the act; only over-the-counter, unlisted traders are covered.

Mr. Blackwell believes in a minimum of government regulation of business. "I would rather have the stock dealers police themselves through their own organization, the Ontario Security Dealers Association," he said.

In this organization are virtually all of the high-pressure operators who sell unregistered securities in the United States by telephone in defiance of cease-and-desist orders, injunctions and indictments.

I asked the attorney general what he thought of the continuing violation of American laws by Toronto stock promoters.

"My job isn't to play God," said Mr. Blackwell, "but to enforce the laws of Ontario—the laws that the Ontario legislature will pass."

The attorney general watched me write his statement down in my notebook. I changed the subject to that of "spreads"—the stock pusher's practice of paying a nickel or a dime a share for a stock and selling it for anywhere from 25 cents to a dollar.

"We can't regulate spreads," said the attorney general. "All that people are entitled to is a fair gamble."

The Road to Bankruptcy

When a promoter takes 30 cents for a share of mining stock but returns only five cents to the mining company's treasury, he may insure its eventual bankruptcy. The financial problem is a simple one. Canadian mining companies are usually formed on the basis of 3,000,000 shares. Of these, 1,200,000 are given to the mining company's founders for launching the company, for leases to the land and similar considerations. The company must therefore obtain operating funds from the remaining 1,800,000 shares.

These shares are usually sold to security dealers on a sliding scale, the first 200,000 for a nickel each, the next several hundred thousand for a dime, and so on. Even if all the 1,800,000 treasury shares were to be sold for a dime, the company would realize only $180,000. But to bring a mine into production, a minimum of $750,000 is needed. Most of the gold-mining companies whose shares the racketeer pushes are therefore doomed to bankruptcy.

I asked the attorney general about this.

"Yes," he replied cheerfully, "most of these companies are just dying to go broke." He defended the system. "Other people come along later and put money into these mines if they show anything," he said. "And anyway, even with these spreads, it is the most efficient way of raising capital to develop gold mines."

Stricter enforcement of the Ontario securities laws is on the way, Mr. Blackwell declared. Already licenses for brokers and salesmen are being scrutinized more carefully, and the new law would curtail telephoning to the United States by limiting phone calls to places of business. Stock salesmen could still call a prospect at his home, however, if the latter had indicated he wanted information.

Observers in Toronto had told me there was nothing wrong with the old law. On the books for fifteen years, it had kept stock racketeering at bay prior to the present wartime boom. Actually, the new law is less stringent than the old; in many cases, it bars the securities commissioner from rejecting deals offered him for registration.

I left the attorney general and called on a boiler-room operator who sells heavily by telephone to the United States.

"What are you going to do about telephoning to the States when the new law goes into effect?" I asked him.

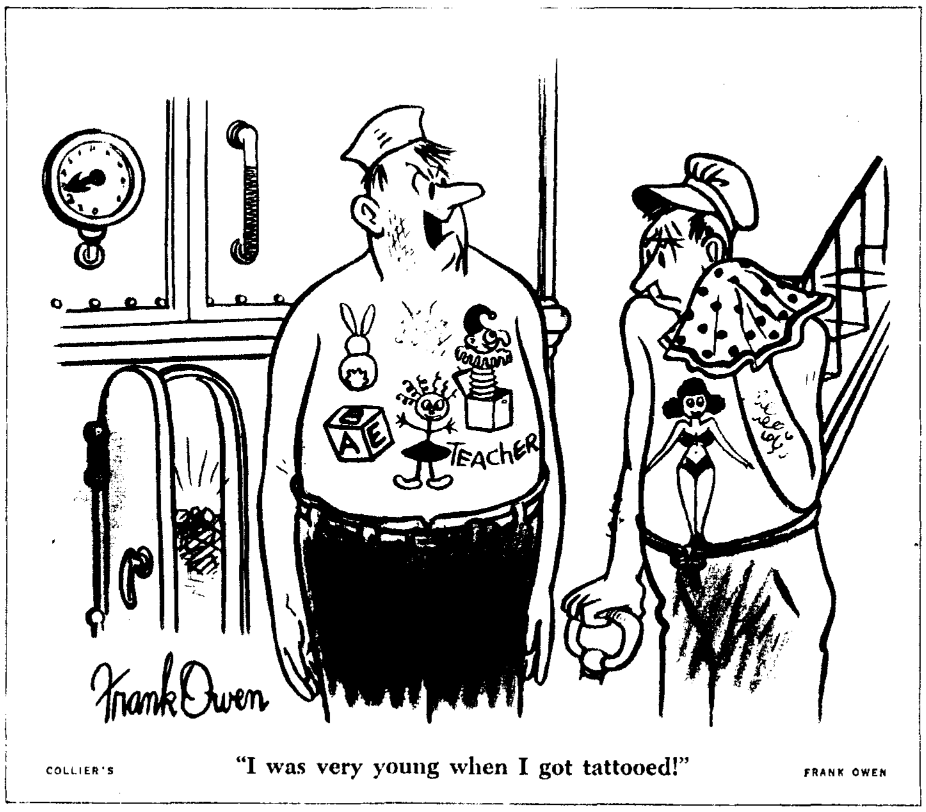
"I've already taken care of that," the share pusher replied. "See this card?" He handed me a self-addressed post card. "It says here: Please let me have more information on. . . . And I give him the information over the phone."

In Toronto it is fashionable for responsible people to blame the stock pushing on American immigrants. But among the chief targets for cease-and-desist orders by the States are such Canadian firms as Redmond & Co., Ltd., Hudson Securities Co., and Lorne Herdman & Co. I found the latter ensconced in a suite in the Royal York, Toronto's newest and biggest hostelry, whence its star salesman, Jules Mendelsohn, alias Hugo Meyers, alias Sam Martin, was selling mine stocks by telephone.

Then there was Henry Rupert Bain, listed in Canada's Who's Who as a broker and as president of the National Life Assurance Co. of Canada. Mr. Bain told me he has not been selling securities in the United States since September, 1942, and showed me a letter rejecting business from Americans.

Until he discontinued his operations in the United States, H. R. Bain & Co. had acquired cease-and-desists from Pennsylvania, Michigan, Nebraska, Ohio, Missouri and California and had posted bond in Pennsylvania with authorities as a guaranty against selling unregistered stock in that state.

Some of Toronto's most respectable law firms don't object to handling the lucrative business of the stock racketeers, nor does the self-regulated Toronto Stock Exchange object to listing the shares sponsored and promoted by men with American police records.



COLLIER'S "I was very young when I got tattooed!" FRANK OWEN

Take the case of Lee T. Brooks, alias Lionel R. Brooks, alias Le Roy Brooks, alias John Bookbinder.

Police records in New York City show Brooks was arrested in New York in January, 1924, and was held for New Jersey authorities, who prosecuted and convicted him on charges of larceny and receiving. The Essex County (N. J.) Court of Common Pleas suspended sentence, and Brooks, tried under the name of Bookbinder, was placed on probation for a year. The New York Times aired Brooks' record in 1940, citing an arrest in New York City in 1926 in connection with "the activities of the Griffin Development & Construction Co." The Times related: "He became a government witness, had his own case nolle-prossed and saw two associates sent to a federal penitentiary."

In 1936, Brooks was indicted in the United States District Court for Michigan's Southern District on charges of mail fraud, violation of the fraud sections of the federal securities act and conspiracy to violate the SEC Act. An order for his arrest was issued but was never served. Since then, he has been a fugitive.

In Toronto, Lee Brooks used to advertise himself as a "financial relations counsel" and at one time went on the air over a local Toronto station to give "investment advice" under the name of The Old Counselor.

He was associated for a time with H. R. Bain & Co., was indicted again in the United States on fraud charges, and last year Canadian immigration officials tried to deport him on charges of illegal entry and moral turpitude, but couldn't make it stick.

He is still in Toronto, a key figure in gold-stock mining deals, and even has (as Arthur John Trebilcock, executive manager of the Toronto Stock Exchange, told me) "a considerable following in Toronto." And the Eldona and Donalda shares which he sponsored and promoted are listed on the Exchange.

Brooks' name came up during lunch with Mr. Trebilcock at his office in the Exchange. He told me that Lee Brooks and "his associates" had just purchased some 600,000 shares of stock of a company known as Halcrow-Swazze Mining Co., Ltd.

Some shares of the company were already listed on the Exchange and had been selling desultorily at 9 cents for months. Mr. Trebilcock told me that the stock had promptly jumped to 23 cents, despite the fact that the new shares were not yet accepted for listing by the Exchange, nor had the news of the deal yet leaked out to the public.

I asked Mr. Trebilcock whether the Toronto Stock Exchange was interested in finding out how the stock managed to jump so quickly after Lee Brooks entered the picture.

"It probably rose because Lee Brooks has a following in Toronto and news has got around that he's in Halcrow-Swazze," said Mr. Trebilcock.

But in view of Lee Brooks' record, wasn't the Exchange going to find out whether tricks were being played with the stock? (On the N. Y. Stock Exchange, which is watched by the SEC, such a run-up following a stock purchase would be promptly checked by both the SEC and the Exchange itself.)

"It isn't our job to look behind the trading on the Exchange," Mr. Trebilcock said. "Our job is simply to provide a market place for trading."

Mr. Trebilcock then asked me not to print anything about the Lee Brooks-Halcrow-Swazze deal because the Stock Exchange had not yet acted on the application for listing the additional Halcrow-Swazze shares. If the Exchange accepted the shares for listing, I would be free to use the information, he said. If the Exchange rejected the shares, the Halcrow-Swazze deal would be off anyway.

But the Toronto Stock Exchange did list the Halcrow-Swazze shares several days later. They were listed on the application of a Douglas Orchieson, described to me by the Exchange as "an ex-flight officer in the RCAF." Mr. Orchieson formerly was Lee Brooks' secretary and is now an executive of Stuyvesant-North, Ltd., an unlicensed stock underwriting organization in which Brooks is interested.

Why isn't there a treaty to permit our officials to extradite men like Lee Brooks?

The present extradition treaty with Canada dates back to 1905, when there were no securities fraud laws. A new extradition treaty which would permit government officials to bring fugitives and newly indicted racketeers to trial was ratified by the Senate in May, 1942. The Dominion Parliament hesitates to ratify the treaty, because of the opposition—not of the racketeers—but of highly respectable Canadian investment bankers and securities dealers, who fear the broad language of the treaty may result in honest men's extradition on technicalities. A new treaty is being drafted by American officials.

Canada has no SEC, because the Dominion derives its laws from the British North American Act which stipulates that all legislation affecting civil and property rights must reside in the provincial lawmaking bodies. This means there can be no federal securities regulating agency in Canada until the British North American Act is amended. It is doubtful whether Canada would have a SEC anyway. For one thing, the Toronto racketeers and the men who handle their legal affairs have great influence.

For example, in the Toronto racketeers' paradise, months go by without any government audit of stock promoters' books as prescribed by Ontario law. A circumstance which led the Financial Post to cry out:

"So influential are some of these people (racketeers) and so influential with the Ontario government are some of the racketeers' friends and hired advisers, that they have apparently succeeded in protecting themselves against potential embarrassments and fraud prosecution by getting audits virtually eliminated."

Without an audit, the racketeer's operation is limited only by his conscience. The stock racketeers don't even have to worry about mail-frauds prosecution, for Canada has no mail-fraud statute like ours.

Quite obviously the stock racketeers who peddle shares across the border are only a small part of Toronto's financial community, which has raised vast quantities of capital legitimately to develop Canada's gold resources.

Bonanza Days Are Coming Again

Gold mining, during peace, is second only to agriculture in Canada as a wealth producer. Gold mining (people in Toronto will tell you) supports one of every ten Canadians. At the moment, Canada is on the verge of the greatest gold-mining boom in her history. Hectic wartime gold exploration may result in opening some 50 new mines and may double Canada's gold production after the war.

Legitimate promoters, financiers and the great gold-mining companies of Canada (in which many influential Americans are interested) will play an important role in bringing in new mines and developing the Dominion's gold resources.

Some Canadians view the money-raising activities of the stock pushers with complacency, liken the present speculative boom to our own frantic railroad building and swindling days. Stock selling is a necessary part of the gold-mining development picture, they say, for "after all, the investment brokers do bring money into company treasuries and do put money into the ground."

Many Canadian bankers, insurance executives and other honest businessmen are alarmed over the racketeer's depredations. They fear that the racketeers, operating on the fringe of legitimate gold-mine-promoting activity, will so sour Americans that it will be difficult to raise capital for honest and necessary mine development work.

Americans have cause to worry, too. Unless you buy the shares of a gold-mining company that is already producing and paying dividends, your purchase is a gamble. Perhaps you like to gamble and don't mind placing a bet on a 100 to 1 shot. If you do, you should at least take the trouble to find out whether your horse is in the race.

THE END

MAN *and* BOY

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GOLDEN

WALKING along the tree-shaded street toward Dick's house, he felt the sun beneath the elms, soft and warm on the nape of his neck, saw the light playing in an ever-changing pattern on the sidewalk, yellow and gold and deeper brown where it filtered through the turning leaves; and walking with his thoughts on this quiet street, heading for the white house on the corner, he experienced a sudden warm kinship with this strange town. Then he saw the bent fireplug Dick had told him about, the one Dick had whacked with his Model T racer when the steering knuckle broke; and seeing the fireplug canting inward like Pisa, he experienced a small feeling of familiarity that helped him walk up the front steps and touch the doorbell.

The boy who opened the door stood in the shadowed hallway, small and straight, with yellow hair that tumbled over one eye. He was so much a pocket edition of Dick that McGee almost spoke the name in wonder, knowing that the boy was Johnny, Dick's kid brother, age twelve, looking just as Dick had described him so many times. Smiling down at him, McGee saw the old G.I. cap clutched in one hand and the pistol belt around his waist, sagging over the hipbones with the combined weight of rocket pistol, scout knife and hatchet.

McGee said, "Hello, Johnny. I'm Mike McGee."

Johnny Adkins gave the door a yank, and his face came alive as the outside light illuminated it, a round, open face, the brown freckles a broad band from cheek to cheek across his pug nose. He said, "Hello, Mike. Won't you come in?" and his voice, still young and unchanged, like a choir boy's—so much the way Dick's must have been at that age—tugged at McGee's heart.

McGee stepped inside and removed his cap. Johnny accepted it gravely, and placed it on the old-fashioned hatrack, then led McGee through the archway into the living room. He said, "Sit down, Mike. I'm home alone."

McGee hadn't planned it this way; the boy being home alone bothered him. He said, "Why aren't you in school, Johnny?"

"Gosh," Johnny said, "this is Saturday. All I do on Saturday is run my paper route and clean the yard and I'm all finished." He wiggled in the chair and looked down at the rug, rubbing one shoe against the other.

"Did your family get my wire?" McGee asked.

"It came this noon," Johnny said. "I got it. None of them were here."

"Oh," McGee said. "Well, I'm glad you got it."

McGEE had planned how he was going to start and what he was going to say; he had practiced the speech for three hundred miles and he had it down pat but it was a speech for parents and a grown sister, not for a boy of twelve.

The boy sat in the chair, fingering his rocket pistol, smiling just a little, looking solemnly at the sergeant stripes and campaign ribbons. There was a solidity and chunkiness about him that McGee had missed in the hallway.

McGee groped for friendly, neutral ground to walk on.

"That's a nice pistol you got there, Johnny," he said.

"I like it fine," Johnny said. "You can shoot a hundred times almost before you change flints." He snapped the trigger and no fire showed. "You can't get flints no more," he explained.

"I'm glad I'm here," McGee said. "I sure wanted to meet you."

"Me, too," Johnny said. His voice choked up a little, cascaded higher and dropped back to normal. "We've waited for you all the time."

"They kept me a week longer in the hospital," McGee said. "Your folks be home soon?"

Johnny looked at the clock on the mantel; it was just two, straight up. "Mom and Dad'll be home about six and Mary gets off work at five. She'll be home about the same time. You're a sergeant, aren't you, Mike."

"Staff," McGee said, thinking about four hours with a boy who might ask him about Dick and then break down, with only McGee, not knowing what to do or say, to help him out. Four hours to keep the thought from the boy's lips, and he didn't remember how a boy thought or felt or acted at that age. He tried to remember himself at twelve and recalled a few hazy pictures of swimming, baseball and school, with no closeness to personal tragedy.

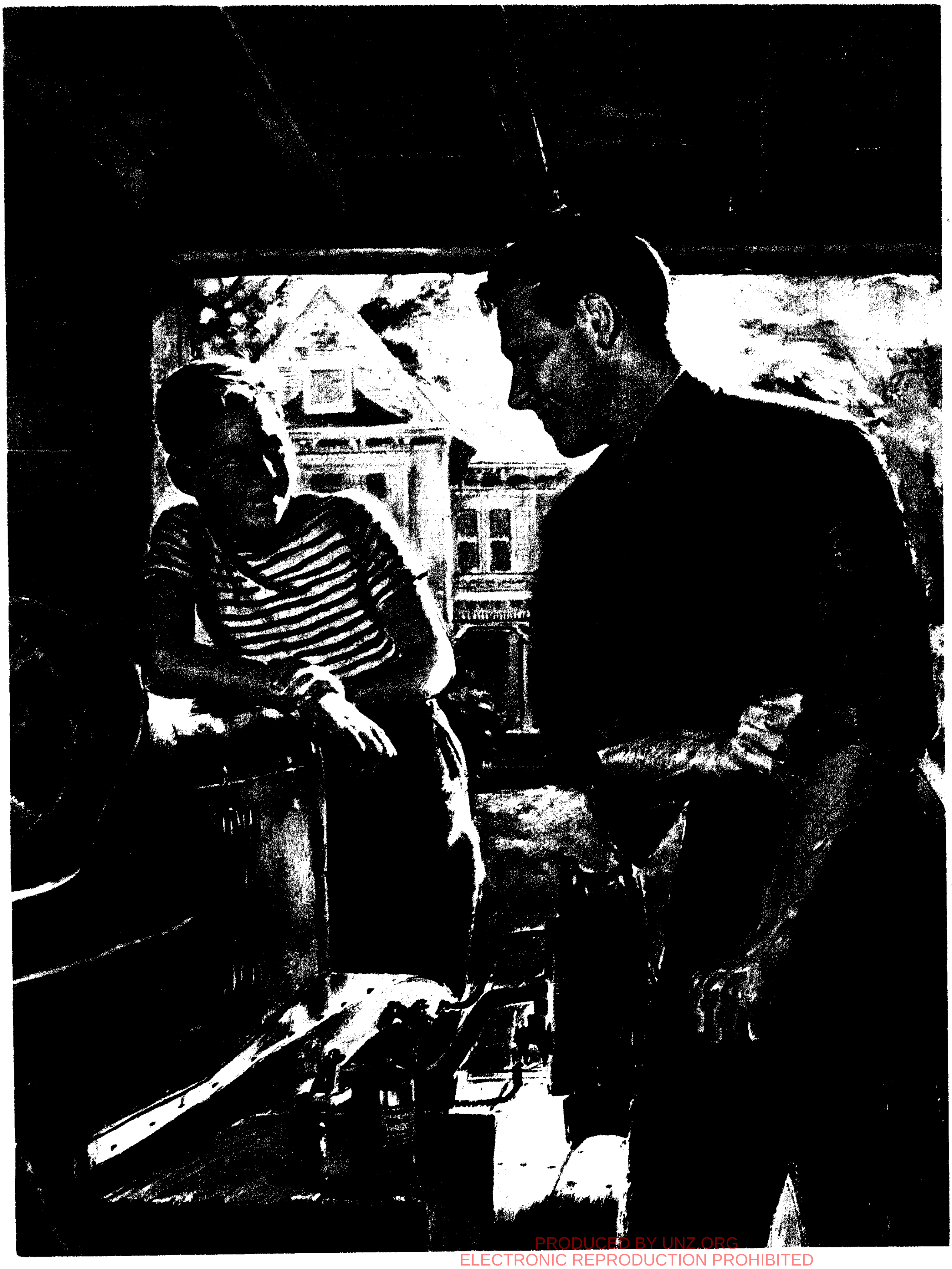
"You want to see my room?" Johnny said, his voice slicing through McGee's thoughts.

"I should say so," McGee said. "I'd like that, Johnny."

"It's upstairs," Johnny said. "I've got a lot of stuff. Come on."

McGee followed the boy into the hall and

(Continued on page 58)



"Say, Johnny," McGee said, "let's take it apart right now, and I'll show you how to make this baby purr like a kitten"

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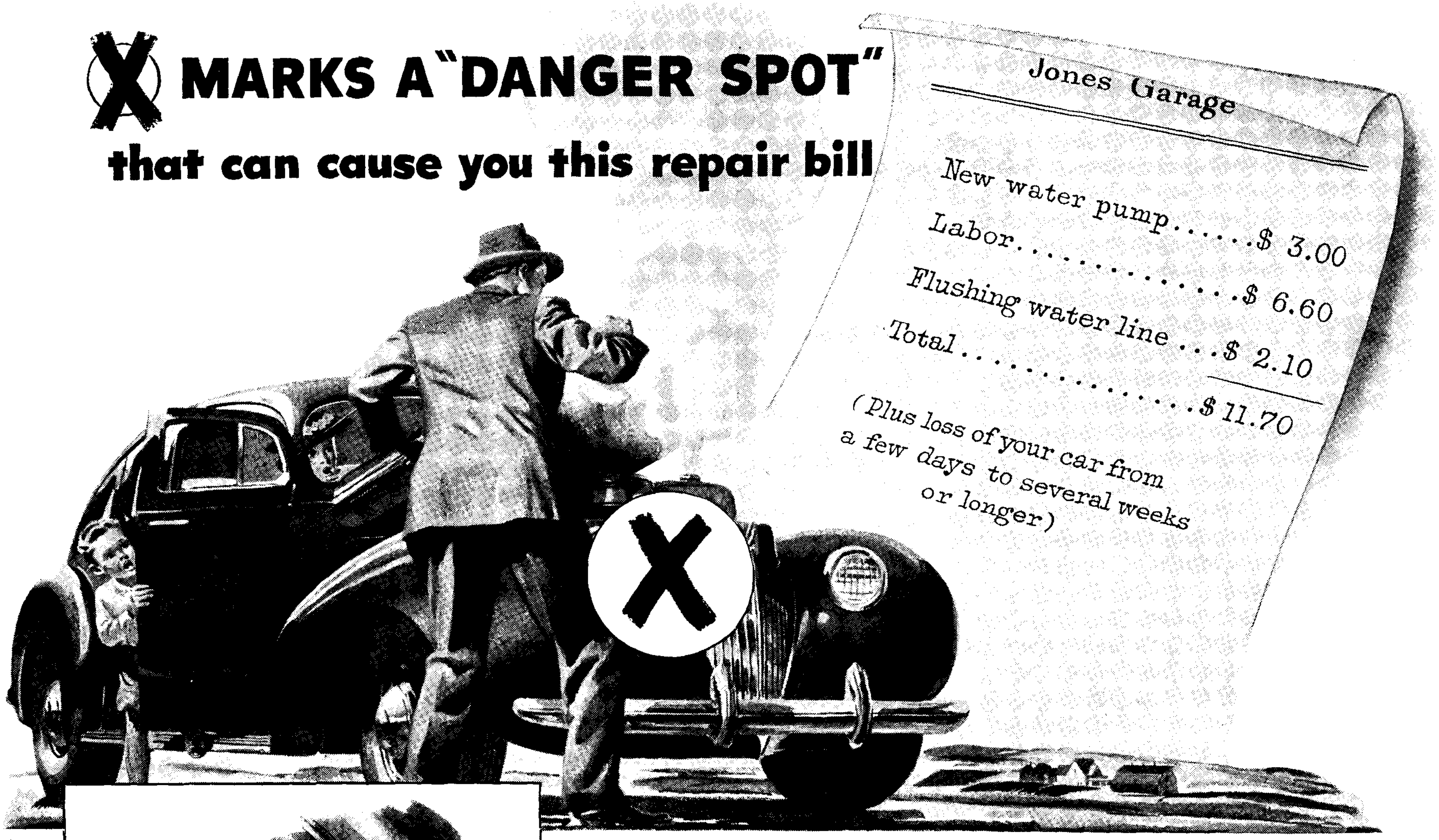
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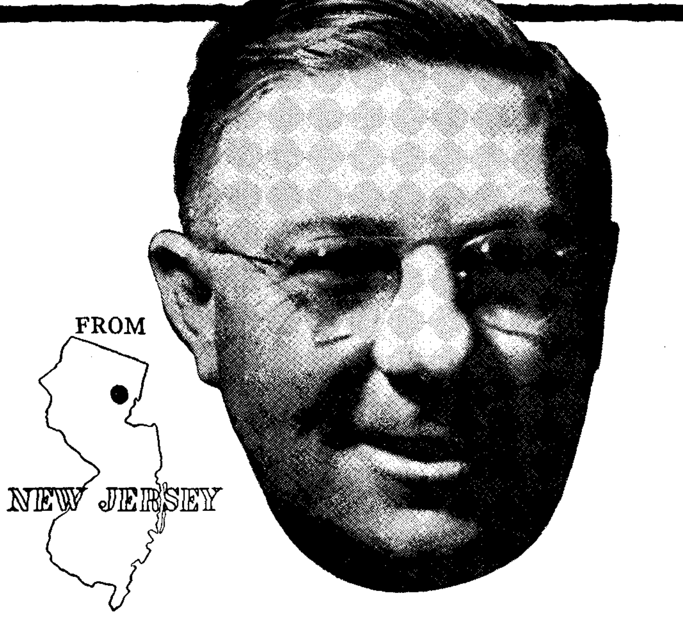

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Excerpts of letter dated Jan. 15, 1945 from—
One of a series of testimonial letters received from all parts of the United States

Dewitt F. Evans

· Dewitt F. Evans, Port Engineer
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The Jungle is Beaten

Continued from page 11

piers as well as air strips: "Hurry up, damyankees, hurry up! Hurry, hurry, you silly bastards! We are impatient. We want the fun of killing you. We shan't hurt your air strip. We can use that!"

Then came the morning when six or eight hundred Japs came down to seize the north side of the air strip. The Yanks were on the south side—engineers mostly and labor troops—black and white—waiting behind machine guns. Up at the far end of the strip, backed into the bush, were three massive bulldozers with their crews flat on their bellies beneath them, their shoulders braced against .50-caliber machine guns. In command of the engineers on the south side was a kid captain whose name, alas, no one recalls. Hastily he wrote a note to his commanding officer over on the water front: "We hold the south side of the strip. The Japs hold the north side. I can see no amicable solution."

The runner carrying that message was scarcely out of sight before the Japs made their banzai charge, screaming like demented men. From the machine guns beneath the bulldozers and from the engineers on the south side, a fire that nothing could survive poured into the Jap waves. No one seems to remember how many Japs were piled up in the middle of that unfinished air strip. Some say four hundred. Some say six hundred. It doesn't matter. The banzai charge never got south of the middle of the strip. The smoke and the dust and the odor of blood were still fresh when the bulldozers roared out of the bush and began heaping stone and coral, mud and gravel for the air strip.

We dig into the files in big Jim Frink's office in Tolosa on Leyte in the Philippines. Major General Jim Frink, a big, baldish, graying man, an indefatigable man with huge hands, a gruff voice, is in command of the Service of Supply for Douglas MacArthur's Southwest Pacific Area. They call his command USASOS (pronounced You-sosis).

We want to know how many million tons of supplies were landed on New Guinea since Port Moresby in 1942. We fool around until we have enough to guess with—say 50,000,000 tons—but we don't guarantee the figure. Jim Frink's headquarters have been constantly on the run and the records have suffered. He's forever trying to catch up with GHQ and never quite making it. Washington will have to furnish the reliable figure. But even Washington might boggle a bit if it were asked for the grand total: the number of tons that were landed and the number that never made it, that were sunk by storm and Jap.

A Reminder of Yesterday's Deeds

Perhaps five million tons remain to be moved when there are ships to move them and places to move them to. Perhaps two million tons more will never be moved, left to be swallowed by the jungle and the mud. Once we withdraw all our maintenance troops, leaving New Guinea to her guardians, the Australians and the Dutch, it won't take long for the white Yankee roads to collapse, for the hard Yankee air strips to surrender to the bush and scrub. New Guinea will again be New Guinea, with only monuments of junk and scrap, dumps of dead ammunition, skeletons of warehouses, offices, mess halls and the like to remind you of yesterday's superman deeds.

The dramatic tale begins in 1942 at Moresby. The Japs were on the Kokoda trail coming south. The Japs were in the Coral Sea coming north. American Marines, American soldiers and Australian forces stopped the Japs on the trail twenty-five miles from Moresby. An American fleet that wouldn't look like a shore patrol today, scattered the Jap fleet and sank the Jap transports at heroic cost. We dismiss that fight in a few words. Maybe, some day, the whole story of the Coral Sea will be yours to shudder over and glory in. But Port Moresby was saved, and a deadlier fight began in January, 1943, on the foul shores of Milne Bay.

As at Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane, there had been docks—of a sort perhaps, but docks—at Moresby. But beginning at Milne at the end of New Guinea's tail, the jungle started on the beach. There was a sagging copra and coconut-oil dock to which tiny tramp steamers had moored, but that's all. A few officers landed on Milne's beach, raised a tent, got out their orders, their ledgers, their pencils, and waited for troops and supplies to come. Engineers, bent on staking out what was to be a supply base, started inland in jeeps. Some perished in the ooze. Some were rescued, and a few amphibious vehicles were assembled out of all this and took them slowly forward.

Presently after days of slogging through the morass, they arrived at the native village of Ioma, sixteen miles from Gili Gili where they'd landed. This would be base headquarters. Palm trees were felled to sink into the mud, and more were felled to rest upon them. The bulldozers, churning down the narrow ribbon of sand that was the seashore, found hard earth and soft limestone. They began their terrific job of shoving rock and earth across the felled trees, now four and five layers deep and still sinking. Ships were coming, big ships with ten and fifteen thousand tons of supplies in each.

No Modern Conveniences

So deep is the Milne harbor that here and there they could turn and poke their sterns in as close as twenty-five feet from the shore. There were no landing craft as we know those marvels today, no LCIs, no LSTs, no LCMs, none of the trig little FS ships that are so common now. Remember, this was January, 1943, and America was still organizing herself for the war she had to fight whether she was ready or not.

What we used for transport from Australia and for landing craft are the characters in a story all by itself—an incredible story, an absurd story. Down in Melbourne was Brigadier General Thomas B. Wilson, who had left his desk as chairman of TWA in the States. He had such citizen soldiers around him as Colonel (now Brigadier General) J. K. Johnson, vice-president of the Erie Railroad; Colonel Melville McKinstry general manager of the Alaska Steamship Company; and Colonel Thomas F. Ryan, president of the Mid-Continent Airlines. They had the permission of the Australian government to commandeer ships—any ships, all ships. They organized groups of youngsters to scout Australia's, New Zealand's and Tasmania's harbors and small shipyards. What these crews, operating under what was known as "Mission X," did sounds like hijacking, like river piracy.

There was one crew that Australia will remember for years to come—the Yacht Club Boys. They were the Yacht Club Boys because, almost to a man, they were members of the yacht clubs of Long Island Sound, of California, of the Sea Islands off the Carolinas and Georgia. Some had owned their own yachts and had been regatta winners. They had all the recklessness of playboys gone to war. Among them were such names as John Sherwood Fahnestock, Adam Bruce Fahnestock, Dawson Glover of Greenwich, Connecticut; Philip Farley, Frank Sheridan and Heath Steele.

They raided shipyards from Cape York to Adelaide. They scouted the bays and coves of New Zealand from Auckland to Dunedin and didn't overlook Tasmania. Startled owners of fishing smacks, trawlers, ketches, cabin cruisers built for romance rather than war, of barges and rowboats, saw the Yacht Club Boys leap aboard, raise the Stars and Stripes and chug off to the north. "Sorry, mister, sorry. Got to take your pretty boat. See the Australian government. The government will fix it up with you."

So the small boats, snatched by the Yacht Club Boys and less spectacular units of Mission X, came crazily to the rescue. From Milne to Lae and Oro Bay, they filtered through reefs that had never been charted.

They poked their noses into jungle shores that held them there and sometimes never let them go. But food, ammunition, tractors, bulldozers, guns and hospitals were dragged ashore and somehow set up. Out of a jungle, that had never yet lost a battle to mankind, the base at Milne was built.

Then fishing trawlers forty-five to sixty feet long plowed up from Australia, each carrying as many as a hundred and twenty-five men with all their battle equipment. These lads stood up all the way, back to back, belly to belly, because there was no room to sit down or lie down. Some died in the Coral Sea, slaughtered by Jap planes. Others died when their ships foundered in the heavy seas. But most of them got to New Guinea—Milne, Tufi, Buna, Salamaua and Lae—kids only recently drafted from the jerk side of soda fountains, from schoolrooms, from department stores, from farms. They arrived half drowned, unutterably weary, to prove that old Clausewitz was right, that wars are won by tired men.

Today we sit around New Guinea bases and listen to bizarre tales of the schooner Eva strafed by a Jap fighter plane until the cook, a guy named Pine, got mad, rushed to the only gun the Eva carried—a .50-caliber machine gun—and with one burst shot the Jap down. Then he went back to his galley cursing all men and complaining to his skipper that he just couldn't be running from his galley to the machine gun all the time and would somebody please do something.

There was that Aussie skipper named Cruickshank, who, told to take his ship into Morobe, between Oro Bay and Lae, asked for a chart. But those waters had never been charted. Okay, Cruickshank would chart them. Somehow he got through the reefs, making soundings and charting reefs and narrow channels as he went. He got to shore sinking but victorious, and the Japs killed him as he landed.

Ferryboats that had never been out of the harbors of Sydney and Melbourne were somehow built up to go to sea and carry octane gas to the new bases. There was the Bingarra and the Koondooloo, and the stories of their crazy voyages from Australia to New Guinea have no rival in fiction.

There is the tale of the two old showboats that carried week-end parties around the harbor of Sydney. Passengers paid a half crown to see a drama, to dance, to drink beer and make love. These decayed hulks became transports. One of them got to New Guinea, too. There was the old wooden barge called Pistol Packin' Mama that lashed a seventy-five to her bow and gave battle to a Jap gunboat. The Jap didn't sink her. Pistol Packin' Mama's own seventy-five did it; the concussion opened all her seams after the first few shots. But she went down blazing away.

Today 180,000 men of USASOS, a third of all MacArthur's forces, are slowly rolling up these historic bases on New Guinea and laying out new ones in the Philippines. But from Milne to Biak—the thousand miles from New Guinea's tail to Seroei Bay at the neck of this sea-crawling monster called an island—there's only one problem: how to dismantle the bases, get rid of a couple of million tons of equipment, where to ship it.

New Guinea's out of the war now. At Moresby they're staging rodeos, riding into the bush lassoing and breaking herds of horses and mules that were shipped in when the Japs were on the Kokoda Pass, and we thought it would be a fine thing to send pack artillery batteries into the jungle trails. But the pack saddles never arrived, and anyway we stopped the Japs on the trail without such weapons. The animals overran the base, charging through tents at night. The men complained that they were never sure that they wouldn't find a horse or a mule in bed with them before morning. So they drove the horses into the wilderness where they've increased, gone native and roam wild.

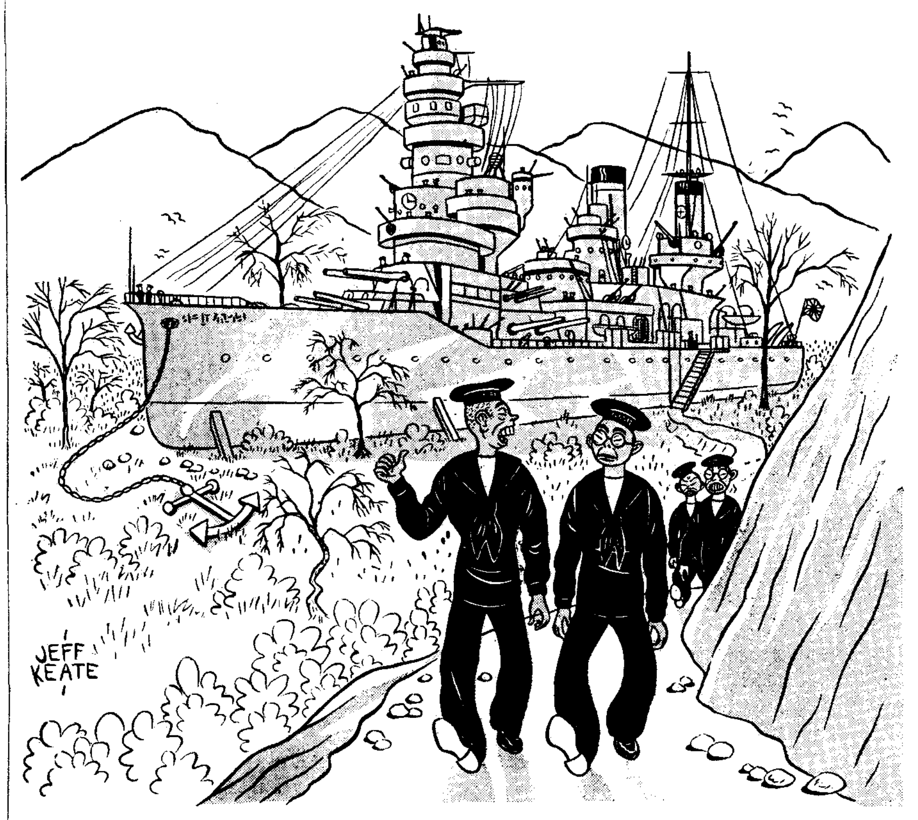
A Different Story Now

We've only sketched the story of the Low Road from Milne to Manila. We've said nothing about beauty parlors for Wacs that stand today where American kids died yesterday. We merely mention the clubs where troops drink pop and beer and play table tennis, where, only a while ago, Japs played hell with their bombs, mortars and mines.

High among the excitements of these anticlimax days are the little raids made by the isolated Japs on Yankee food stocks. In greater and greater numbers the mysterious people known as Papuans come out of the jungle looking for common labor jobs at twenty-five cents a day—black, naked Fuzzy-Wuzzies with their bush hair dyed a sickly yellow, their ear lobes distended halfway down their necks with rings of metal and bone.

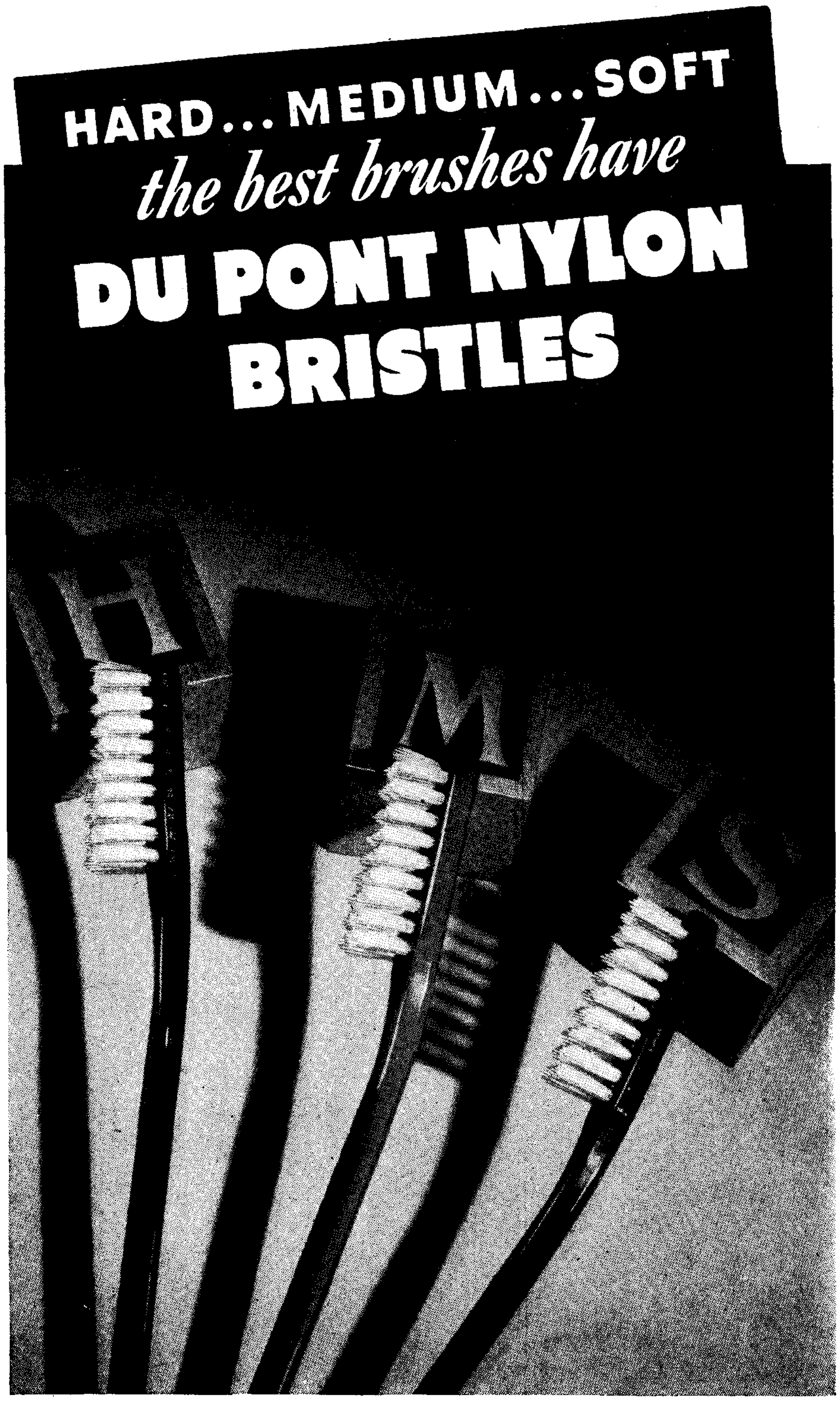
The Military Police scan them. Now and then they find one of them with a missing aviator's silver bracelet on his wrist or the dogtag of a lost flier around his neck. Slowly they learn from the wearers where they found these prizes, and occasionally we're led by the natives to where, months ago, a Yankee plane crashed in the jungle. And somebody in the States is notified at last that her son's body has been found.

THE END



"Don't you think Admiral Wackamura going too far in hiding from Yankee fleet?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE



Most folks know about nylon for stockings. But have you heard about Du Pont nylon for toothbrush bristles? Today, nylon bristles are a feature of all leading brands of brushes. And with good reason! You can get a brush with soft bristles, medium, or hard (whichever your dentist advises). Your nylon brush will last longer, clean better, even *dry* faster. The bristles neither fray, split, nor become brittle. And they're definitely more hygienic.

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And when a new toothbrush becomes a "must," be sure you ask your druggist, "Does it have Du Pont nylon bristles?" (The best brushes do!) E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Department, Arlington, N. J.

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.. THROUGH CHEMISTRY

NURSES ARE NEEDED NOW... JOIN UP!

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Beginner's Luck

Continued from page 20

"I was born and bred and bored in Boston . . ."

He said, "Go on."

"Oh . . . a few years of college, a few years of little-woman-what-now? Then, amid family cries of woe and angry breast-beating, New York."

"So?"

"The present? Well, a little modeling, a little dress designing, a little acting . . . a very little acting . . . and now modeling again."

"And the future?"

She looked down at the silverware. "Like a lot of women today, I guess. Indefinite . . . and hopeful."

The shrimp cocktail was good and the lamb chop was adequate and so was the bottle of wine. And when she said, "Isn't it about time now for the saga of Bill Wheeler?" he calmly stalled her off with a wisecrack and made a mental note to worry about that situation immediately after dessert. Then, while they were busily devouring a luscious green salad, he learned that she lived in a furnished apartment, alone . . . "Just me and a Picasso print and a few worn-out albums of Brahms and Tschaikovsky." And just as they were finishing their *baba au rum* and black coffee, his bright new world fell on his head with a crash.

One minute he was staring at the most fascinating mouth he had ever seen, and then suddenly he was aware of a burly figure in a tweed suit walking past their table; as he glanced up at the man's face, his heart jumped and he knew it was too late to look away.

"Butterfield!" the huge man shouted. "Roger Butterfield, old boy! Haven't seen you in years!"

He scrambled out of the chair, his face hot with embarrassment. "How *are* you, Jack?" he said in a sick voice. MacKenzie of all damned people! He made a vague gesture in the direction of the girl. "Jack, this is . . . uh . . ."

"Now wait a minute. Don't tell me, Roger. Never forget a name." MacKenzie rapped his forehead with a huge fist. "Hah!" He snapped his fingers. "Alice! Right?"

As in a dream, Roger heard himself saying weakly, "This is Jack MacKenzie." But he was unable to look at her.

"Say, Roger!" MacKenzie poked him playfully. "Heard you two have a couple of fine young squirts . . . and a house in Westmere. Time marches on, eh, boy?" He babbled on for eternal seconds. "Well, gotta be running. Nice to have met you, Mrs. B. 'By now, Roger. Be good." And he was off.

ROGER sat down and looked her squarely in the shoulder.

"Go on," he said. "Say it."

"Suppose *you* do." Her voice was edged with bitterness.

He looked up at her. "I know how you must have felt, and I'm terribly sorry."

"Small enough price for a lamb chop."

"Does it really have to make any difference?" He reached for her hand.

"Difference to me? Or to your wife?" Her hand was cold. "Or do you mean difference to you?"

He drained his glass of wine but that didn't help him any.

She said, "Well, aren't you going to tell me about Roger Butterfield? You are Roger Butterfield of the Westmere Butterfields, aren't you? I mean, your red-cheeked friend didn't confuse you with some other heel, by any chance?"

He winced. "What can I say?"

"Oh . . . you might tell me your wife doesn't understand you."

"She understands me too well."

He felt himself coming to life again. It had just occurred to him: She was still sitting there. Perhaps . . .

"How long have you been at it?" she asked, as he held a light to her cigarette.

He studied his watch. "Exactly two hours and twenty-four minutes."

"You mean I'm the very first?"

"So help me, Hannah."

She exhaled a cloud of smoke slowly, reflectively. "Are you sure?"

He held up his right hand. "Absolutely the first."

"You're quite adept." She was crushing her cigarette in the ash tray with, he thought, considerable determination.

He said, "Well, aren't you going to tell me how angry you are?"

"Angry? Don't be silly." She looked up at him with a broad, almost benevolent, smile. "On the contrary, I'm glad I let you pick me up tonight. I did let you, you know, and quite shamelessly, too." Her voice seemed suddenly to have become buoyant again. "I'm glad everything is working out just as it is."

HE WAS a bit puzzled, but it was a warm, cozy sort of bewilderment, so he just grinned and said nothing.

When she started putting on fresh lipstick, he called the waiter and paid the check and left him the largest tip he had ever left a waiter, because that was the way he was feeling, and he glowed inwardly with ever-increasing pleasure as he followed her out to the street.

A cab pulled up to the entrance. He drew a deep breath and looked at the girl. "May I take you home?"

"You certainly may," she said quickly, and he followed her dazedly into the cab.

As they rode uptown in silence he was certain of nothing except the fact that he was uncertain and that he had had a little too much wine and that he was drifting with the tide and that it was all very wonderful.

And then he heard her saying, "How about opening the door? We're here."

The cab had drawn up in front of a remodeled brownstone house. He clambered out and held the door open for her, and as they stood on the sidewalk he looked at the cab driver and then at her and finally he held out his hand and said uncertainly, "Well . . ."

She said, "Aren't you interested in Picasso and Brahms and Tschaikovsky?"

He grinned. "Best outfield the Giants ever had."

He paid the driver quickly and took her arm.

Her apartment was a combination of good taste and good sense, with soft club chairs and pale blue carpeting and, of course, the Picasso, which hung directly above the studio couch.

"Say, this is great!" he exclaimed, examining the place as though he were about to rent it, while she hung his hat and coat in the foyer closet. "You've really got something here!"

Through the trees in the park he could see the lights on the river, and when he turned away from the window the outside world ceased to exist for, as he stood in the center of the room she came toward him and walked right into his arms. He could feel the pounding of his heart and the pressure of her warm hands on the back of his head and he was so startled he did not know what to do. And then as he put his arms around her, there was a sudden awkward movement, and her lips brushed past his neck.

Before he recovered, she had slipped out of his arms and was across the room and he did not understand the half-formed smile on her lips.

"How clumsy of me," she said. "Forgive me."

He smiled. "Please don't feel that way."

"I've done a terrible thing."

He walked toward her. "But you haven't."

"Oh, yes, I have. Look in the mirror."

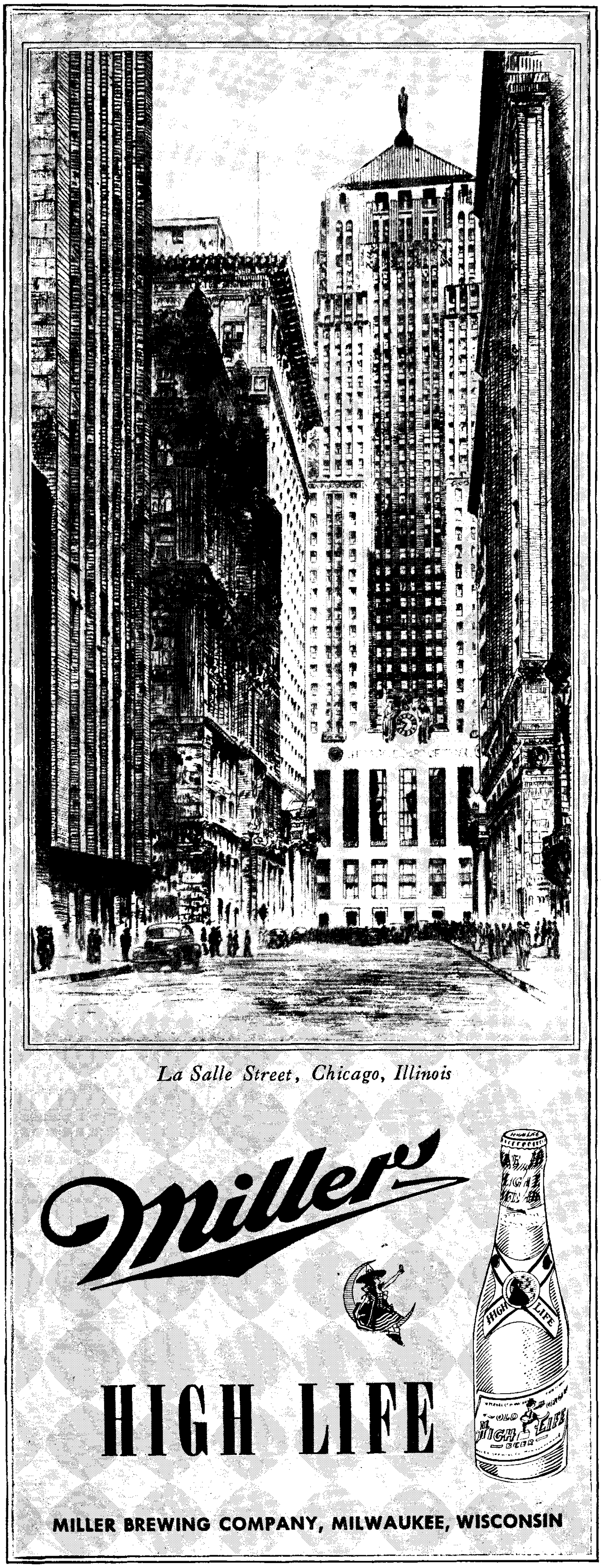
He went over to the mirror above the table and the grin disintegrated into a frown. "Damn it to hell!" His white collar was smeared with lipstick.

"The red badge of courage," she said. "Wear it in good health."

Somewhere, a tiny warning bell rang.

He turned around and she was sitting in the purple club-chair, wearing that Mona Lisa-like smile again.

"What the devil goes on here?" He tried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to laugh as he said it, but his voice hovered uncertainly between hope and anger. "I seem to be missing the point."

"I'm just sitting here admiring a philanderer who had a future."

He didn't know what to say. He felt as though he had come in in the middle of the picture.

She lighted a cigarette and exhaled leisurely. "What a pity to see such a promising career die so young! Here lies Bill Wheeler. Born, 6:30 P.M. Died, 10 P.M. Of indelible wounds on white broadcloth. . . ."

"Where's my coat and hat?" he demanded abruptly, as his dream became a nightmare.

"You're not going to let a little lipstick worry you? Stick around. I'll show you something *really* good."

She was thumbing through a paper-bound book, as she talked, and now she took the telephone from a cabinet and said to the operator: "Westmere seven-one-three-one, please."

HE WAS so stunned he just stood there making little sounds in his throat and then he rushed to her side and tore the phone from her grasp and put the receiver back on its cradle.

"Are you going mad?" His voice was unrecognizably hoarse.

"Absolutely stark and raving," she replied, smiling sweetly. "May I have the phone back, please, or would you rather I froth into it after you leave?" She held her hands out, waiting.

"You don't know what you're doing. You're drunk." But he knew there was nothing he could do, and so he handed her the instrument. As she asked for the number again, he had a flash of terrible clarity in which he saw the living room of his home . . . Alice sitting in the brown chair, reading, her legs up on the ottoman.

"Hello? Mrs. Roger Butterfield? . . . Just one moment, please."

Now she was talking to him. She was pressing her hand over the mouthpiece. "Here, Casanova. It's all yours."

He stared at the phone in horror. And then with trembling hands, he took hold.

"Hello, dear. Roger." His voice stuck in his throat. "Yes. . . . I . . . I just wanted to see if everything was all right. . . . Yes. . . . The who? . . . Oh, her. . . . She's . . . uh . . . she's the telephone operator . . . here at the Hunting Room. I had her get the number for me. . . . Yes, dear. . . . Right away, dear. . . . The next train. . . . Leave the little light in the hall. . . . Yes, dear. . . . Right away. . . . All right, dear."

He put the phone back on the table, its handle wet with perspiration.

"That was a rotten, dirty thing to do," he gasped, mopping his forehead.

"You think so?" she said.

He looked about wildly.

"Isn't the telephone a marvelous invention?" she said. "Anytime in the future that I get the notion to call your wife and tell her about her husband's hidden talents, all I have to do is call the operator and—"

The shakedown. That's what it was. "How much do you want?" He fumbled for his wallet.

"Please," she laughed. "On you the sword of Damocles looks good. Let's just let it hang there. And if I ever happen to see you around town with someone young and beautiful whose name isn't Alice—"

"If you do," he said bitterly, "you can have me slapped into a strait jacket." He stalked past her to the closet and fought vainly with the sleeves of his coat. "I'll have my wife mail you a thank-you note the first thing in the morning."

"Don't bother," she said, helping him on with the coat. "Just remember that marriage is an institution all women have to defend. Maybe someone will do the same for me someday. That's the only kind of thanks I want."

"I don't know what you're talking about," he muttered.

"It'll come to you," she said.

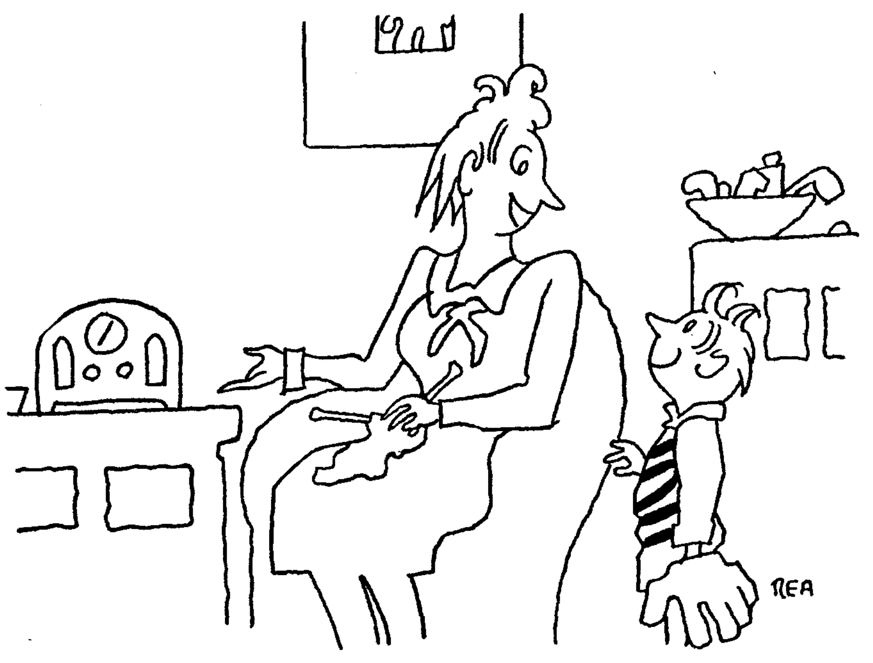
He slapped on his hat. Damn it to hell! He rushed out and took the stairs by twos, swallowing hard on the lump of mortification in his throat, and when he reached the street and fell back limply on the seat of a cab, he tried to think about how he'd get rid of the shirt before Alice saw it and what he'd say when he crawled into bed and woke her up, and she started to question him about the night's activities, but the more he thought about it, the less he was able to concentrate, because the girl kept crowding back into his mind and he kept seeing her smile and hearing her voice and feeling her hands on the back of his head. Damn it all, she was so young and so lovely!

WHAT a woman! He stared moodily out of the window as the cab sped him nearer the station . . . nearer home. To think of her doing that to him, all the trouble she'd gone to, and for what? It'll come to you, she had said . . . it'll come to you. Why hadn't she walked out on him in the restaurant, or left him on the street . . . or at least in front of her door? Why had she bothered to invite him up? It certainly wasn't because she wanted to protect his wife. She didn't know his wife—she'd never seen her. He sat up in his seat. Why would *any* girl go to all that trouble over a man unless . . . of course . . . that was it!

She'd said it would come to him. What a fool he'd been not to see it before! What blind fools all men were!

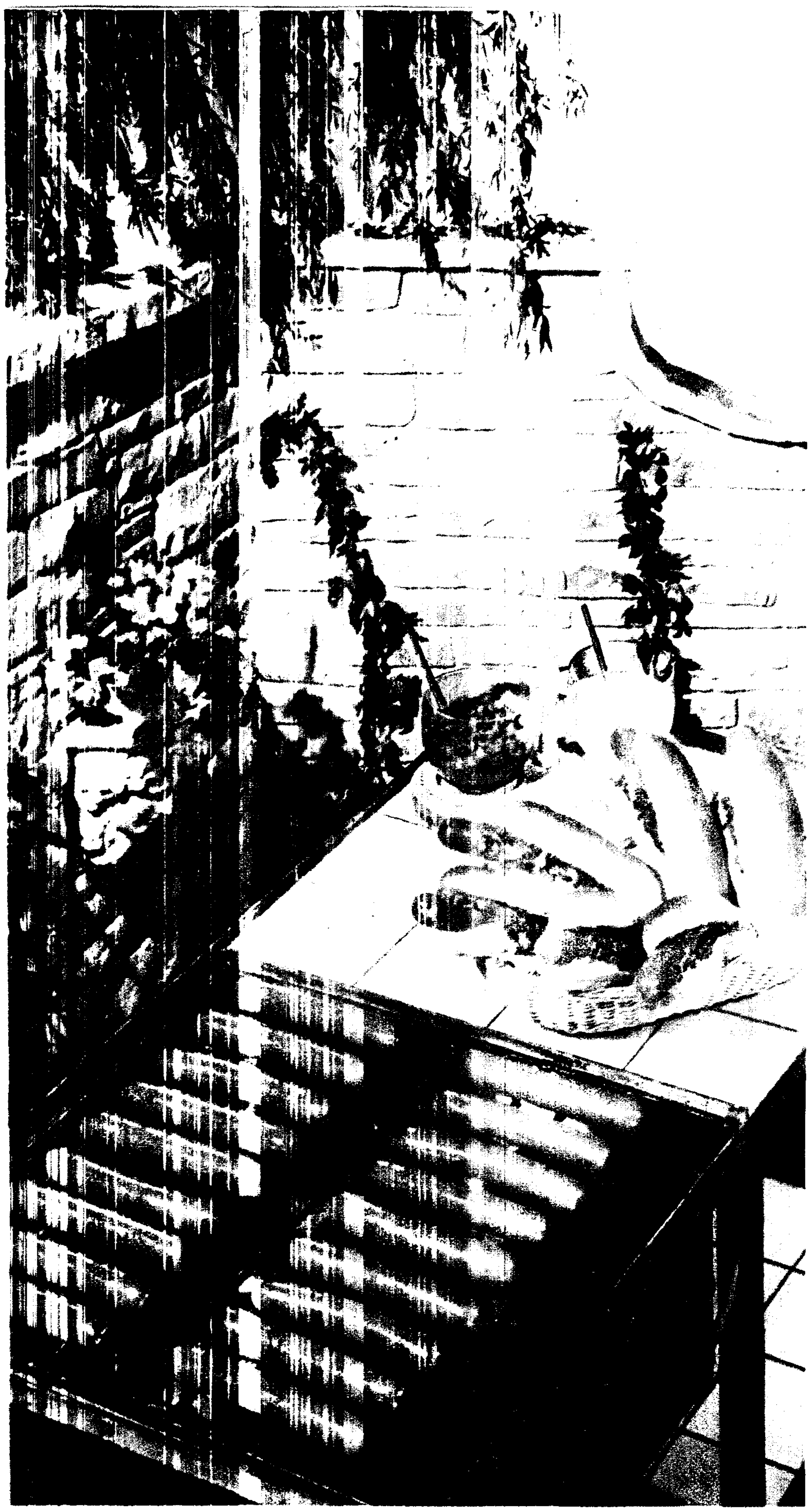
As he sat there in the darkness of the cab, he wondered if maybe the poor kid had fallen a little bit in love with him.

THE END



"Isn't that wonderful, darling? Daddy had a perfect day! He walked, sacrificed, singled and was hit on the head by a pitched ball!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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Man and Boy

Continued from page 52

up the stairs, and he felt the worn oak banister with his fingers sliding them along the varnished surface until they touched the deep scratch Dick had told him about, the time Dick forgot to take the screwdriver out of his hip pocket during a fast slide.

He smiled and said, "You slide down, Johnny?" and the boy turned his head and grinned. "When Mom ain—isn't looking, I do."

THE room was on the west side, big and square, and the sun poured through the double windows in oblique waterfalls, making the room yellow-bright and clean. A single bed stood in one corner, made neatly and covered with a white spread, and opposite the bed was the big desk; McGee saw then that this had been Dick's room, too, and the pain swelled in his throat. Dick had told him about this room so many times.

The desk was covered with books and ball gloves and a lot of other articles. McGee saw an erector set and a small chemical outfit and writing paper and pencils. A blue sweater, evidently removed because of the day's warmth, hung over in one corner. He saw the big bookcase with the white elephant on top, the prize Dick had won playing bingo on a St. Louis excursion steamer, and he read a few of the titles on the books: The Tom Swift series, The Rover Boys, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. There was a stack of magazines, too; he looked at them twice before realizing what they were—The Infantry Journal. Then he saw the scout uniform on the wall hung very carefully, and he saw the football and basketball letters, black on gold, and then the rifle above the bed, and lastly, the big picture of Dick, taken at camp before they sailed.

"You like it?" Johnny asked.

McGee sat down at the desk, keeping his eyes away from the picture. "Swell, Johnny," he said heartily. "Plenty swell. Say, what class scout are you?"

"Second class," Johnny said. "I've only been in six months. I'm five tests passed on First, though. I got swimming to do and that's tough."

"I had trouble with cooking," McGee said, remembering other days. "Say, you sure have a nice bunch of stuff."

"It looks crowded," Johnny said. "That's on account of Dad hasn't fixed me the workshop yet."

McGee felt for cigarettes then remembered where he was, but the boy said, "You can smoke all you want, Mike. Dad smokes a pipe. You want a match?"

"No, thanks," McGee said. "I've got a lighter." He snapped the oblong lighter, and the flame flared and touched the cigarette.

"That's a good lighter," Johnny said. "Dick had one like it."

McGee thought: Can't you stay away from him, kid? Why can't you stay away from him? You'll get me all mixed up.

Aloud, he said, "It's windproof. Say, where did you get those Infantry Journals? Do you really read them?"

Johnny jumped up and pulled the stack from the bookcase. "Sure I read them. I got to keep up with the war. I learned about machine guns and mortars and tactics and recon. What is that, Mike?"

McGee said, "Reconnaissance, Johnny. Looking for something."

"That means patrolling, I guess," Johnny said. "Going out all spotted up and looking for Japs and stuff."

"Right," McGee said. "You got it down pat; better than some guys I knew. Are your school grades as good as that?"

Johnny put the magazines back in the case. "Almost. All As but grammar. I got C in that last month."

McGee put his ashes in the wastebasket and leaned on the desk not looking at the photograph. He wondered what the boy would think if he told him he couldn't look at Dick's picture, because the hurt was too fresh and deep in his throat, even now, three months after it had happened. He had to get out of the room before he fouled himself up.

"How about some air?" McGee asked.

"You want to see the garage?" Johnny asked. "The racer is out there."

"All right," McGee said. "Some fresh air and the racer."

The boy looked at him a moment and turned to the door. "It's awful nice out today for November." . . .

They went downstairs and out the back door into a big yard full of trees and flowers and shrubs. A Chesapeake got up from under a rose bush and ambled out toward them. Johnny pulled the big dog's long ears, and McGee said, "Hello, boy," and rubbed his back, where the curly red ringlets were thick and firm. The dog growled happily, deep in his throat, and went back to his sleep.

"Nice dog," McGee said. "What's his name?"

"Bing," Johnny said. "He's five. Dad says he's the best duck dog in town. But he sure eats a lot."

"Red stamps?" McGee said.

"Kinda," Johnny grinned. "But he eats dog food mostly. A can in one gulp."

The garage was two-car and very large; they went inside and stood for a moment, looking at the grease on the floor where the family car was parked when home. Then he saw the bike and the Model T racer on the other side. The bike was red and black and had a big market basket on the handle bars; it was up on a rear wheel stand and the chain was off the sprockets.

"Bike trouble?" McGee asked .

"Flat tire," Johnny said gloomily. "That darned old Mr. Mowbray, he always busts bottles on his sidewalk, and I forget and run over the glass. I'll have to fix it tomorrow."

"You carry papers in the basket?" McGee asked.

"The whole route," Johnny said proudly. "I fold 'em here and throw at the porches. Only miss a few once in a while."

"I did that," McGee said. "Back home when I had the route."

"You live in Nebraska, don't you?" Johnny asked. "Up on the river."

"The old Missouri," McGee smiled, thinking of the river. "I made two cents a paper. Say, what's the matter with the racer?"

He was liking things the way they were now, talking about bikes and racers and keeping the boy away from asking that question; it would be good as long as he kept them talking like this. He walked over and slapped the rear cowling of the racer where the turtleback curved down to a narrow point. The racer was blocked up on four pieces of wood, and the tires were off the rims.

"Nothing," Johnny said. "Dad lets me take it apart and put it together, but I got to wait three years before I'm old enough to drive. Then maybe he'll get some tires and stuff, and I can put it together real good. It's a real slick job, isn't it?"

"It sure is," McGee said. "I'll bet it can roll."

Dick had told McGee all about the racer, what it would do, how it drove, everything; and McGee, having owned one himself, knew the hours of hard labor poured into the buggish-looking little car, hours of love and pleasure. The boy was speaking again, through his thoughts.

"It'll do over ninety," he said. "I don't know much about carburetors yet, and I'm scared to take it apart for fear I won't get it together right."

"Say," McGee said, "let's take it apart right now, and I'll show you." He rolled up his sleeves and threw his cap on the workbench. "Get the tools, Johnny. I'll show you how to make this baby purr like a kitten."

They worked beside each other, bending over the motor, and McGee took the carburetor apart and explained the working and the parts, cleaned them and assembled it while Johnny watched. Then he made the boy remove the simple parts himself and put them together; and then, for good measure, forgetting time and reasons and becoming enthused himself, he filed the points and started the motor, listened to it critically for a moment, shut it off and adjusted the timing.

These things he did in silence, working precisely, with no wasted motion, and the boy stood beside him following the rapid flow of his fingers in wide-eyed admiration. When he had finished, Johnny brought a pan of oily kerosene, and they washed their hands and arms and dried off on waste. Johnny had a streak of grease on his chin, and McGee wiped it off.

"Boy," Johnny said, "that was fun."

McGee slapped the hood. "All you need is a pair of pliers and some baling wire, Johnny, and you can make these critters run forever." He grinned absently at the little car. "If anything made us learn how to use our hands, it was a Model T."

"I will some day," Johnny said. "Like—like you, Mike."

"Sure you will," McGee said. "Well, let's get some air and have a smoke."

THEY stepped outside, and McGee lighted a cigarette and rolled his sleeves down and took a big deep breath. The boy glanced across the back fence at a vacant lot, and then McGee saw the boys and heard their shouts, and saw the football sail into the air, wobbling end over end. A boy in a turtleneck sweater caught the punt and came up the field like a miniature Red Grange.

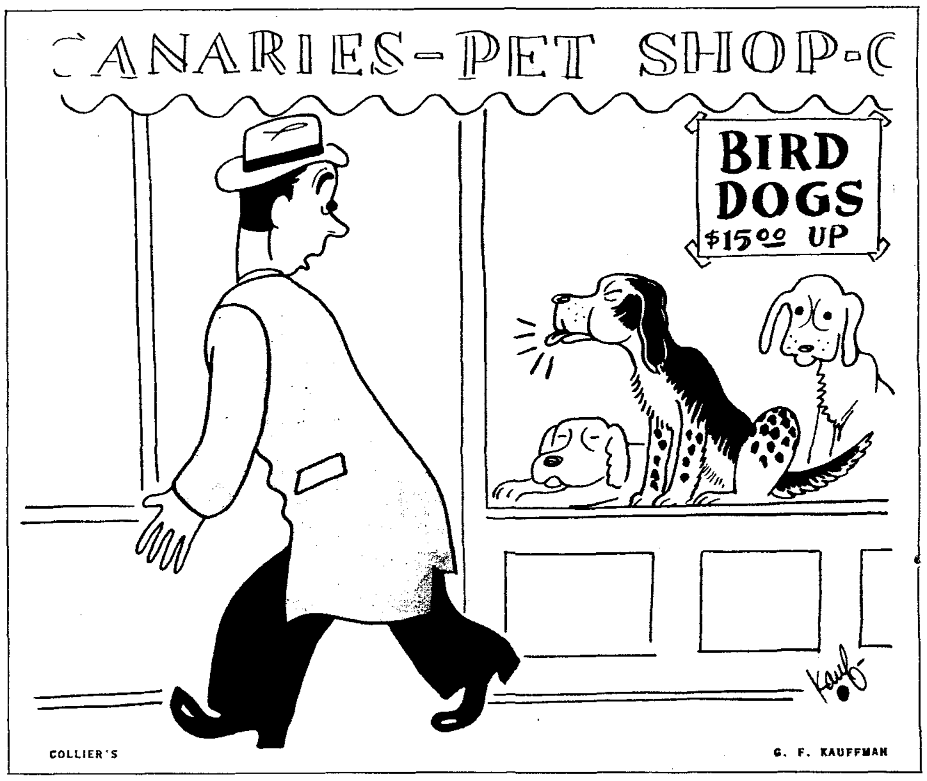
McGee said, "Hey, why aren't you over there?"

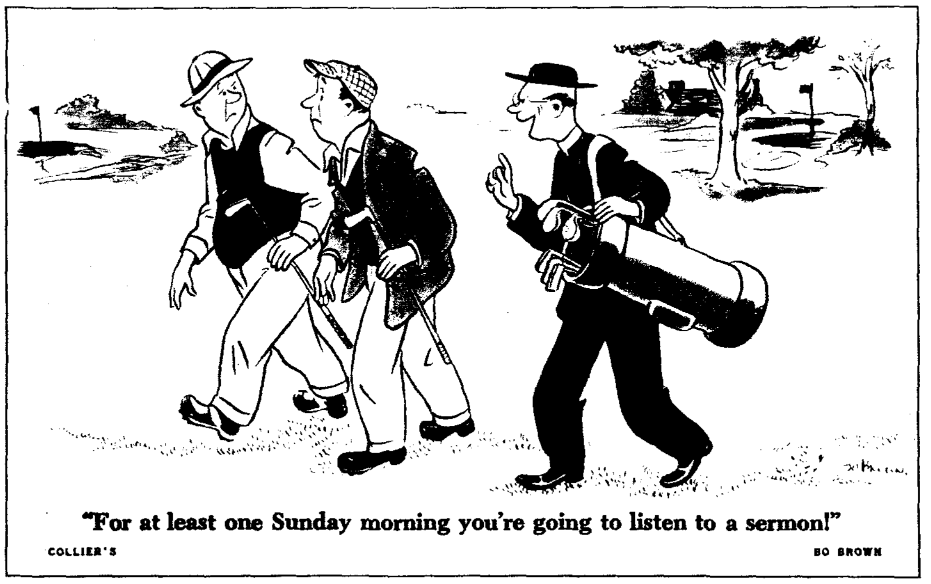
"Aw," Johnny said, watching the ball. "I didn't feel like it. It gets old, anyway."

"What do you play?" McGee asked.

"Tailback. I made four touchdowns last week."

"Thought you didn't care for it?" McGee said.





"For at least one Sunday morning you're going to listen to a sermon!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

The boy scuffed one toe over the other, looking at the ground. "I got sort of sick of it. I got plenty of time to play yet."

"Sure," McGee said. "Listen, I'm thirsty. How about a malt *some*place?"

Johnny brightened at that and looked up. "Hooker's drugstore is just two blocks. They make good malts when they have ice cream."

McGee was adjusting his tie before the boy finished. "Well, then," he said. "What are we waiting for? Workingmen have to have food."

THEY entered the drugstore, and the red-headed youth behind the counter said, "Hi, Johnny. The same?"

Johnny said, "What do you want, Mike?"

"This is on me," McGee said. "Whatever you take, Johnny."

"Two chocolate malts," Johnny said. "Red, this is Mike. He just came back."

"Gosh," Red said. "Hello, Mike."

"Hello, Red," McGee said.

Red was a high-school boy, probably a sophomore, McGee thought, and working after school and week ends—a nice boy with red hair and big freckles. He mixed the malts and served them, looking at McGee's campaign ribbons.

They drank slowly, and Johnny looked up, a ring of chocolate on his upper lip. "Is it all right?" he asked.

"Good," McGee said. "Red, you make a wicked malt."

"Thanks," Red said. He blushed and rubbed on the fountain with a cloth. "Say, Johnny, how come you didn't play in the game this afternoon?"

Johnny frowned, and McGee said, "What's this about a game?"

"Aw," Johnny said. "We just fool around."

"Fool around, my eye!" Red said. "It was for first place in the Midget League, and your team got beat by that North Side Y.M.C.A. bunch. You should have been there."

"I was busy," Johnny said. He finished his malt in a gulp. "Let's go home, Mike."

McGee said, "Sure," and gave the redhead fifty cents. "Have a malt on me," he said. "Come on, Johnny."

"Thanks," Red said. "Gee, thanks, Mike."

Johnny was blinking back near-tears when they moved up the sidewalk. They rounded the corner, and he swallowed hard, kicked at a stone, and was himself again. The sunlight was low now under the trees, and McGee was suddenly aware of time that had gone so swiftly he had no recollection of its passage.

"It's late," he said. "I didn't know we worked that long."

"They'll be home pretty quick," Johnny said. He walked faster, his shoulders thrown back.

"Why didn't you tell me about that game?" McGee said. "You should have played. I would have watched you."

"They started before you came," Johnny said. "It was almost over."

"I'm sorry," McGee said.

"Aw, that's all right." Johnny grinned. "We had a lot of fun."

And then it came to McGee that this boy and not himself had made the time pass; that this boy was the one who had carefully avoided all talk of Dick during the afternoon. For the boy had known how he felt, from that first moment in the door, and had swallowed his own sorrow, in an effort to make it easier for McGee. The boy had thought he was afraid to talk of Dick so soon, just as he had been afraid of the boy, and he had made the hours pass so that meeting the family would not be a sad and difficult thing.

McGee remembered the afternoon, from their talk in the room to the work on the racer and the malt; and it was funny to realize that instead of him steadying the boy, the boy had steadied him. McGee wondered if Johnny had any idea of how Dick had been loved by his friends, himself included; it would be a good thing to tell the boy in the near future. It would make him very proud.

They walked the last half block and went into the house, into the cool living room, and sat on the big couch.

Johnny said, "You want a drink of water, Mike?"

"Yes," McGee said. "Please, Johnny."

The boy went into the kitchen and McGee heard him chipping ice and pouring water. He returned with two large glasses, and sat down beside McGee, and they drank in silence. Then McGee set his glass on the floor and suddenly put his arm around Johnny, and the boy moved in close and rubbed one knuckle against his eyes.

LOOKING down at the yellow hair, it came to McGee that this boy had everything at twelve years that all the dictators in the world couldn't shove out and replace with false principles. It had something to do with courage and many other qualities he had wondered about being present in small boys for a long time, simply because he hadn't seen anyone like Johnny for many months. If Johnny was an example of a few million other boys, McGee decided that the country wouldn't have to worry about the next generation; the thought made him feel good inside.

"Feel better?" he asked.

"Lots," Johnny said.

"It's five to six," McGee said softly.

Johnny nodded, looking down at the rug. "They'll be here any minute."

McGee tightened his arm, and his throat cleared, and his voice was strong, the way he wanted to hear it. He said, "Thanks, Johnny, for a swell afternoon. Come on. Do you want me to tell you now, or would you rather wait till your folks get here?"

Johnny looked up at him and sniffed once, the freckles standing out big and brown on his nose. McGee grinned and watched his face work solemnly for a moment, then relax and break slowly into a smile.

"I'll wait, Mike," he said. "Say, here they are now."

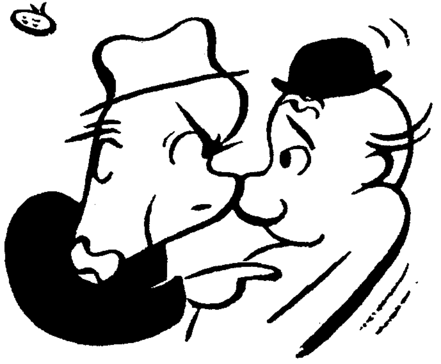
McGee got up and stood in the center of the room, his arm around the boy's shoulders, waiting for the family. He felt loose and comfortable, and his throat was unballed and ready for speech. He felt almost at home when the door opened and he heard their voices in the hall, and then he braced himself and went out to meet them, the boy beside him, steady as a rock and smiling as his father came through the archway.

THE END

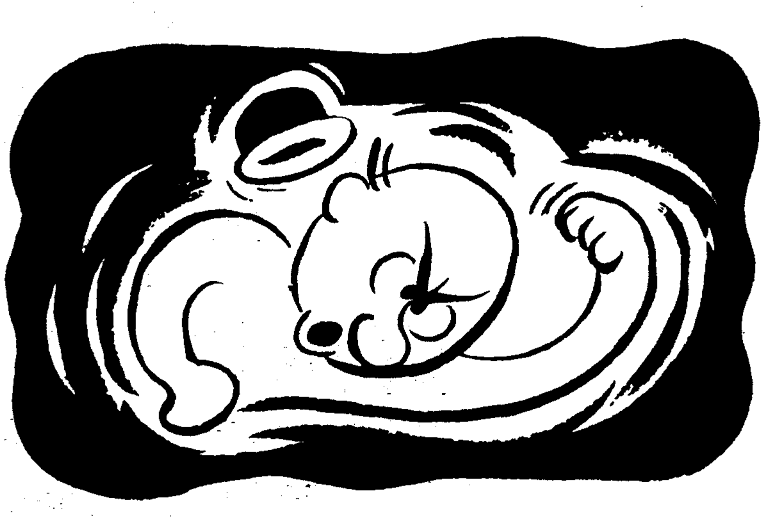
"Yes, officer, I slugged him!"

1. I am stooping over to pick up a nickel, when "bang" . . . I bust every button on my shorts. That is when this character steps up and says:

2. "Excuse me, brother, but Gripper fasteners end button-bother. Why, 9 out of 10 pairs of men's woven shorts had them before the war. They are neat, dependable, laundry-proof, and they never come off. And . . ."



3. "Gripper fasteners?" I ask him. "Yeah," he says, "you can always tell 'em by the trademark *Gripper* stamped right in the fastener." "Where can I buy 'em," I inquire.

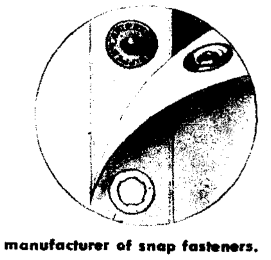


4. "Oh," says he, "you can't!" Right then, officer, I let him have it. Yeah . . . I guess I *should* have figured that the folks who make Grippers would still be busy with war work. But what a relief it will be when I can get Gripper fasteners on my shorts again!

GRIPPER* FASTENERS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*"the laundry-proof snap fastener that ends "button-bother"



Made by Scovill Manufacturing Company, Waterbury, Conn. • America's leading manufacturer of snap fasteners.

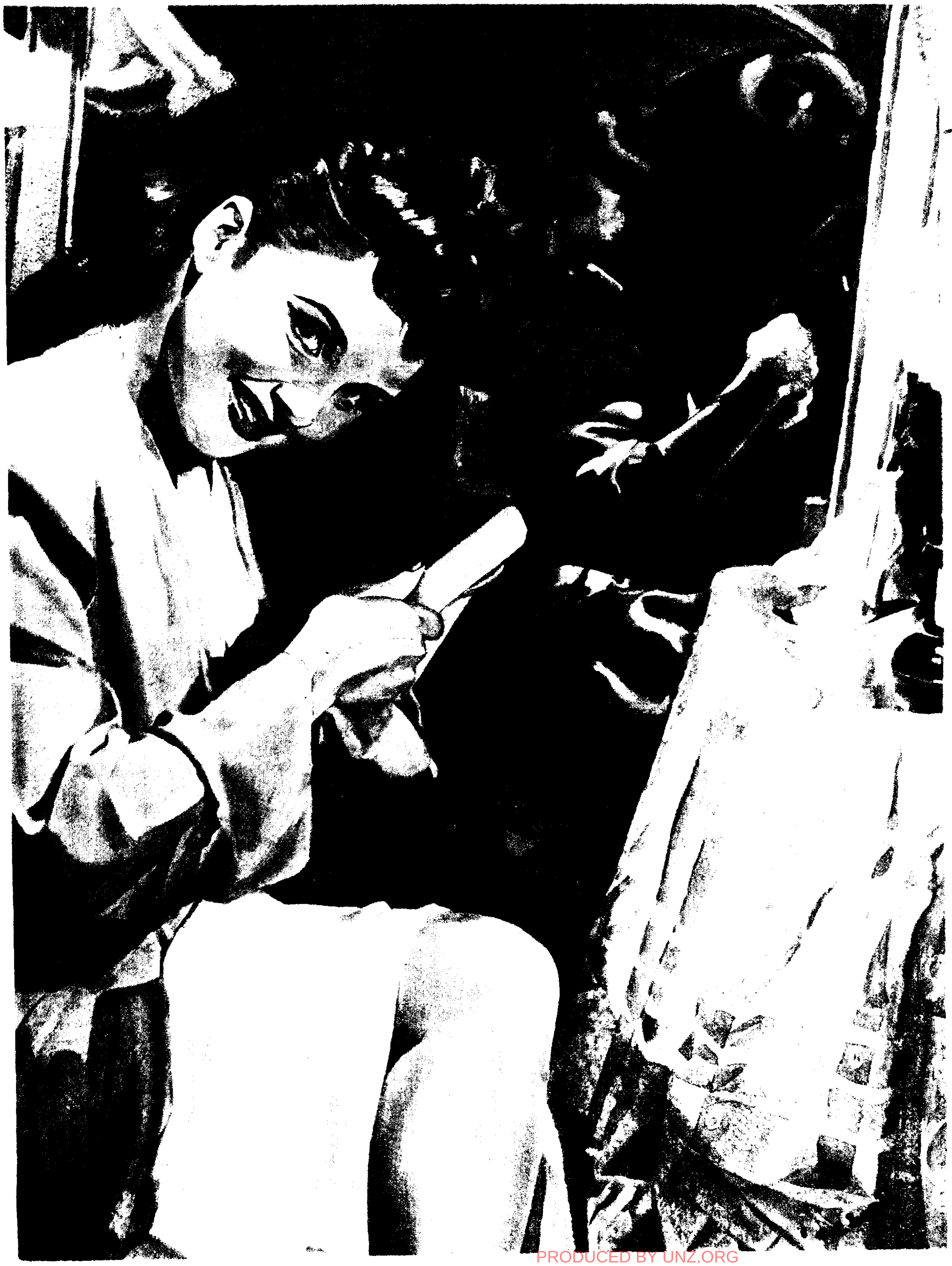
ODDS AGAINST THE GIRL

BY W. R. BURNETT

The Story:

Just as Ray Cooper had predicted on the day Lonnie Drew married beautiful Mary Donnell, the Greek (Jack Pool) found a way to revenge himself upon Lonnie for winning Mary from him. Cleverly inducing Lonnie to handle the placing of a hundred grand on a fixed horse race for a big gambling syndicate which included tough, racketeering Gus Borgia and Benny Hayt, the Greek then engineered a hold-up, and Lonnie was out the hundred grand and in a tight spot. But being a gambler at heart, Lonnie refused to give in, took the biggest gamble of his life, and bet the money on credit: if the horse lost, he'd have the syndicate and every bookie in the country gunning for him, but the race looked like a cinch, and though he'd still be out a hundred grand when it came time to pay off, Lonnie wanted to hand over the win money to Borgia and Hayt, then expose the Greek's doublecross. Although opposed on principle to gambling, Mary loyally stood by her husband when she found out about the deal. But the Greek had another trick up his sleeve: Just before the race, Ed Gregg, owner of the syndicate's horse, called Lonnie aside, told him that he'd been ordered to the stewards' room—someone had spread a rumor that the race was fixed, and trouble lay ahead. . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



"Shall I wear it up tonight, Lonnie?" Mary was still struggling with her hair which she couldn't get fixed to suit her

Conclusion

IN THE stewards' room, the head steward, John O'Malley, a big red-faced Irishman, was talking to the assembled group of owners, trainers and jockeys. Monk Curwen, in Gregg's gold and white silks, was lounging back against a table, glancing about him ironically. Gregg was nervously chewing on a ragged cigar and from time to time throwing a glance at old Burt Crouse, who looked grim.

"Boys," O'Malley was saying, "I'm not accusing anybody of anything, you understand; but a lot of ugly rumors have been going around about this race. I've been told a dozen times that it's a boater. Nobody seems to know who is supposed to win but everybody seems to think there's more here than meets the eye. So far we've run off five races today, and not a soul has suggested that any of them were other than straight. Now why, boys, would there be such rumors about this one race on the card? See what I mean? Where there's smoke, maybe there's some fire. Any comments?"

He glanced about him mildly at the group. Nobody said a word.

"All right. I'm not expecting anybody to deny anything, because I'm not accusing anybody. I just want you all to know that we are going to take special pains to see that this is a true-run race. If there's one jockey in this race who gives any signs, even the slightest, that he's not trying for his life to win, I'll see that he gets the severest penalty that's in my power to inflict. Not only that; the first four horses will be given a saliva test. If they've got any junk in them, the trainers are in real trouble, and I'll do my best to see that their licenses are taken away from them. Do I make myself clear?"

There were low murmurs of assent. Most of the jockeys stood staring at the floor, avoiding one another's eyes.

"Now I've had my say," said O'Malley, "and no hard feelings. We've been trying to run this track straight to the best of our ability. So far I think we've done a pretty fair job and we've got the confidence of the public. Let's keep it. All right, boys." He turned and went out.

NOBODY made any comment. The men filed out slowly. Burt Crouse was almost purple in the face with fury. He stamped out, brushing jockeys out of his way. Gregg noticed this and smiled grimly. The old gypsy didn't have much chance now with all the owners trying. There was no time for a conference of the horsemen implicated in the coup. Besides, it would have been too dangerous now. O'Malley was a tough man and he meant business.

Gregg shook his head. At the moment he was wishing that he was back on his little Kentucky farm among the bluegrass, sitting on the veranda, with a tall drink in his hand, listening to the birds chirping, and watching his yearlings cavorting in the paddocks.

Racing was just one damn' thing after another. You couldn't win! If you had a fast-track horse ready, it rained. If you were all set to go with a mudder, there was a drought. When you had plenty of racing, your horses were all crippled; during a lay-off, they were all sound as a dollar. Gregg remembered the Florida horseman who had immortalized himself by jumping off a bridge, crying: "No more close finishes!"

Gregg groaned inwardly, went back to the grandstand, took Lonnie aside, and told him what had happened. Lonnie whistled, then stood shaking his head.

"No use to tell Gus," he said. "We either win or we don't."

"I'll do my best with the old horse," said Gregg. "But he's going to have his hands full with Gilt Armor forcing the pace. Burt Crouse is mad as hell. He can't win now, but he can still run me into the ground."

"Which horse are you most afraid of?"

"Sea Hawk. Of course, he's not what he used to be, but he ran a great mile at Arlington once. Oh, well."

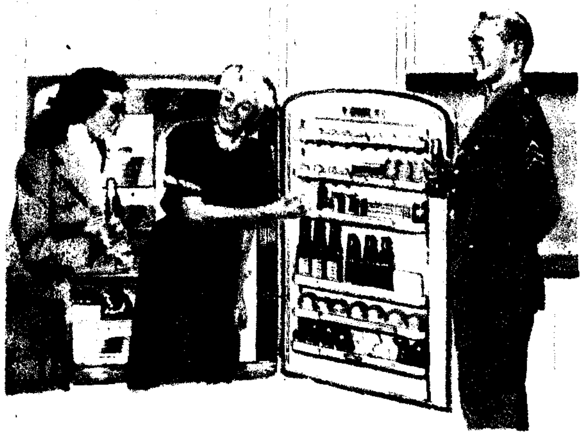
Lonnie was lost in thought for a moment.

"Ed," he said finally, "there's something

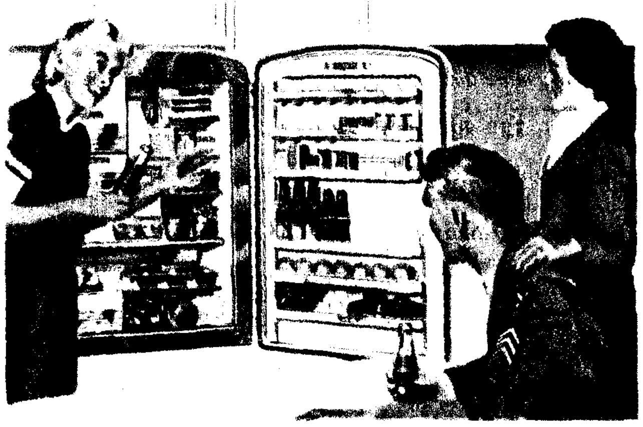
"We'll get a cold reception when they open the door!"

My wife looked startled. "Why! the first time your folks have seen me or the baby—I don't understand." "You will," I promised her, "and you'll love it."

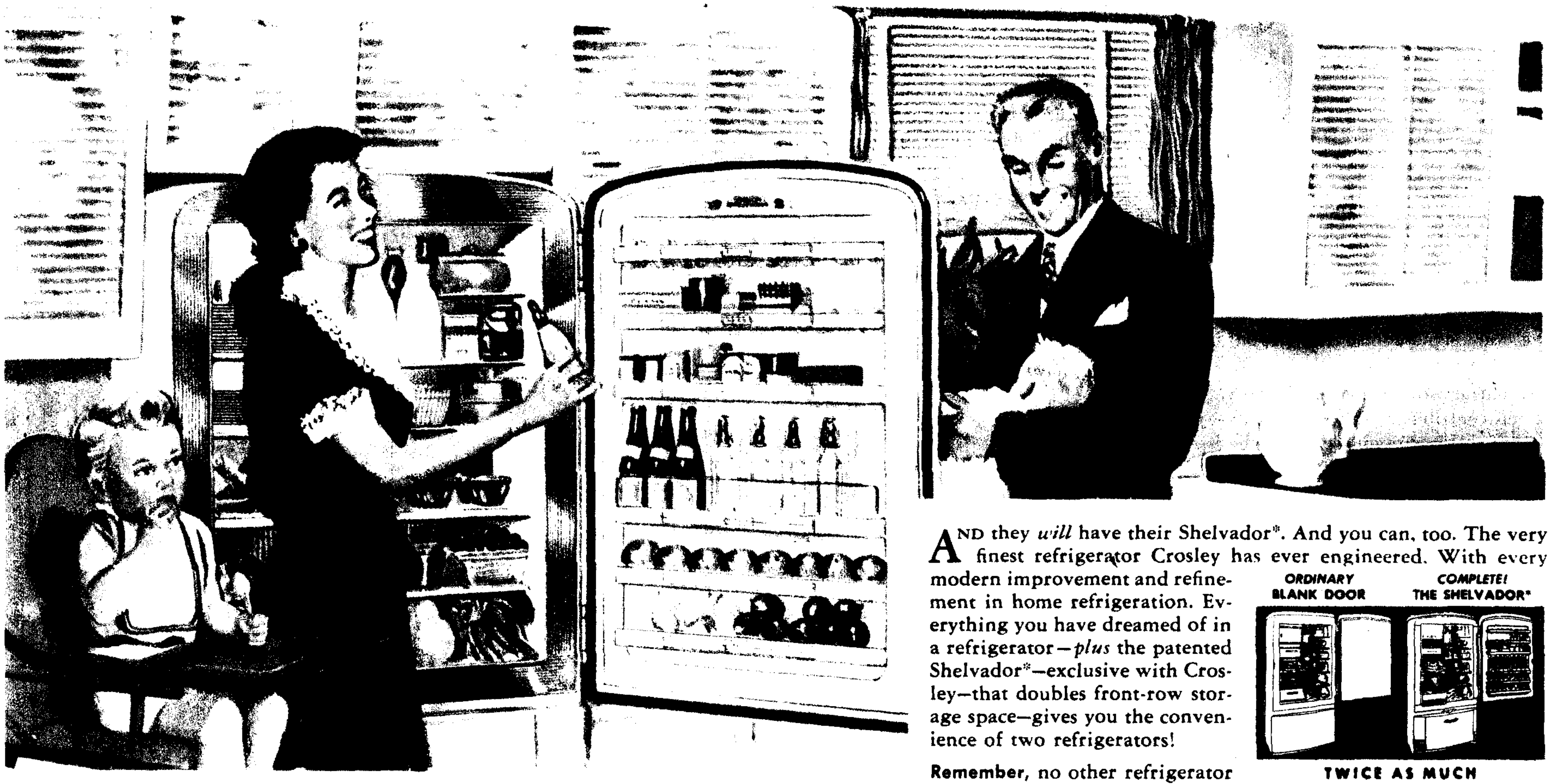
Mother and Dad took Anne and the baby to their hearts. (I knew they would.) "You poor child," said Mother to Anne. "After that long, hot trip you must be dying of thirst. Come in the kitchen. I'll get you a nice cold drink."



Mother opened the Shelvador* and pulled out chilled bottles. "So this is the cold reception," exclaimed Anne, "and this is the door! Wonderful!" "It is," agreed Mother. "It keeps a dozen bottles ice cold and has a place for eggs, fruit and all the small, packaged foods that usually clutter up a refrigerator."



"That leaves plenty of room for the baby's extra milk," Mother pointed out, "and there's space in the Shelvador* for your formula bottles. A sanitary place where they won't tip over." Anne looked at me. "Darling, can we have a bottle-door some day?" "Shelvador*", I corrected. "You bet."



AND they *will* have their Shelvador*. And you can, too. The very finest refrigerator Crosley has ever engineered. With every modern improvement and refinement in home refrigeration. Everything you have dreamed of in a refrigerator—*plus* the patented Shelvador*—exclusive with Crosley—that doubles front-row storage space—gives you the convenience of two refrigerators!

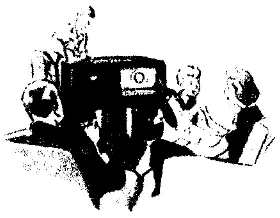
Remember, no other refrigerator has the Shelvador*—none is truly complete without it. It's worth waiting for—worth saving for.

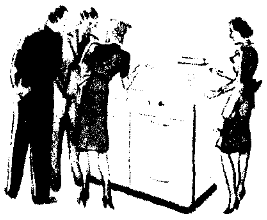
ORDINARY BLANK DOOR

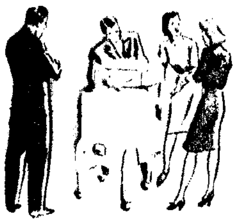
COMPLETE! THE SHELVADOR*

TWICE AS MUCH
FOOD TO THE FRONT
WITHIN EASY REACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.







CROSLEY

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION, CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

RADIOS • RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS • FM • TELEVISION • SHORT WAVE • RADAR • REFRIGERATORS • HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES • THE CROSLEY CAR • HOME OF WLW, "THE NATION'S STATION"

VITAMINS

Summer meals found wanting

Astonishing, in vitamin-conscious America, are the following facts. Moreover, they are documented by studies including the survey of national eating habits issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. The facts:

That literally millions of the nation's families were eating meals deficient in essential vitamins and minerals.

That average summer diets lacked essential vitamins and minerals just as much as and often more than winter diets.

Summer sun not enough

Through this evidence, the problem of "hot weather slump" and loss of energy—common to so many in summertime—may be viewed in a brand-new light.

Mistaken are those who think their vitamin and mineral supply is adequate in summer just because they eat more green vegetables, more fresh fruit, get out in the sunshine more often.

Vacation Days
. . . more enjoyable with buoyant energy

Contrary to the belief of many, sunshine contributes Vitamin D only—just one of the six vitamins known to be essential in human nutrition.

Theory disproved

Other reasons why our summer eating may not include enough vitamins: (1) most of us eat less food; (2) we eat more starchy foods, less meat, more liquids; (3) vegetables popular in summer diets (sweet corn, for example) are often poor sources of Vitamin A and Iron, while leafy vegetables have a tendency to lose their vitamin content in hot weather; (4) cooking robs some foods, even fresh vegetables, of part of their vitamin content.

A comprehensive study reveals that through cooking, spinach loses about 35% of its Vitamin B, cabbage up to 90% of its Vitamin C.

Frequently lacking more in summer diets than in winter diets: Vitamins A, B_1 (Thiamin) and B_2 (Riboflavin); also the important minerals, Iron and Phosphorus.

Disproved, therefore, is the theory that vitamin-mineral supplements are needed only in winter; sensible are those who take extra vitamins and minerals throughout the year—in summer as well as winter.

Blood Tests
. . . show need for Iron

Modern way

High vitamin-mineral efficiency in the average diet, both summer and winter, can be achieved by taking Vimms. For Vimms supply all the vitamins that Government experts and doctors recognize as essential in the diet.

Besides vitamins, Vimms supply Iron—often low in summer diets. Iron is essential to the body's production of hemoglobin that gives blood its natural red color. You also get Calcium and Phosphorus necessary for strong bones, teeth and body tissue.

Vimms come in 3 small tablets to be taken daily—preferably at breakfast. Actually no one-per-day product gives you all the vitamins and minerals you get in Vimms. Moreover, Vimms are pleasant-tasting, have no aftertaste.

Three Vimms At Breakfast
. . . assure daily quota of vitamins, minerals

The Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council has adopted Recommended Daily Allowances for vitamins and minerals. Three Vimms daily will raise the average diet of children and adults up to or above these Recommended Daily Allowances.

about the Crouse business I'd like to find out. It looks to me like he's been double-crossed. If we lose, forget it. But if we win, slip him a hundred dollars or so and see if he'll talk."

"All right, Lonnie. I'll try it."

SALADIN, a big chestnut horse with a white blaze between his eyes, entered the paddock, accompanied not only by Gregg and Monk, the jockey, but by two strapping grooms, who kept talking to him in quiet voices. He stood over sixteen hands and had the strength of a locomotive. Although he was usually mild-mannered at the post, for some reason he hated the track paddocks and was always restive until the bugle sounded, announcing the race.

"What do we do now, Mr. Gregg?" asked Monk, sighing.

"Just what we intended. Take him out in front and keep him there. That's all the instructions I can give you, Monk. You've ridden him before."

Monk grunted and looked about him at the other horses and men. Johnny Gonzalez had the mount on Gilt Armor, and his dark Mexican face contrasted strikingly with the white silks of the Crouse Stable. Near him was spindly little Abe Kean, also in the Crouse white silks; he was riding the dark horse, Day Moon.

Sea Hawk, a long-legged bay gelding, though more lightly weighted by the handicapper than Saladin, which had been a stake horse at one time, was the favorite, and at the moment his odds were two-to-one. Bunny Winch, one of the best stake riders in the Middle West, had the mount on him, and was swaggering around the paddock in the pink and gold silks of the Miami Farms, rolling a cud of tobacco from cheek to cheek, and grinning at the people who were jammed at the railings staring at the horses.

There were four other horses in the paddock: Lone Star, a bay mare from Texas, which was conceded no chance at all; Ricardo, a three-year-old black gelding, lightly weighted, which had a lot of speed but seemed to show most of it in his workouts; Blue Flame, a gimpy old horse, seven, which every now and then ran a hard-hitting race, usually over an off track; and a four-year-old mare, Animate, flighty, post-shy, but with a turn of speed that at times seemed blinding. However, she was given to sulking and was a very poor racing tool.

Crouse passed Gregg and spoke out of the corner of his mouth:

"Somebody pulled a fast one."

"So it seems," said Gregg without looking up.

Far off, beyond the grandstand, a bugle sounded, blowing first call, summoning the horses to the track for the running of the sixth race, the Ashland Handicap at one mile.

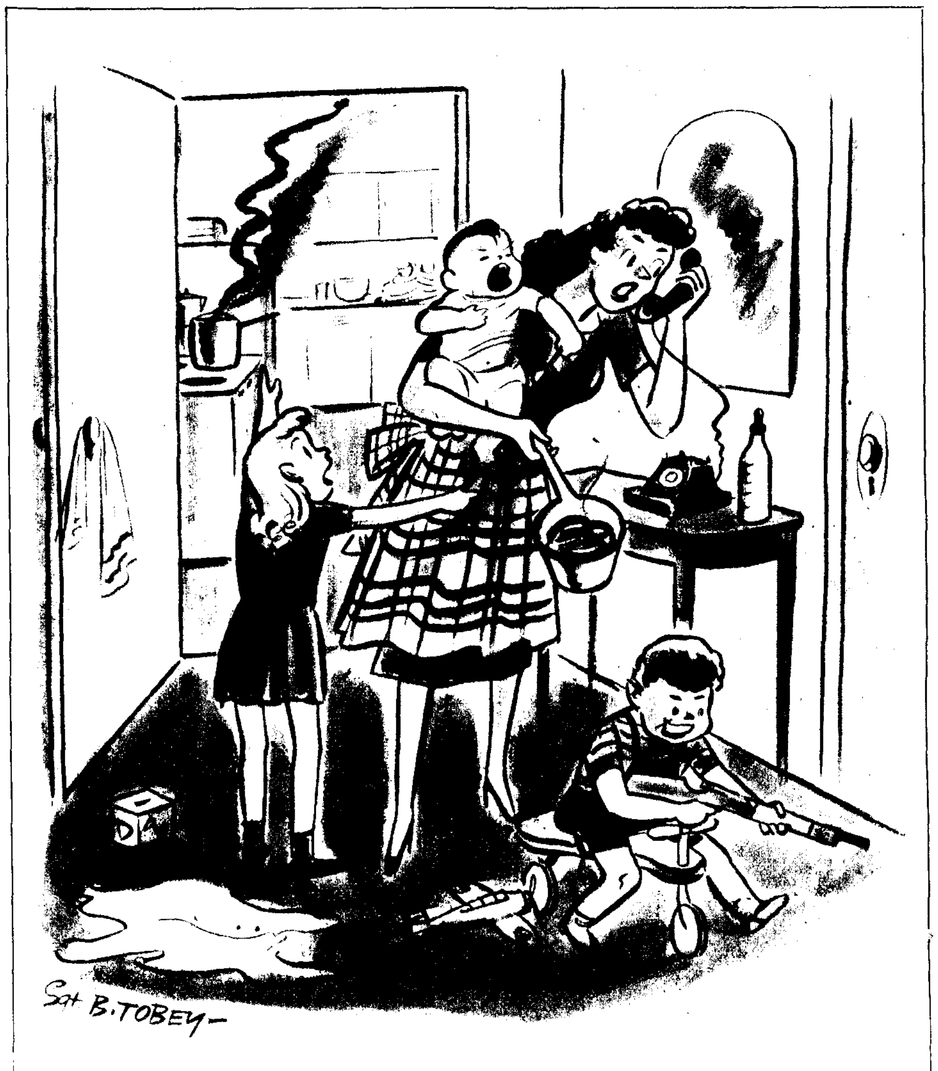
Gregg gave Monk a leg up, and as the little jockey swung into the saddle, Gregg said, "Take him out in front—just like I said. Die there if you have to."

Monk nodded and saluted casually with his whip. The parade to the post started. A wave of excitement rose from the huge crowd, and the horses and their jockeys sensed it and reacted to it in their various ways.

Saladin was quiet now; he knew the race was not far off; no more hanging around the paddock with strangers staring at him. Monk set his jaw. Abe Kean became paler and more gaunt-looking, and his mount, Day Moon, a sleepy-headed horse, woke up a little and nickered at the crowd. Sea Hawk pranced sideways, nervous as a cat; but his tough-faced little jockey, Bunny Winch, was as calm as if he were riding in the park; turning, he spat across the big gelding's shoulder for luck.

Gilt Armor, in the number-one post position, with Johnny Gonzalez up, led the parade to the track; he raised his front feet like a high-school horse and Johnny kept eying the bandages on his front legs apprehensively. Animate, the skittish mare, was accompanied to the track by a Shetland pony, led by a groom; she wouldn't go any place without the mischievous little pony which was more trouble than she was.

IN THE grandstand, people were standing up to see the horses come out onto the track. Ray crossed his fingers deep in his pocket and stared relentlessly at his program, though the print was swimming. Lonnie was smoking a cigar calmly. He had his arm across the back of Mary's chair and from time to



COLLIER'S "No, Gladys, you didn't wake me" SGT. BARNEY TOBEY

FATHER AGAINST DAUGHTER

Abby's father had raised her in the image of her dead mother, innocent and unworldly. Then the world came to her in the form of Barry, a man who knew what he wanted and meant to take it. The story of Abby's struggle to escape from her father's domination, her fight for a love of her own, makes a dramatic and moving serial which begins next week

THE EXPENDABLE HEART

BY FAITH BALDWIN

time his hand gently patted her shoulder.

"Look!" said Mary, "here they come!" She stood up. "Ours is number two, isn't it? Oh—I see him. He's enormous, and he's a red color like Bell Song."

"Chestnut," said Lonnie.

"All right—chestnut. But that's a good omen, don't you think? I mean, because he's the same color as Bell Song."

Lonnie turned to Ray. "She's beginning to talk like a typical woman horse-player."

Ray managed a weak, counterfeit smile. He wished that he were any place but here. He didn't even know if he could stand it. He felt like telling Lonnie that he had a bad headache and wanted to go to the men's lounge and lie down for a while. But he winced as he imagined the look he'd get.

Lonnie looked over at Gus' box. Benny was sitting slumped down, staring uneasily at his program. Wanda was smoking a cigarette and looking about her calmly. Gus flung a cigar butt away from him violently, then stood up and began to go through all his pockets. He turned and said something to Wanda, who immediately began to look about her on the floor of the box. Finally Gus found his cigar case.

Nobody had seen anything of the Greek all afternoon. They were all beginning to wonder what had happened that could keep him away from the track on a day like this.

"He's getting awful jittery lately," Benny suggested. "Maybe he can't take it."

But just as the horses were nearing the starting gate, he appeared out of the mezzanine and went to Gus' box. He was wearing a tight-fitting double-breasted topcoat of some dark material, and a black Homburg hat. He had a white boutonniere in his lapel, and he was carrying a cane.

"Look at Cholly Knickerbocker," said Lonnie, nudging Mary. "Your old soul mate."

"Doesn't he look a little pale?"

"He should," said Lonnie. "Besides, on him it looks good."

Gus said something to the Greek, who turned and smiled and bowed in the direction of Lonnie's box. Lonnie bowed, too, ironically, and Mary nodded briefly with a little fixed smile.

THE starter was having plenty of trouble. Animate was holding up the race by her antics at the post. They would no sooner get her into her stall then she'd break through, and they'd have to do it all over again. This happened four or five times. Then they tried backing her in with no better results.

Little by little her nervousness began to communicate itself to the other horses. Gilt Armor reared in the gate and almost caused an accident. Johnny Gonzalez was forced to dismount and get up again. Lone Star broke out prematurely and ran a sixteenth before her jockey could slow her down and turn her around.

The crowd was frantic, and loud yells of both encouragement and protest came from the jammed grandstand. It was the big betting race of the day. A huge fortune had been wagered by the crowd, and most of it was on either Sea Hawk, odds-on favorite now, or Saladin, second choice at two-to-one.

"I thought we'd do a little better than that," said Lonnie, referring to the odds, "but if we win . . ."

He was interrupted by a roar so violent that the concussion of it almost knocked his hat from his head.

"They're off!"

RAY got up but averted his eyes from the track. He still had his fingers crossed in his pocket, and he began to pray silently. Mary had Lonnie by the arm, squeezing with all her strength, but he noticed nothing.

Gilt Armor had beaten Saladin out of the gate and had now taken the track. Setting a burning pace, with the little Mexican kicking him forward, he took the first turn at a dizzy angle, opening up a lead of nearly two lengths. This bothered Monk Curwen because he could tell that the old horse, Saladin, didn't like it; he was blowing, fighting for his head. Monk heard thunder on his right and turned just in time to see Animate, the crazy little mare, go past him as if he were tied. In ten more jumps she had the lead, and the old front-running sprinter, Gilt Armor, was already beginning to chuck it. If he were outpaced this soon, then why exert himself? Gilt Armor started slowly to drop back, and Johnny Gonzalez whipped him fruitlessly.

Monk set out in pursuit of the filly, which was widening the gap at an alarming rate. Saladin seemed sluggish, not able to find his proper stride. He'd been bothered by Gilt Armor taking the lead from him at the start and he seemed a little bewildered now—not quite himself. Monk began to talk to him softly, urging him on. It wasn't time for the whip yet, not by a long shot.

"What's he *trying* to do with that mare?" cried Lonnie. "You'd think they were going five furlongs."

"That's the old Bill Daly," said Ray. "She might stagger in."

"There goes Sea Hawk," said Lonnie. "What's the matter with Monk? If the Hawk's that close to him at this stage, he's beat."

"What do you mean—Sea Hawk?" cried Ray, beside himself with excitement. "There go all of them."

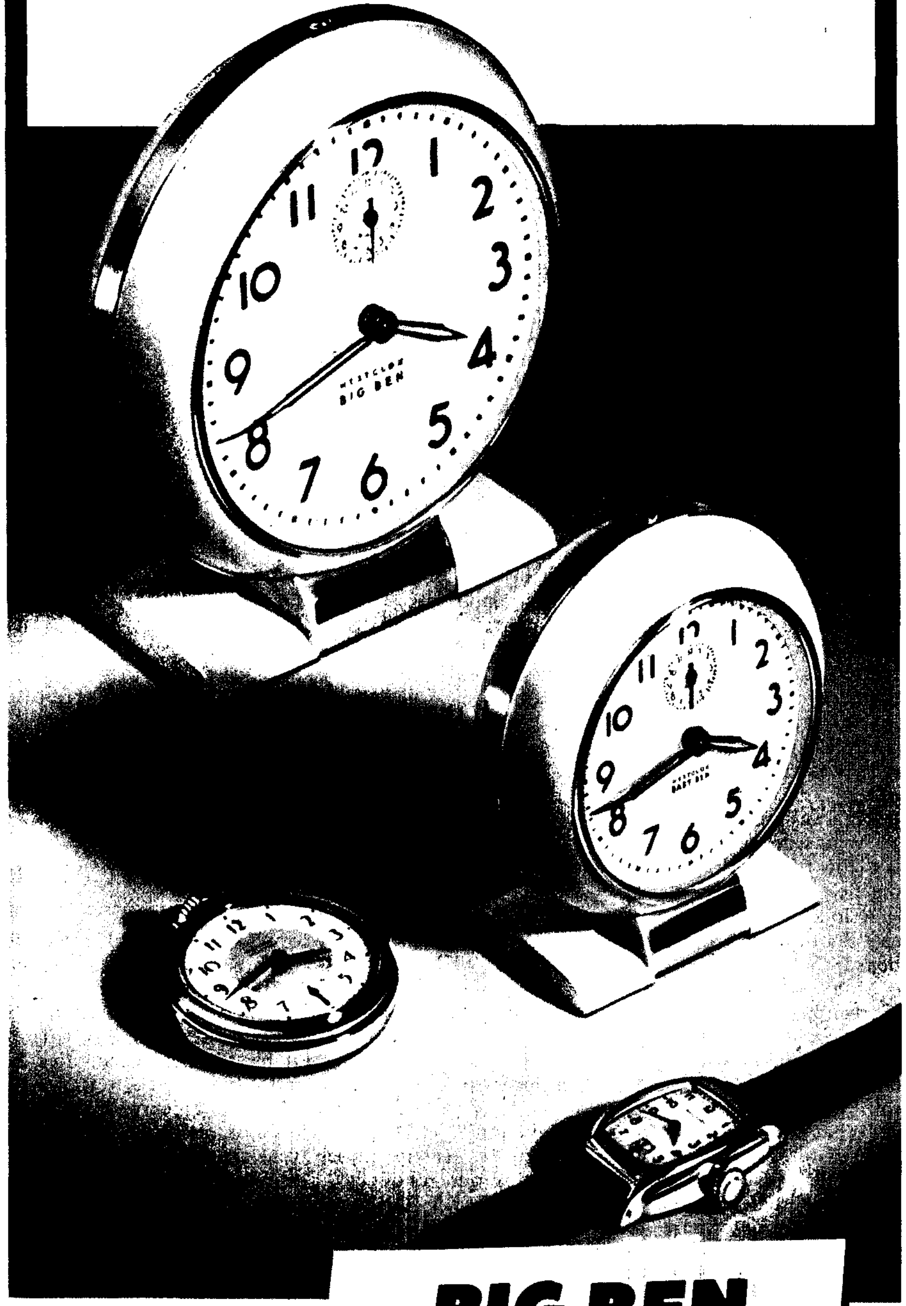
It was true. The whole pack was moving up on the back stretch with the exception of Gilt Armor, who was dropping out of it. Day Moon began to move up between horses and in a moment was running neck and neck with Sea Hawk.

"All right, big boy. Come on, big boy," Monk was coaxing. "Now we're going, big boy. Run for the oats, kid, run for the oats."

Saladin had found his stride, and he was running effortlessly now, all out, the way he liked to run. Slowly and methodically he was cutting down the lead of the wildly running mare, who was beginning to prick her ears at

YOUR WASTE PAPER CAN SHORTEN THE WAR!

Paper, vital to war in packing bullets, rations, blood plasma, is alarmingly scarce! So organize a Victory Search in your home. Bundle up those newspapers and magazines. Dig out those old books you'll never read again. Save every scrap—and put it in the scrap . . . for final Victory!



Pictured above—Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, and Wrist Ben. Eventually, these and other springwound and electric clocks, wrist and pocket watches, will again be available. And well worth waiting for!

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Ill.

BIG BEN

Keeps America On Time

WESTCLOX

Products of GENERAL TIME *Instruments Corp.*

the heavy sound of approaching hoofs. As she turned into the backstretch she tried to quit and run out, but the jockey steadied her and kept her in forward motion, although he couldn't get her back on the rail. Saladin thundered up behind her, and in a few strides Monk had him on the rail and in the lead.

A great roar went up from the grandstand.

"He may make it," groaned Ray, shutting his eyes.

"From here on in, it's tough," said Lonnie, glancing over at Gus' box.

Gus was chewing on a cigar and pounding the box railing. Wanda was yelling and waving her arms. Benny merely stared like a sleepwalker. But the Greek looked pale and shaken and kept wetting his lips as if they were parched.

Saladin was turning for home now, still running effortlessly. Monk kept him into the rail, so no one could slip through on him and save enough ground to inch out the race. Monk began to hear thunder on his right and, without looking around, took to the whip. A tremendous roar shook the grandstand. Three horses, running as a team, were gaining on the leader, all the jockeys whipping and kicking. Sea Hawk was on the inside, Day Moon in the middle, and Blue Flame, running one of his good races, was on the outside.

"I can't look," said Ray. "They're running over him."

"Oh—goodness," cried Mary. "Look at all those horses!"

"This is no race, it's a cavalry charge," cried Lonnie. "Keep him in there, Monk. Keep him in there."

The grandstand was a bedlam. Men were capering in the aisles, waving their programs, and yelling instructions at the jockeys.

THEY were close to home now, and Saladin had begun to falter. In a moment, all the other three horses were lapped on him. It was nothing but a blur to the people in the grandstand. Four horses were running neck and neck, the jockeys' heads were bobbing, their whips flashing, and huge clods of dirt were flying high, adding to the confusion.

As they neared the wire, Monk let out a rebel yell and hit the old horse a resounding blow with the whip.

Then it was over.

But nobody knew what had happened. Not even the jockeys. The people in the grandstand stared at one another in bewilderment. It was as if it had all occurred in a dream. They had seen a cloud of horses pass under the wire at precisely the same moment. A few half-hearted arguments started. But actually the huge crowd was stunned and did not cheer or applaud as the horses came back toward the judges' stand.

O'Malley was grinning. "That was a horse race, wasn't it?" he said to one of the other officials. "I guess I better give the boys a talking-to before every race."

"Who won it?"

"How the hell do I know? With four heads on the post!"

A loud murmur went up from the crowd as "Photo Finish" was flashed on the tote board.

Monk rode back, confidently flourishing his whip, and saluted the crowd as he dismounted.

"What makes you think you win it?" demanded Bunny Winch sourly. "I nipped you, son. I nipped you."

"What did you do? Put your tongue out?" sneered Monk. "It's long enough."

Lonnie had begun to sweat. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. Ray was at the point where he was merely glad it was all over, no matter which way it went.

"Why don't they tell us who won?" exclaimed Mary. "This is terrible."

"They have to develop the picture," said Lonnie. "As far as I'm concerned, I don't know whether we ran first or fourth. But that Monk Curwen rode a great race. The old horse looked like he was beat sure, then he gave a jump."

"It all depends," said Ray, "on who was nodding when."

There was a sudden hush as the crowd became aware that the men in the judges' stand were studying the photo to determine the winner.

Gus was pacing up and down in front of his box, puffing violently on his cigar. Benny seemed in a state of collapse. The Greek was standing up, smoking a cigarette, looking very pale but dapper.

Finally the numbers were flashed up in the midst of a wild tumult in the stands.

Saladin had won!

THEY had finally managed to get Mary to bed. She kept insisting she was so excited that she couldn't possibly sleep, but a few minutes after her head touched the pillow, she was breathing gently, dead to the world.

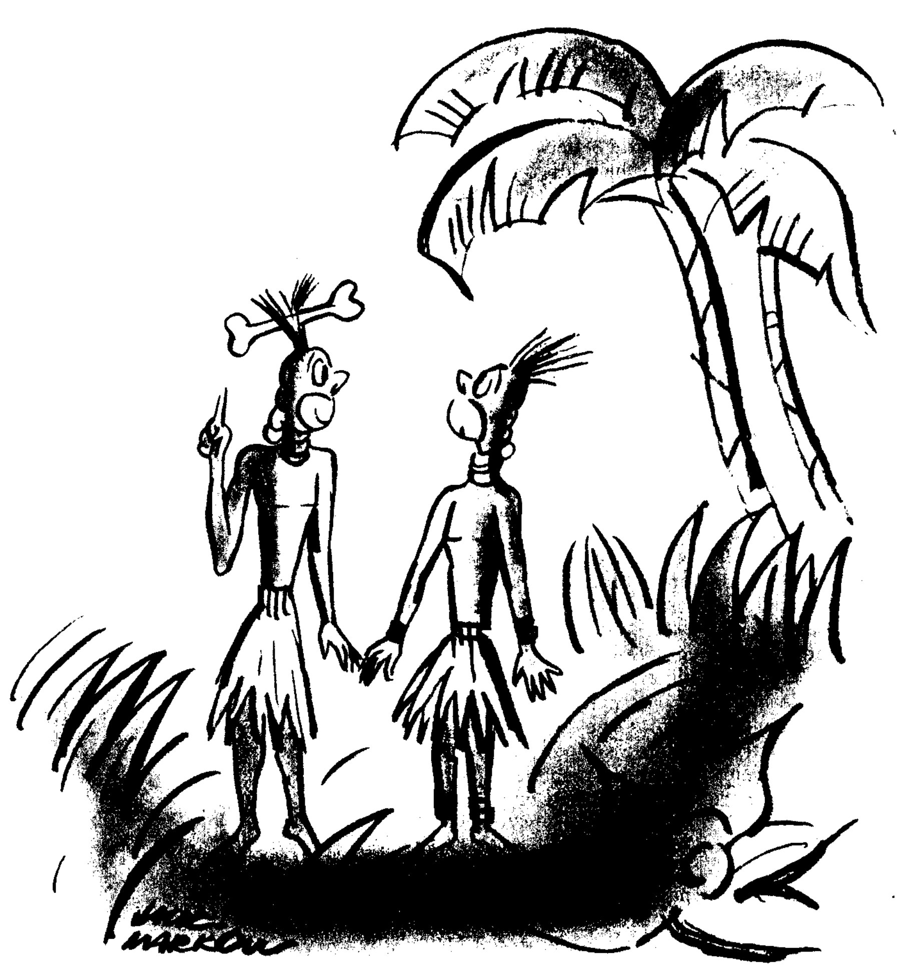
Lonnie went back to the living room and sat down wearily. He felt exhausted and his ankle was paining him. Ray looked pale and spent.

"Well," said Lonnie finally, "all we have to do now is wrap it up."

"Yes," agreed Ray, "that's all. It's only a little matter of explaining away a hundred Gs to Gus Borgia."

"That Gus!" laughed Lonnie. "What a character! I thought we'd never get away from him."

"He certainly had a load on when we left."



COLLIER'S "It's plastic" JACK MARKOW

"Don't worry. Wanda'll look after him."

"There— I agree with you. She's beginning to mother him already."

Ray smiled wanly and Lonnie laughed. There was a long pause, then Ray got up.

"I think I'll hit for the beach. I've been hanging around, hoping. . . ."

Lonnie looked up quickly. "Hoping I'd talk, eh?" He shook his head. "I'm not even sure myself yet. So why should you worry about it?"

"I hope you're not counting too much on Gus' friendship. When it comes to money, he's all business, I hear."

"I know, I know." Lonnie got up impatiently, anxious now for Ray to be on his way.

But Ray stalled, lighted a cigarette, glanced about the room aimlessly, very reluctant to leave.

"Jack Pool was looking better tonight," he said tentatively. "He even seemed to be having a good time."

"After four double Martinis," said Lonnie, yawning, "anybody's liable to have a good time."

"Do you suppose he's still got something up his sleeve?"

"If he has, he better produce."

The phone rang, and Lonnie answered it. The switchboard girl informed him that Mr. Jack Pool was in the lobby and would like to see him.

Lonnie hesitated for a moment, then said, "Okay. I'll be right down." He turned to Ray. "Speaking of the Greek . . ."

"You mean he's downstairs?"

Lonnie nodded. Then he tiptoed over to the bedroom door, opened it a crack and peered in. At the sight of Mary sleeping so peacefully, he smiled and closed the door.

On the way down in the elevator Ray asked, "Do you suppose he wants to make a deal?"

Lonnie was lost in thought, smiling to himself. He turned. "Who?"

Ray grimaced with impatience. "The Greek!"

"Oh, him. How should I know? Say, did you ever see anything in your life like the way Mary took to racing? And the way she's held up under all this trouble," crowed Lonnie. "She's got what it takes."

"She thinks you're infallible—that's all!"

Lonnie laughed. "She did—until I tried to tout her off Bell Song. I'll never forget the look she gave me after the race. She'll never feel the same about me again."

The elevator stopped and the boy opened the doors. The Greek was waiting, near the desk. He still looked dapper, but his boutonniere had wilted, and his hat was at a rakish angle, very unusual for him. He smiled pleasantly when they came up to him.

"Always together," he said, "like Damon and Pythias."

LONNIE glanced at him with but slightly veiled distaste, then turned to Ray. "Call you tomorrow."

Ray hesitated, looked from one to the other, wanting to stay. But there was a certain finality in Lonnie's tone he couldn't disregard. He said good night and went out.

"Well, Jack?"

The Greek glanced about him. "Wouldn't it be more convenient for us to talk upstairs?"

Lonnie shook his head curtly. "Mary's asleep. I don't want to disturb her."

The Greek smiled. "That little lady—she's caused us all quite a lot of trouble, hasn't she? Like Helen of Troy."

"Say, what the hell is this?" Lonnie demanded. "First, it's Damon and Pythias. Now it's Helen of Troy. You're a little loaded, aren't you, Jack?"

"Slightly," said the Greek, making an effort to recapture his usual manner. "At least, let's sit down."

Lonnie nodded, and the Greek selected a couple of chairs partially screened by a potted palm.

"I'm going to come right out in the open—" the Greek began.

"That's a little unusual for you, isn't it, Jack?" Lonnie cut in.

"Maybe. Maybe. Anyway, you need me and—shall we say?—I need you."

"Go ahead and say it. In other words, you want to make a deal."

"Precisely."

"No, Jack. No deal. You made one, some time ago, and now I'm going to force you to like it."

The Greek hesitated, stared thoughtfully at his shoes for a moment, then: "It would be so simple. You'd be solid with Gus, and the whole thing would be cleared up—and nobody hurt."

"Suppose the horse had lost?"

The Greek shrugged. "That would have been very unfortunate."

"For me, especially. And you did your best, didn't you, Jack?"

The Greek merely shrugged again.

"Okay. So now you take the consequences," Lonnie said.

The Greek glanced up and smiled shrewdly. "But how about you? You're in no bed of roses yourself. If you'd listen to me, it could all be worked out. No one the wiser."

"I'll take my bumps. You take yours. We'll be settling up Wednesday or Thursday."

The Greek studied Lonnie's face for a long time, then he rose.

"Well—I did my best, Lonnie," he said. "See you when we settle up."

He turned and walked to the door, swinging his cane.

"What a gall!" exclaimed Lonnie, grimacing.

HE FOUND Mary sitting in the living room, waiting for him. He was both irritated and touched.

"Don't say it," said Mary, forestalling him. "I woke up and you weren't here and . . ."

"Well, you're mighty calm about it."

"I called downstairs. The girl said you were in the lobby talking to Mr. Pool. What did he want?"

"Oh—nothing much. He's just worrying about the pay-off."

Mary looked at him shrewdly. "He's scared, isn't he?"

"Maybe. This is the first time I've ever seen the Greek loaded."

He sank down on the couch beside Mary and sighed. "I'm tired—for once."

"Too tired to talk?"

Lonnie turned and glanced at Mary in surprise. "Talk? What about?"

"Us."

Lonnie smiled wearily and put his arm around her. "Can't it wait until tomorrow?"

"No," said Mary, "I want to talk now while I'm feeling the way I am. By tomorrow, I might change my mind."

"Well, this sounds serious."

"It is. And important. It's mostly about you, Lonnie."

"Me?"

"Yes. It's that . . . well, this may sound awfully silly to you . . . but what I want more than anything else in the world, Lonnie, is for you to be happy."

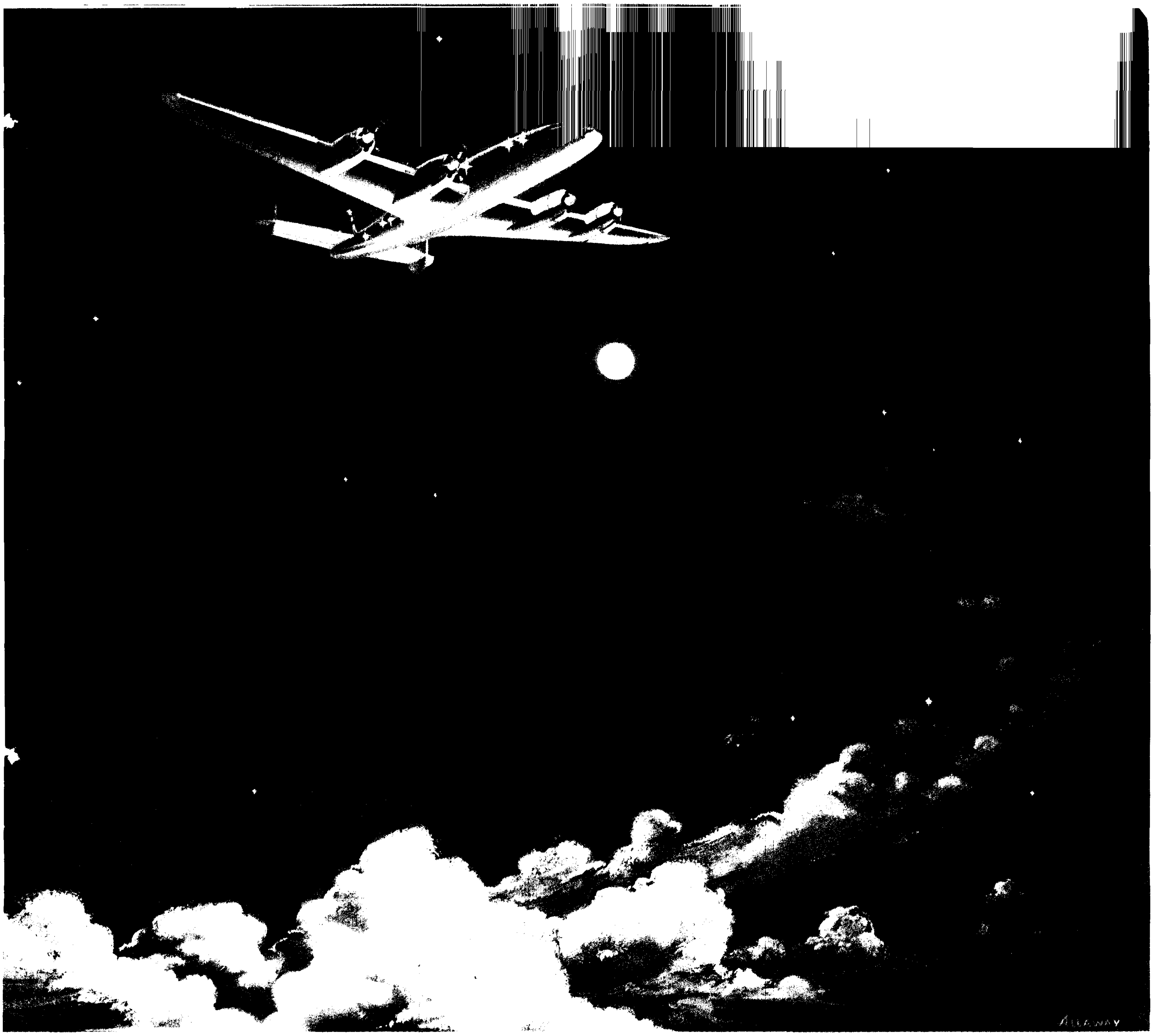
She turned her head away and laughed self-consciously.

Lonnie hugged her gently, unable to speak for a moment he was so surprised and touched by the tone of her voice.

"Isn't it strange," Mary went on, "when you try to talk about serious things, it always sounds so sappy and as if you were putting on and didn't really mean it?"

"It didn't sound sappy to me," said Lonnie. "And while we're on the subject, that's just the way I feel about you."

"I thought so," said Mary. "That's one reason I wanted to talk to you. But I've been putting it off and putting it off. And then I woke up, and the apartment was so



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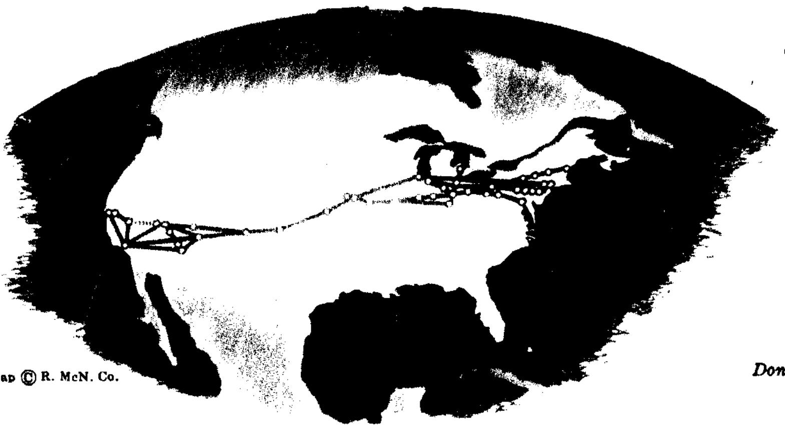

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TWA

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quiet, and I couldn't find you. . . . Lonnie, if you ever left me, I couldn't bear it."

Lonnie laughed. "Don't worry your head about that!"

There was a short pause, and Mary stared at the floor thoughtfully. "What I'm trying to say is—I want you to do what you want to do. If you want to run a restaurant, run it. If you don't, give it up. I hate the thought of you doing things just to make me happy. And I won't have it!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Lonnie, grinning, very much pleased.

"Before all this other business came up, you were working so hard and at night sometimes you looked so sort of harassed and not like yourself. That's what I really mean. I want you to be yourself, Lonnie. That's what's important."

"I was never so happy in my life, honey," he said. "Maybe I'm changing. Stop worrying about me, will you?"

"No," said Mary, "never. If you're really changing, Lonnie; then I'm glad you've settled down. But sometimes at night, when you're sleeping, I lie there thinking about you being in the Army for two solid years—never doing anything you really wanted to; lying in the mud, getting shot at, while we were all here safe and sound and having a good time. . . ."

"Oh, it wasn't so bad."

"What I mean is," said Mary, going on quickly, "you've earned the right to do as you please."

She seemed so excited that Lonnie spoke to her soothingly: "Sure. Sure. I get the general idea, honey."

"I know you're laughing at me, but I can't help that."

"I certainly am not," he protested, but Mary ignored his comment.

"If you want to gamble, gamble. As long as we're the way we are, I can be just as happy in a hotel. If we can afford nice things, fine. If we can't, it doesn't matter." She was nodding her head so emphatically that Lonnie could hardly keep from laughing. All the same, a great wave of tenderness swept over him and he pulled her head down on his shoulder and held her tight as if he was afraid she'd get away from him.

SINCE his marriage, Lonnie had never been conscious of any particular desire to gamble or to return to the rackety, feast-or-famine type of life he'd been leading prior to meeting Mary. All the same, turning Mary's words over in his mind, he began to feel a great sense of relief, a sense of freedom. He had no intention of taking advantage of this freedom, but there it was, his for the asking, if he desired or needed it.

"Honey," he said, "you told me once that what you wanted was a home, that you wanted to settle down and live like other people and . . ."

"Yes," said Mary, disengaging herself and sitting up very straight, "I did. But what I want above everything else is for you to be happy."

She returned to his arms and they sat in silence for a long time, both perfectly contented. Suddenly an image leaped up before Lonnie: Mary—the first time he'd seen her; with her long, thick, dark hair glinting red under the lights, talking animatedly, and so beautiful he could hardly believe his eyes.

They were silent for some time. The big room was quiet except for the ticking of the clock. Street noises reached them faintly, seeming like a part of the silence.

Finally he said, "Mary, do you suppose there's anything in the icebox that I could . . ."

She pulled away, turned, and looked at him with amazement. "Lonnie! How can you think of eating after that huge dinner you put away tonight?" She shuddered delicately.

"Just a growing boy," said Lonnie, slightly embarrassed, but trying not to show it. "And what about my vitamins?"

Mary got up, laughing. "Come on," she said, "let's go see."

In a little while Lonnie was eating cold fried chicken and potato salad and drinking a glass of beer. He felt expansive.

"That Greek!" he exclaimed. "What a guy! Slippery as an eel, and with plenty of nerve. I used to enjoy working on him in a stud game. You'd never get a flicker out of his eyes, but he'd squirm on his chair when you had him in trouble. I played with him so much I could almost read him like a book. I guess he could read me, too, but not so well. He thinks he's a lot smarter than he is. And he thinks I'm a lot dumber than I am. That's where he made his biggest mistake."

Lonnie gnawed on a chicken leg, too intent on what he was saying to mind his table manners, and Mary winced slightly.

"Stud's a great game," Lonnie went on. "If you want to know a guy, play stud with him. You can go around with a fellow ten years and not know much about him. Play stud with him once, and you begin to get the hang of him. It's a wonderful game! Something different comes up every second. And oh, can you get murdered!" Lonnie's eyes were shining with excitement.

Mary smiled composedly for his benefit, but she felt inward qualms. Lonnie was just a born gambler. Fears for the future began to plague her but she put them resolutely from her mind.

"You must teach me to play stud some time, Lonnie," she said, pouring out more beer for him.

LONNIE had just got to sleep when the phone rang, rousing him. Half awake, he hurried into the living room, stumbling in his haste and hurting his ankle. He swore briefly, then picked up the receiver.

The night clerk said, "There's a man wants to talk to you, Mr. Drew. Won't give his name, but says it's very important."

"All right. Put him on."

"Hello," said the man, "is this you, Mr. Drew?"

The voice was high-pitched and nasal, but tough; and vaguely familiar. "Yes. What's the idea—calling this time of night?"

"Look, Mr. Drew. I understand you're a nice guy, Want to stay that way, don't you?"

"Come on. Speak up."

"Be wise, Mr. Drew, and talk business with that party who talked to you tonight. Otherwise . . ."

Suddenly Lonnie remembered the voice. It belonged to the pale fellow who wore the blue serge suit, the one who finally managed to get the office door open.

"This is Lew Metz, isn't it?"

Dead silence at the other end of the line.

"Come on. I know your voice. Look, Lew. Take a tip from me. You're on the wrong side of the fence."

"This ain't Lew. But what are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about Joe Sandowsky. Didn't he contact you in regard to Gus Borgia?"

"Could be, pal."

"All right. Ask your friend Steve Abud about Gus. He can tell you whether it's healthy to buck him."

"The hell you say!" There was marked surprise in Lew's voice.

"The man I talked to tonight's in a spot. Why should you pull his chestnuts out of the fire and maybe get yourself burnt?"

"I'll think it over."

"Swell! And if I were you, I'd listen to Joe Sandowsky. He's going to be Gus Borgia's brother-in-law in a few days."

"Sounds good."

Lonnie hung up and hurried back to bed.

"What now?" asked Mary. "I could hardly make out a thing you were saying you talked so fast."

"It's nothing, nothing," said Lonnie, yawning widely and drifting back into sleep.

"THE Greek wants to talk to me private downstairs," Gus said to Benny. "I don't know what about. But it must be something pretty important. What time is it?"

Benny looked at his watch. "It's five minutes of two, Gus. Lonnie should be along any minute now with the dough. He'll come up the back stairs."

"Buzz the Greek and me when he comes." Gus started out of the gambling room, but turned, and a wide grin spread over his ugly little face. "I still feel good about the way we pulled that one off."

Benny groaned. "It was too close for me, and then on top of everything else, I had to go and get stinking drunk. I haven't felt the same since."

Gus laughed and went out. Benny! He'd

have a gripe if he died and went to heaven and became an angel. An impossible guy!

He found the Greek in a booth, waiting for him, and sat down without a word.

"Hello, Gus," said the Greek. "How are you today?"

Gus ignored the greeting. "What's on your mind?"

The Greek shifted, glanced out of the window and lighted a cigarette. Gus' attitude was discouraging; it was definitely irritable and unfriendly.

"Just got a tip and I thought you'd like to know about it. I understand Lonnie's got quite a big shortage and . . ."

"What do you mean—shortage?" Gus cut in savagely. "You mean the bookmakers welshed?"

"I don't know the cause," said the Greek smoothly. "Somebody—not mentioning any names—gave me the tip. He says Lonnie's got a story all cooked up, but . . ."

Gus rubbed his chin and stared at the Greek so long that he became uneasy.

"Just thought you'd like to know," Pool said.

"Jack," said Gus, "you hate Lonnie's guts since he married your girl, don't you? Okay. That's your privilege. But don't let it run away with you. What kind of silly story is this—Lonnie with a shortage? Why?"

"That I don't know," said the Greek. "And maybe the tip's no good. But I thought I ought to tell you."

Gordy came from behind the bar and hurried over to Gus' booth.

"Excuse me, Mr. Borgia, but you're wanted upstairs."

"Thanks," said Gus, then he got up. "Come on, Jack. Lonnie's here. We'll soon find out about this shortage."

They walked along side by side to the stairway door.

"Gus," said the Greek, "I'm not trying to tell you your business, but why don't you give Lonnie a chance to spill his story? Pretend everything's all right. Let him hang himself."

Gus glanced at him sideways. "Sure. Sure. Why not?" But he was thinking it was probable that the Greek knew a hell of a lot more than he was telling, and that it might be a good idea to be very cagey about the whole business.

When they entered the gambling room, Lonnie and Ray were sitting at the table with Benny. Before them was a black brief case. "Hello, Mr. Borgia," said Lonnie. "Well, this is the day."

"So it seems, so it seems," said Gus, pulling up a chair. "Let's get down to business."

The Greek stood looking on, calmly smoking a cigarette. Lonnie ignored him and began taking papers out of the brief case.

"Jack Pool gave me a better brief case than this," said Lonnie, arranging the papers, "but some so-and-so ran off with it."

"Yeah?" said Gus, looking from one to the other. "How was that?"

"Well," said Lonnie, "he stole it off my desk in the office! Can you imagine a guy walking in and stealing a brief case off your desk?"

Although he knew something was behind Lonnie's remarks, Gus couldn't figure out just what. He made no comment.

"Well, here we are," said Lonnie, indicating the stacked-up papers, and tapping each pile as he mentioned what it was. "Here are certified checks. Plain checks. Postal money orders. Telegraph money orders. And here, I'm sorry to say, are some I.O.U.s—about ten thousand dollars worth. Some of the boys are asking for time, in other words."

"Ten thousand?" said Gus mildly, his face relaxing into a relieved smile. "Well, that ain't bad at all with this kind of dough." He looked about him complacently.

"You start checking, Benny," said Lonnie. "We'll get through quicker."

Gus grinned. "Nice going, Lonnie. That's the biggest one I ever pulled in my life. Biggest one I ever heard of, for that matter."

"Yeah, it's a big one all right," said Lonnie. "There's only one trouble."

"What's that?" asked Gus quickly.

"I'm a hundred Gs short."

RAY winced and lowered his eyes. The pencil flew out of Benny's hand and he had a coughing spell. Gus got slowly to his feet and stood with his mouth open, staring at Lonnie. Then he turned and stared blankly at the Greek, who merely shrugged.

"In other words," said Lonnie calmly, "we're short the amount of the original bet."

Gus stammered, red in the face, then found his voice: "But—why, Lonnie? Why?"

Lonnie smiled and raised his hand. "If you'll just sit down, Mr. Borgia, and stop yelling at me, I'll tell you."

Gus sat down abruptly, took out a cigar and began to chew on it. "It better be good," he said.

"You remember a few minutes ago, Mr. Borgia, I told you somebody stole the brief case Jack Pool gave me? Well, the money was in that brief case. . . ."

"The hundred Gs?" cried Gus.

"Yes," said Lonnie, "but it wasn't exactly what you might call pilfered. A couple of guys walked in with guns and stuck me up."

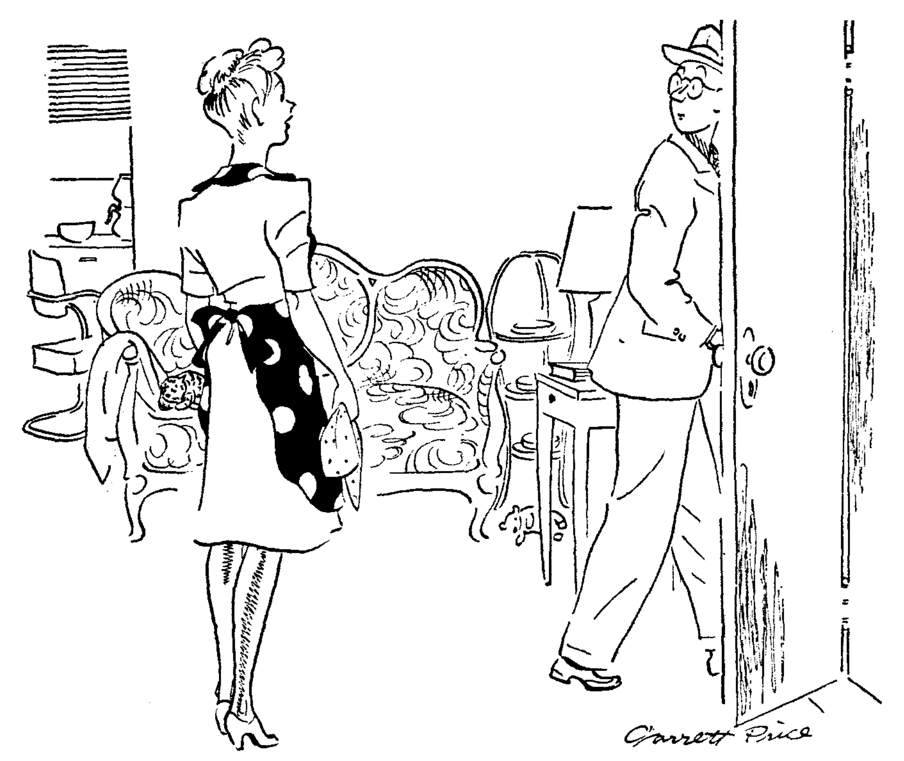
"When was this?" cried Gus, looking about him like a vicious, trapped animal.

"About ten minutes after it was delivered to me by Jack Pool."

Benny groaned and started coughing again.

"Why didn't you tell somebody?" cried Gus. "Me, for instance?"

"Would you have believed it?"



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"Don, I've just realized what a millionaire's got that we haven't!"

"Sure, money," I answered.

"Yes, but it's more than that. It's security."

"Aren't you forgetting my Social Security?" I quipped.

"No, I'm not," she said, "but seriously, Don, how much do you really know about Social Security benefits? Will they amount to enough to give me . . . us . . . real security?"

A few days later I found a booklet beside my dinner plate, and it certainly opened my eyes. Why, if anything happened to me, Sally's income from Social Security would only be about $30 a month, and if she took a job to give her additional income, she wouldn't receive any Social Security benefits.

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"No—I wouldn't! And I never would have turned no hundred Gs over to you if it hadn't been for Pool. He . . ." Gus stopped chewing on his cigar and turned to stare at the Greek.

"You don't believe that story about the stickup, do you, Gus?" asked the Greek smoothly.

"Not particularly. But answer me one thing, Jack: If you hate this guy's guts so, why did you insist on turning all that dough over to him? There's something here that ain't kosher, and I'm going to find out what it is. And if I don't, somebody is going to get hurt—and I don't mean tapped on the chin."

"He always had an A-one reputation," said the Greek. "And we all agreed he was the right man to handle the deal."

"I didn't know a damn' thing about it, and you know it," cried Gus. "I was a stranger here then. You and Benny talked me into it."

There was a brief lull. In the midst of it, Benny said in a stifled voice, tapping the pile of papers, "It's all here, Gus—except the hundred Gs."

Gus almost exploded again but contented himself with a violent snort of disgust.

"That's right," said Lonnie. "You see, Mr. Borgia, if I'd yelled copper, you'd have been out a hundred Gs. As it is, you've made a hundred Gs—and that's not alfalfa!"

"Yes," said Gus, restraining himself with difficulty, "but if it hadn't been for this little mix-up, we'd've made two hundred Gs." He looked about him violently. "What do you guys take me for—a rube? I come in here from Detroit with a bank roll, and right away the wolves begin to gather. Look, boys. Remember me? I'm Gus Borgia. People don't do things like that to me—not and live."

"WHAT are you looking at me for?" stammered Benny. "I got nothing to do with it. If you're out, I'm out. And so's Mr. Pool—Jack," he added, correcting himself.

"Take it easy," said Gus. "And let me figure this out for myself. You guys got me to go into this deal; Lonnie didn't. Or maybe you're all working together, cutting me up. After all, I'm a stranger, I don't know the ropes. . . ." Gus looked about him wildly.

"Just a minute," said Lonnie. "How do you think I won this dough, Gus?"

"I never thought of that!" cried Gus, slapping his forehead. "Are you going to sit there and tell me you bet a hundred Gs on credit?"

"A hundred and ten. I bet ten for myself."

"Now I've heard everything."

"If you don't believe me," said Lonnie, "call any big bookie in the Middle West, or practically in the United States. We had dough spread from New York City to St. Louis. And from New Orleans to Chicago. Just pick one out and call him."

Gus calmed down and began to laugh. "Suppose the horse lost?" he demanded.

"I'd've been in hock the rest of my life," said Lonnie, "or dead."

"You got guts, all right," said Gus. Then he chewed thoughtfully on his cigar for so long that they all began to get more and more uneasy. "However, Lonnie," he went on finally, "you might have stashed my dough and had it to fall back on in case you lost."

The Greek smiled and turned away slightly. Things were going very nicely.

"You're certainly a tough guy to convince, Mr. Borgia," said Lonnie. After a pause, he went on, "There's something else I didn't tell you that you ought to know. Somebody tried to louse up the race for us."

"How do you mean?"

"For Pete's sake, Mr. Borgia. You know a true run race when you see one, don't you?"

Gus' mouth dropped open. "I thought at the time it was a mighty close fit if we were paying off three owners, but . . . what happened?"

"First, somebody hired Burt Crouse to try to beat us with his two horses, then the same guy double-crossed *him* and told the stewards the race was a boater." Lonnie went on to explain what had happened, and Gus sat listening intently, from time to time darting a glance at Benny and the Greek. "And I can get you proof," Lonnie concluded.

"This is the damnedest tangle I ever seen," said Gus. "But we're still out a hundred Gs, and that's what's really sticking in my craw."

"This is the way I look at it," said Lonnie. "Somebody was gunning for *me*, Mr. Borgia, not *you*. They heisted me for the hundred Gs and they thought that would be the end of it, but when they found out I was betting on credit, they tried to scramble up the race. . . ."

Gus shook his head. "I don't know, Lonnie. You certainly got yourself in an awful hole."

Lonnie turned to Ray.

"Go down and get my overcoat, will you, Ray? I left some letters in the pocket I want Gus to read."

Shaking, Ray got up and went out. He was panicky. As far as he could see, Lonnie hadn't made a dent in Gus Borgia. And this was it—the last card! If it didn't work, they were cooked.

"One thing I'll say about you, Lonnie," said Gus. "You got the gall of the devil—or you'd never pulled this one on me. Or maybe I'm getting old. Maybe I'm slipping. Maybe I ain't the guy I used to be. Maybe I ought to go back to Chi where people know me. . . ." He was working himself up into a rage, and Benny and the Greek began to look at him apprehensively.

But Lonnie was only mildly worried. He knew that while he hadn't got far with Gus, he'd at least planted a doubt in his mind.

BEAUTY SHOP
FACIALS
MUD PACKS
RINSE
Reamer Keller

"Was that young man who winked at me yesterday on your pay roll or am I really getting somewhere?"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

They heard the sound of heavy footsteps mounting the stairs, and they all turned toward the door. Ray came in followed by Joe Sandowsky, Steve Abud and Lew Metz.

"Come on in, guys," said Lonnie cheerfully. "Things are kind of mixed up here, and I need a little help."

Gus jumped up, furious. "What the hell's going on here?" he cried. "All I want is my dough that's coming to me, and what happens? A bunch of apes walk in!" He lost control of his voice, and his face got so red they were afraid he'd have a stroke.

"Hello, boss," said Steve Abud timidly. "I didn't even know you was in town till Joe here told me."

Gus fumed and puffed, tried to speak and couldn't. Then he turned suddenly to look at the Greek, who was deathly pale. "What do you make of all this, Jack?" he demanded.

The Greek leaned against the wall for support and tried to unfasten his collar.

"We didn't know that was your money we heisted, boss," said Steve weakly. "Honest, we didn't."

Gus turned to him in a fury, seized him by the lapels and shook him violently, yelling, "Who hired you? Who hired you?"

Steve raised his arm slowly, shaking with fright, and pointed at the Greek.

Gus let out a yell, jerked a gun out of his pocket and, moving with a swiftness uncanny in such a harmless-looking little man, hit the Greek over the head with the barrel.

The Greek fell headlong with a loud moan. Lonnie jumped in behind Gus and caught his arm just in time to keep him from shooting the Greek on the floor. Gus was weak as a cat, surprisingly so, and Lonnie had no trouble at all subduing him.

"Times have changed, Gus," said Lonnie. "Times have changed."

"Yeah," said Gus, breathing heavily, but subsiding, "you got something there!"

AFTER listening to Lew Metz and Steve Abud and also to Ed Gregg and Burt Crouse, who had been waiting in the hall, Gus finally got the whole story. He sat rubbing his chin and glancing from time to time at the Greek, who was sitting at the table with his head in his hands, moaning with pain, completely demoralized.

"Remember what I said about Jack?" Gus demanded, turning to Benny. "Didn't I say he'd outsmart himself some day?" Then he pointed at Lonnie with his cigar. "And there's another guy who'll outsmart himself if he ain't careful. However," Gus went on, "any time you want to work for me, young fellow, you got a job."

"Thanks, Gus," said Lonnie, flushed with victory, "I'll give it a little thought."

Gus grinned, then he turned to Steve. "I got a job for you."

"Okay, Mr. Borgia—you bet!" said Steve eagerly.

"Stick to Jack Pool till he digs up the rest of that money. And I mean *stick!*"

"Yes, *sir,*" cried Steve, throwing a contemptuous glance at the Greek.

"And you and Lew can keep your share of the heist."

Steve and his partner grinned happily.

When they got to the car, Lonnie was limping. "My gimp again," he said. "Drive, will you, Ray?"

Ray was pale and shaking. "Not me!" he groaned. "Let's take a cab."

Lonnie noticed for the first time the condition Ray was in. "Sorry, Ray," he said. Then he laughed. "Things were pretty rugged for a while, weren't they?"

"That's a mild word. No more of that for me."

Lonnie laughed again. He was in high spirits. "Slide in, Ray. I'll drive."

LONNIE and Mary were in their bedroom at the beach house, getting ready for dinner. All the windows were open, and a gorgeous Indian summer night was pouring in. Mary was still struggling with her hair, which she couldn't get fixed to suit her. Lonnie, in his shirt sleeves, was tying his tie.

Mary turned to him. "Shall I wear my hair up tonight? It looks simply awful this way."

Lonnie glanced over at her. "It looks great to me no matter how you wear it."

"Oh—you're no help at all."

Lonnie grinned and went on with his tie. Mary turned back to the mirror and started to work on her hair again.

"There," said Lonnie, patting his tie. "That does it." Then he stood staring into the mirror. "How do you think I ought to wear *my* hair tonight, honey? Would bangs go with a blue necktie?" He pulled his hair down over his forehead.

Mary turned, slightly annoyed, then she burst out laughing. "You feel good, don't you, Lonnie?"

"Sure."

"I'm glad things turned out so well. I always thought they would, but . . . all the same, it must be a great relief to you."

"Gus even offered me a job."

"Are you considering it?" Mary spoke lightly, but she was worried. A connection with Gus could lead, she was certain, to nothing but trouble.

"Oh—I don't know," said Lonnie, thoughtfully. "I've got a pretty good business. And now I'm solvent."

"And please, Lonnie; let's stay that way. I mean, about expenses. We spend too much money."

"Sure, sure," said Lonnie carelessly.

He put on his coat, then he began to fold a decorative handkerchief for his breast pocket.

"Ordinarily," he said, indicating the handkerchief, "I wouldn't wear one of these things—looks too much like the Greek. But tonight—well, it's a special occasion. I don't want to disgrace you in front of your friends."

"Lonnie! Mr. Keller's no more a friend of mine than he is of yours. And as for Toby and Jean . . ."

A SUDDEN thought struck Lonnie and he began to wonder. Turning, he looked at Mary for a long time. She noticed his scrutiny and became a little self-conscious, or so it seemed to him.

"How did you happen to ask the Kellers over to dinner tonight?" he inquired.

"Well, I ran into Mr. Keller downtown. He asked about you and—you know how it is. One thing led to another."

Lonnie turned away and lighted a cigarette, still thoughtful.

"As a matter of fact, Lonnie, "Mary added, "I think he wants to talk business with you."

"I thought that was it."

"Do you object?"

"Of course not."

"Then I don't understand your expression. You look suspicious—as if you thought somebody was trying to put something over on you."

"Keller never does anything without a purpose. That's what I mean."

"Well, just so you don't think it's a conspiracy," said Mary firmly. "I've told you a dozen times I want you to do what you want to do."

"I know."

"Mr. Keller heard all about the coup—I think that's what you call it—and he was appalled. He said you must have the nerve of the devil and that you ought to be discouraged from doing things like that in the future. I told him you did what you pleased, and I was perfectly satisfied."

Lonnie grinned and, coming over to Mary's dressing table, put his arm around her and kissed her.

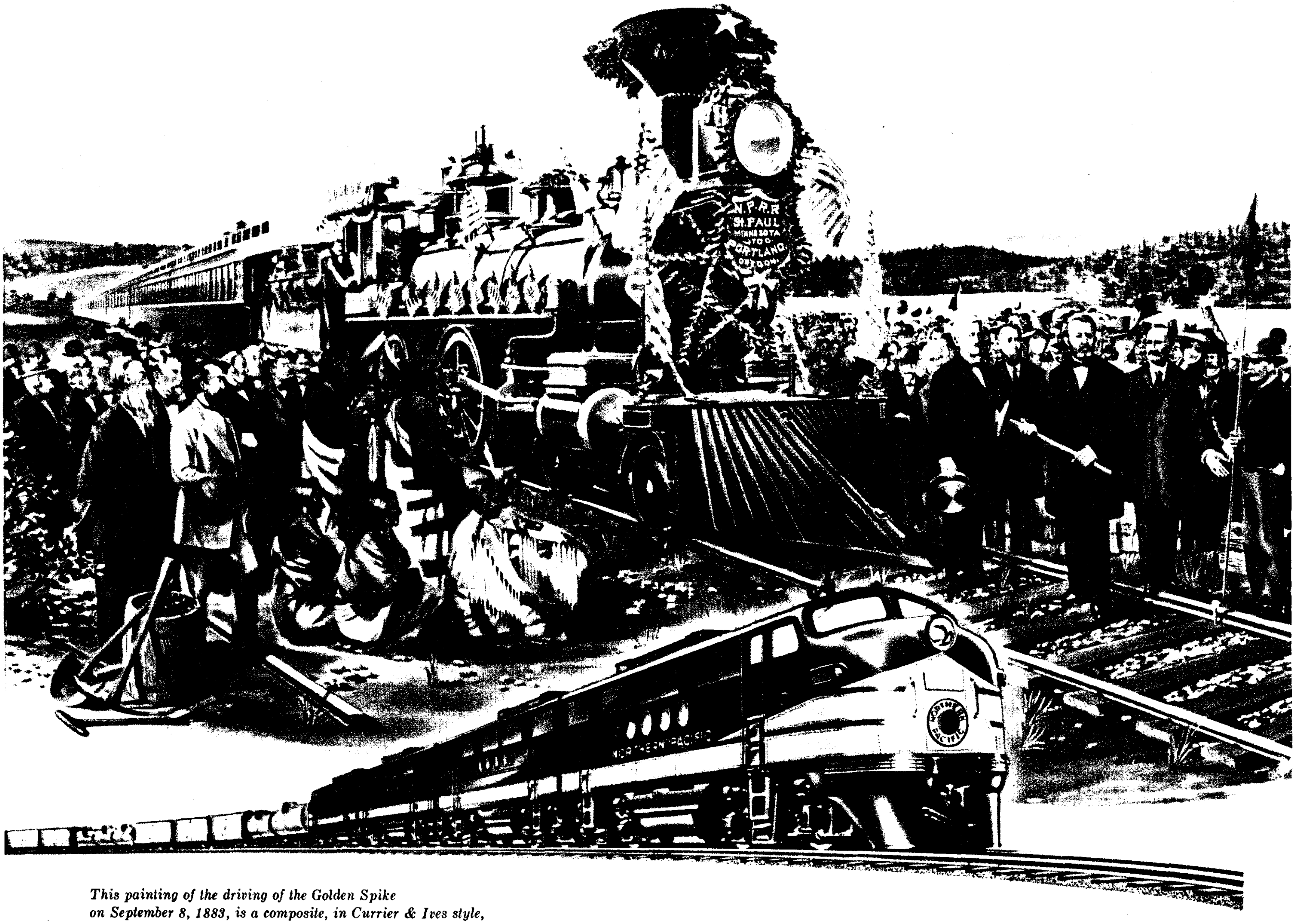
"My hair! My lipstick!" cried Mary.

"Oh—sorry!" exclaimed Lonnie, drawing back. Then: "I'm glad you said that to Keller. But I'll bet he gave you a talking-to."

"He did. He said you ought to give up gambling for good. He told me he'd given it up, and he was an older man than you and had been at it longer . . ."

Lonnie laughed, "How do you like that!" Then he sobered and began to study Mary's profile. She sensed that he was looking at her, but she pretended to notice nothing and went on fixing her hair. All the same, there *had* been a conspiracy—of a kind, and she felt decidedly guilty.

Keller was a very strong-minded and authoritative man, hard to resist. He'd brushed her scruples aside. "Mary," he'd said, "you're like one of the family. And I'm not going



This painting of the driving of the Golden Spike on September 8, 1883, is a composite, in Currier & Ives style, of an actual photograph of the historic engine and a mural now decorating the Montana State Capitol in Helena.

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Sun glinting on yellow metal marked a great moment in railroad history that day in September, 1883. At Gold Creek, Montana, General U. S. Grant drove home a golden spike — and the Northern Pacific, first of the northern transcontinental railroads, was completed.

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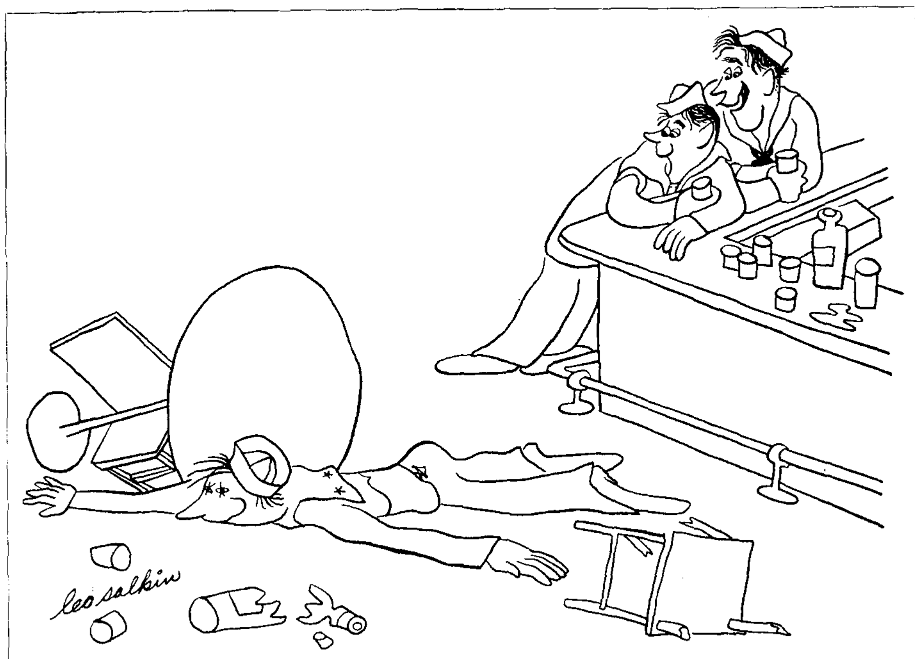


“He just took his first step—”

COLLIER'S LEO SALKIN

to stand by and see your life all messed up. If I'd known the trouble Lonnie was in, I'd've lent him the money to pay his way out.”

She'd tried to explain that Lonnie had only gone into the deal because they'd been spending so much money, principally on her, and were in the red to such an extent that something had to be done.

Keller had brushed all this aside also. “There are other ways to get money,” he said. “Businessmen can borrow. If they couldn't, nobody could stay in business, especially now.”

“But Lonnie's no businessman,” she'd protested.

“Oh, isn't he?” jeered Keller. “He's done mighty well with that restaurant. Better than Ballard, an old restaurant man, did. He just needs settling down, that's all. Once he gets out of his head the idea that the only way to make money is to gamble, he'll give us all a run for it.”

Then Keller had practically invited himself to dinner.

“Keller's one of those ‘I'm telling you’ guys,” said Lonnie finally. “But he's all right. A smart man.”

There was a long pause. Mary finished with her hair and got up.

“At least listen to him, Lonnie,” she said, rather diffidently, he thought. “Then—do as you please.”

PINKY stood with his ear pressed to the kitchen door, trying to hear what was going on in the dining room. But he could only catch a word or two and after a minute he swore to himself and gave up. All the same, something was going on. “I guess I know what I'm talking about,” he mused. “I said Old Man Keller'd be eating here.” He lighted a cigarette, leaned back against the sink, and began to hum The Rose of Tralee softly, singing a word here and there. He felt good.

Willy came in with the tray and put it down on the sink.

“Well?” cried Pinky.

“I can't make out what it's all about,” said Willy, shaking his head. “He talks too fast, and anyway, he makes me nervous. He looks right through you.”

“It's something about business, ain't it?”

“Yeah. I guess so.”

“I'll bet he's going to take the boss in with him. That's my prediction!”

“Your prediction!” scoffed Willy. “Since when did you set up as a prophet?”

“I said Keller'd be eating here, didn't I?”

“Anyway,” said Willy, ignoring Pinky's boasting, “it makes no difference. The boss won't go in with Keller. Why should he? A guy smart enough to pull off what he did—with fellows like Benny Hayt and Gus Borgia—is not going to waste his time running a business. He'll get rid of that restaurant just as soon as he can. Mark my word.”

“Mark your word! You were never right in your whole no-account life. I say Keller wants to take the boss in with him, and I say the boss is going to go for it.”

Willy reached into his pocket and fumbled frantically.

“I got twenty bucks says you're wrong. Put up or shut up.”

“You got a bet,” cried Pinky. “Lay your dough right here on the sink with mine.”

Willy complied. There was a pause, then Pinky went to the kitchen door and listened.

“They're leaving the dining room,” he said. “Now I won't be able to hear a damn' thing.”

“I'm sure going to enjoy spending that twenty bucks of yours,” said Willy, grinning. “Velvet, that's what it is: velvet!”

Pinky grimaced, then drew back from the door. “Somebody's coming.”

“It's probably Ray. He's sure had a big time tonight.”

“Yeah. The missus just wouldn't take no for an answer that he eat with them.”

“He ought to be able to give us the dope.”

The door opened and Ray came in. His face was flushed from the wine he'd drunk at dinner and he looked so dressed up that he seemed almost like a stranger to Willy and Pinky.

“That was a fine dinner, Pinky,” he said. “Mr. Keller can't stop talking about it.”

Pinky swelled out his chest and glanced contemptuously at Willy.

“And, Willy—the missus is proud of the way you served.”

Willy grinned and strutted a little.

“Anybody can serve,” said Pinky, annoyed. “It takes talent to cook.”

They began to bicker, but Ray intervened: “Not so loud, boys.”

“Say,” demanded Willy suddenly. “What's going on in there?”

“Plenty,” said Ray. “Mr. Keller's branching out again. He wants Lonnie to go into the restaurant business with him.”

Pinky laughed loudly and slapped his thigh in his excitement.

Willy glanced uneasily at the money on the sink.

“The boss ain't going to, is he?” he asked in trepidation.

“I don't know,” said Ray. “He'd be foolish not to. But you know him.”

“He'll never do it,” cried Willy.

Pinky nodded vigorously. “It's a cinch. Don't forget—he's got the missus now.”

“I certainly hope he does,” said Ray thoughtfully. “It's a great opportunity. Mr. Keller wants to take over the dining room and grill in the New Richmond Hotel, and another big place on the South Shore. And he wants Lonnie to supervise all of them—including the one Lonnie's got now. Each place will have its own manager. It leaves Lonnie pretty free. But—I don't know.”

THERE was a pause and they all stood lost in thought.

Finally Ray came to himself and spoke: “I'm going downstairs. I'm full as a tick. Maybe I'll lie down for a while. Lonnie wants me to go back to the apartment with them as soon as the Kellers leave, so keep me posted, Willy.”

“You bet.”

“I thought we were going to stay here all night. Damn it!” grumbled Pinky. “I brought my pajamas.”

“The ones with the red and green awning stripes, I'll bet,” jeered Willy.

Ray laughed and went out.

“You see?” said Pinky. “What did I tell you?”

“He'll never go for it in this world!”

“How about another twenty?”

Willy carefully scratched his head and considered. “If you're so sure,” he said finally, “how about odds?”

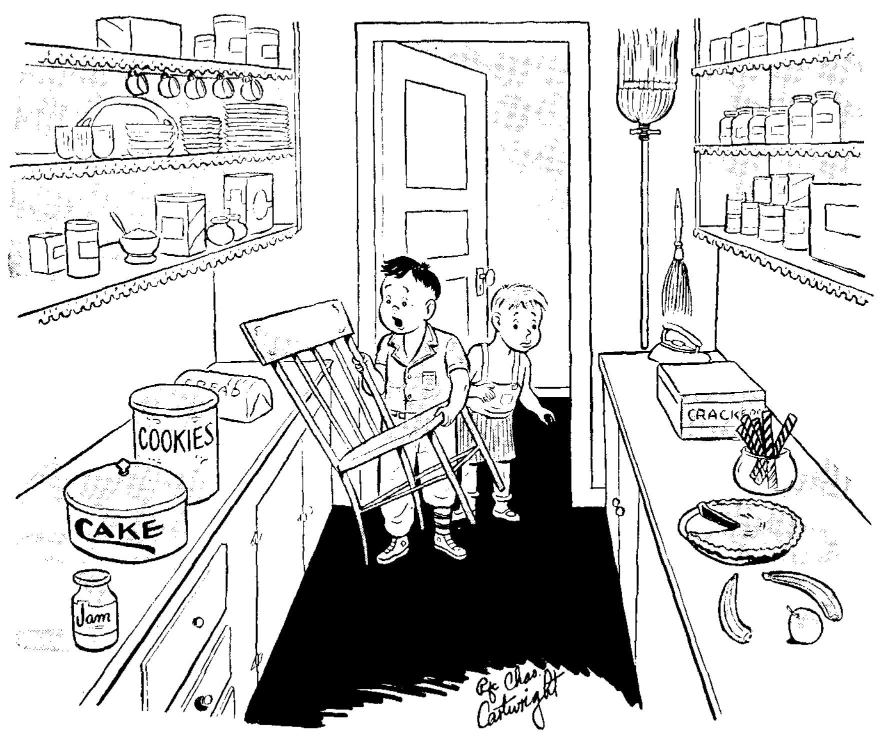
“Okay. Twenty against fifteen. But you got to put it on the sink. I wouldn't trust you as far as a blind man could see you.”

Willy hesitated.

“What's the matter?” jeered Pinky. “Lost your nerve?”

“I ain't got the cash.”

“Then forget it. No tabs with me.” Pinky rubbed his hand over his face and lighted a cigarette. “He's a cinch to go in,” he insisted. “Then pretty soon we'll probably buy a house on Ashland Boulevard or maybe Oxford Circle and then we can all be together again like in the old days.” He turned and studied Willy. “Ain't you glad you stopped stealing



“Oh, oh, we must be having steak tonight—everything's within easy reach”

COLLIER'S PFC. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

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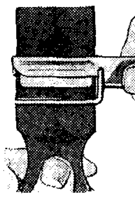
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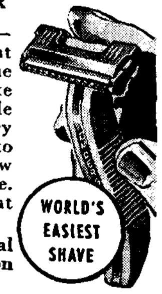

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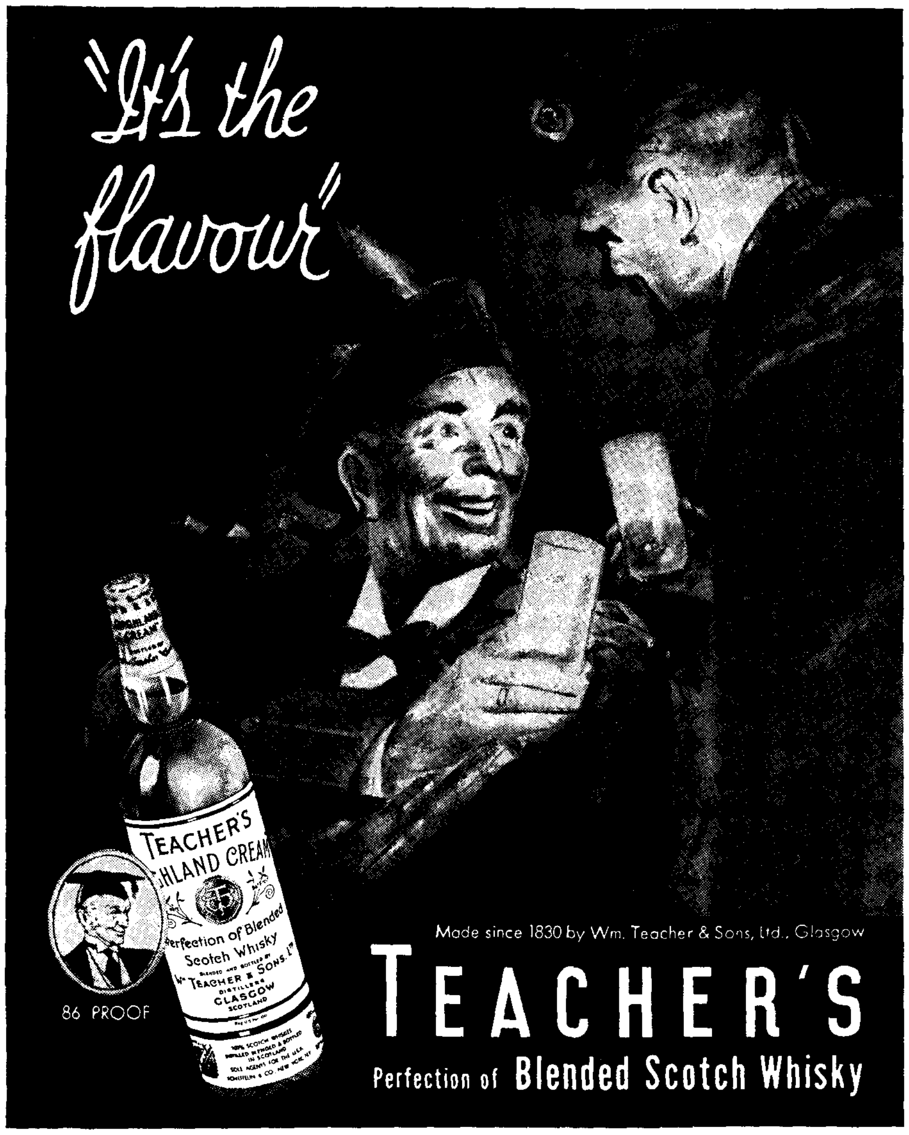

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Lonnie blind? You'd've been fired long ago."

"Yeah?" cried Willy, flaring. "And maybe it's a good thing you give up chasing the cleaning woman through the house. How would the missus like that?"

They began to quarrel bitterly. Pinky finally lost his temper. He grabbed up a dish and was just getting ready to heave it at Willy, who was cringing against the wall with his arms over his head like a terrified monkey, when the door opened and Lonnie came in.

"What the hell's going on here?" he cried. "Can't you bums settle down for one night?"

Pinky grinned self-consciously, lowered the dish, then put it carefully back on the sink.

"He's always annoying me," explained Pinky, jerking a thumb at Willy. "He's got a nasty tongue."

"Yours is not so sweet," said Lonnie curtly. "I've been leaning on that buzzer for five minutes. You bums better watch your step."

Pinky and Willy sobered at once and exchanged a glance. "What is it you want, boss . . . Mr. Drew?" stammered Willy.

"Rustle up some ice for the highballs. And make it snappy."

"Yes, sir."

Lonnie glanced past him at the sink. "What's that money over there?"

Pinky and Willy looked at each other in embarrassment.

"It's a bet we got," said Pinky, then he hesitated for a moment. "About you."

"Me?"

"Yes, boss . . . Mr. Drew. We heard—that is, we thought we heard—that maybe you're figuring on going in business with Mr. Keller. Willy bet me you wasn't. . . ."

Lonnie looked from one to the other, then his face relaxed. "Willy," he said, "you lose. I hope at least you got odds."

"No," said Willy, shaking his head, "even."

Lonnie laughed. "Didn't your old lady ever warn you about gambling?" he inquired. Then he turned and went out, still laughing.

Pinky picked up the money, waved it at Willy, then stuffed it into his pocket with a flourish. "When did I set up as a prophet, eh?" he crowed.

BUT Willy paid no attention to him. He fell down onto a kitchen chair and sat with his head in his hands. He seemed so despondent that Pinky began to glance at him.

"What's wrong with you?"

"I was going to step out tomorrow night. Now I'm strapped. Good-looking babe, too."

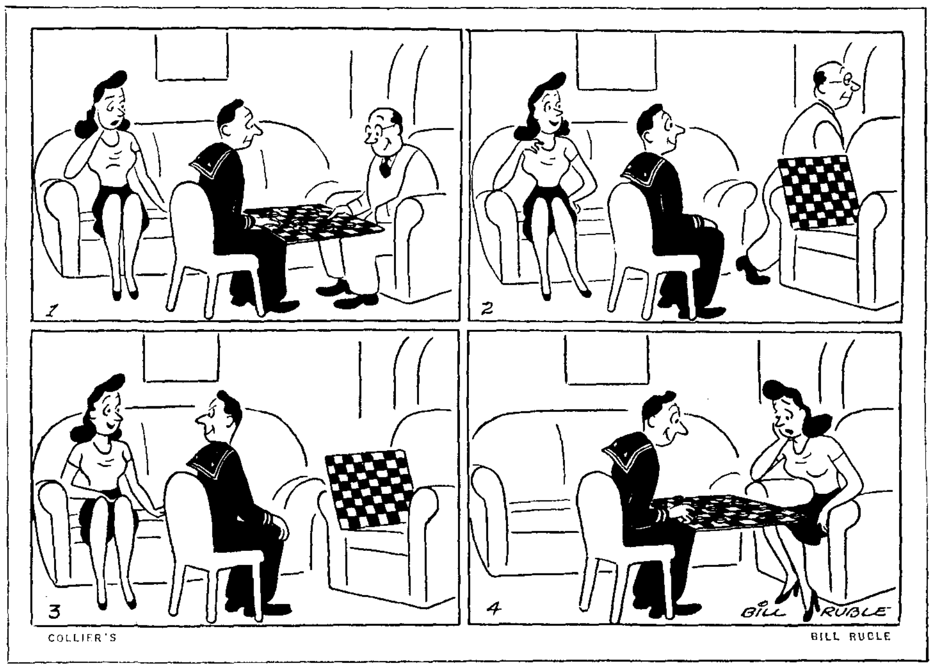
Pinky grimaced.

"Never mind the con. You ain't getting any of this dough back."

Pinky leaned against the sink and lighted a cigarette, humming to himself. All of a sudden, Willy jumped up and slapped his forehead. "Golly! The ice!"

He began to rush around. Pinky folded his arms and watched Willy's frantic movements with detachment. In a moment, softly and sentimentally, he began to sing The Rose of Tralee.

THE END



Any Week

Continued from page 4

find the Ladies of The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Tidioute, Pennsylvania, in a boil. In their behalf, Mrs. M. L. Merkle writes: "We, the ladies of Tidioute Chapter W.C.T.U., positively refuse to read your magazine while the pages are marred so with liquor advertisements." The ladies will therefore not see this, so we will appreciate it if some neighborly reader will tell them that we're sore at those liquor ads, too. Always chasing us out to the store, only to be told they haven't any. We know just how you feel, ladies.

MISS MARY JOHNS of Boston, Massachusetts, is good and sore, too. Not that we don't understand. Every day this cubicle of ours is crowded with Collier's home debating team, all members of this staff and all in a state of fiery rebellion. Sometimes it's England, sometimes China, sometimes Russia, sometimes the United States and sometimes just Collier's. As for Miss Johns: "Do you beat your wife? Slap your child? Cudgel your associates? Yes, of course you do or else you would print articles against conscription as well as for it." But we did just that. Trouble is that we printed the pro side first, and Miss Johns must have got so mad that she didn't get to the anti. She is hereby tendered honorary membership in our office debating team. Oh, Lord, here they come now.

WE'VE never known a time when the customers were so out of control. Here's Mr. John R. Delphini of Rochester, New York, who seems to have caught us plumping for amity between nations through an international bank scheme—that piece Frank Gervasi wrote about the Bretton Woods conference. "Cut it out," demands Mr. Delphini. "Let our international relations alone. My wife has been reading what this Gervasi wrote about inflation, too, and she is worse balled up than ever and she didn't need any help in the first place; neither did I. Now she asks me questions that nobody could answer even if you could understand them. She wants to know could she get forty dollars worth of a loan out of this Gervasi bank; when I said it wasn't that kind of a bank, she said what the hell kind of a bank is it if you can't borrow forty dollars. If she writes to you, you better not answer. Take it from me."

AND that's about all for the present except that there's a sign in a restaurant in Los Angeles, California: Try our Yum-yum Lettuceburgers. . . . W. D.

The Week's Work

Franklin Boggs

Joseph Hirsch

Robert Benney

Howard Baer

THE paintings reproduced on pages 14 to 17 are a part of one of the most ambitious art projects ever undertaken nywhere—the Abbott Collection of War .rt. Now in its fourth year, this project is eveloping a series of fine-arts portrayals of ar scenes. Each group of paintings and rawings in the series constitutes a compreensive record of a particular branch of the ervice, from the training stage through bate. The reproductions in this issue are a ampling of the more than 250 works cover the Army Medical Corps. Other comleted collections deal with the Marines, lavy medicine, submarine warfare and naval viation. A sixth one, on amphibious warıre, is nearing completion. Paintings from ome of these have appeared in earlier issues f Collier's.

The idea for this vast undertaking origiated with Charles S. Downs, art patron and irector of Abbott Laboratories. Searching or some means whereby his company could ponsor the use of fine artists to promote the ar effort, he approached Reeves Lewenthal, ead of the Associated American Artists, for dvice, and together they mapped out tentaive plans. Then, with the consent of the Var Department and in consultation with nilitary authorities, they embarked on the irst project, naval aviation.

CONTRIBUTION artists so far total 47—and often as many as 15 or more are raveling about the world at the same time, isiting active war zones along with photogaphers, writers and newsreel men. Some of heir trips have lasted as long as a year. In pite of the risks, not one has been wounded.

The artists include many outstanding ames. Two famous men—Thomas Benton nd Georges Schreiber—collaborated to proluce the submarine group of paintings (reroduced in Collier's, November 4, 1944). They lived aboard the U.S.S. Dorado, since ost in action. They ate and slept with the ubmariners, and stood watches with the offiers. Kerr Eby (who produced a book of ketches of World War I, in which he served s sergeant) in this war accompanied the Marines when they landed at Tarawa. He tayed in the Pacific for four months. On Bougainville, he lived for three weeks in a oxhole on the front line, rough-sketching the ungle fighting.

Twelve artists contributed to the Army nedical collection, most extensive of the eries so far. Here are notes on the careers of each of the four men represented in That They May Live!:

Joseph Hirsch has won many of America's ighest awards in art. In 1927 the city of Philadelphia gave him its four-year scholarhip to the Pennsylvania Museum School of Art. Later he won Woolley and Guggenheim fellowships, the Lippincott and other prizes. In 1942 the Museum of Modern Art gave an extensive exhibition of his work. For the past year and a half, he has done Army-Navy paintings, working first at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida, then with the Navy Medical Corps in the Pacific, then with the Army in the European and Mediterranean Theaters.

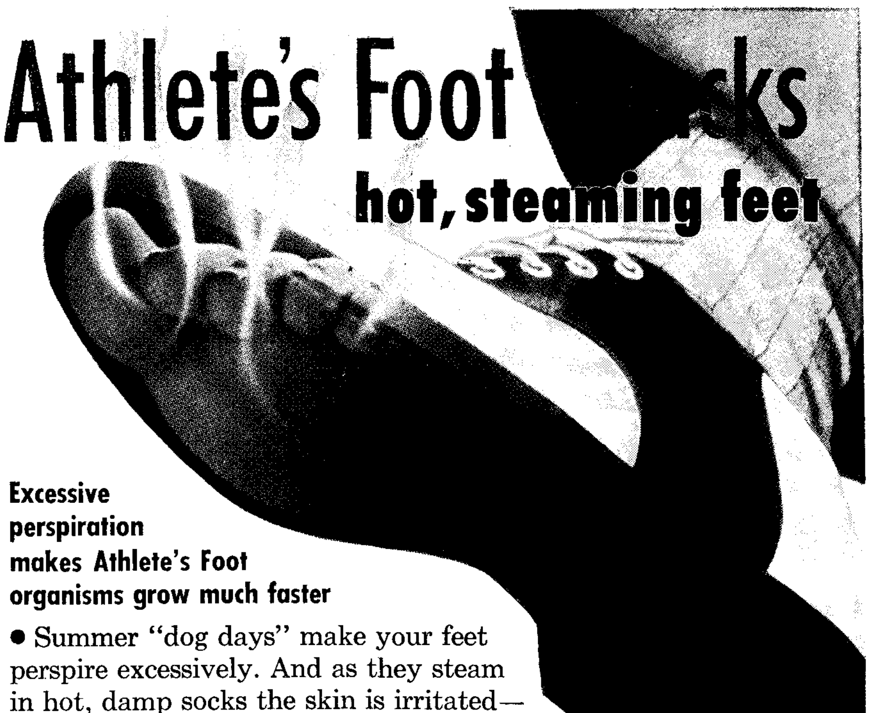
Howard Baer for ten years suppressed his urge to do "serious" painting while he earned fame and money as a cartoonist and illustrator. Then in 1941, he went into hiding for several months in the mountain village of Chapala, Mexico, where for the first time he painted exactly as he pleased. Paintings based on that trip were exhibited by the Associated American Artists and started him toward success in a new field. His Army medical painting assignment took him to the China-Burma-India Theater, where he roamed for months up and down the Burma Road and at the front with Stilwell's forces and with Merrill's Marauders. He filled 35 sketchbooks with war scenes.

Robert Benney, like Baer, did many kinds of art work before he turned to fine arts. He was advertising layout man, furniture designer and printing production man before he started the sort of work he likes best with a series of drawings of American actors. Three years of travel through Haiti and the Dutch West Indies resulted in works which were successfully exhibited throughout the United States. In 1943 the Navy assigned him to the South Pacific; this was followed by the Army medical assignment, both jobs taking him into actual battle areas.

Franklin Boggs, at thirty, is one of the youngest contributors to this war art collection. After winning scholarships and prizes from the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, he was invited to paint the activities of the Tennessee Valley Authority. His Army paintings are based on a six months stay in the Pacific.

EACH series of paintings, as it is finished, is exhibited in cities through the country. Five such shows are traveling now. The Army medical collection already has been shown at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, now is on display in Rockefeller Center in New York City and will be shown at the City Art Museum in St. Louis from September 8th to 30th. At the end of the war, the entire collection will become the property of the War Department, and probably will be housed in its own museum. It will be valued by the nation both as a part of the permanent record of the war, and as some of the finest art work produced in this generation. . . . A. P.

Athlete's Foot [illegible]cks hot, steaming feet

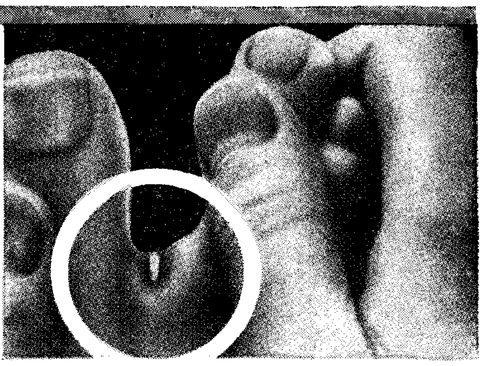


Excessive perspiration makes Athlete's Foot organisms grow much faster

● Summer "dog days" make your feet perspire excessively. And as they steam in hot, damp socks the skin is irritated—especially between the toes. Often it cracks wide open, exposing raw tissue to an attack of that painful skin disease called Athlete's Foot!

Cracks between your toes warn of danger

● The Athlete's Foot organisms grow faster when they feed on extra perspiration and dead skin. When the skin between your toes cracks open they get under the skin and spread beneath the tissues. Your toes redden and itch. Skin flakes off in dull white patches. Athlete's Foot has taken hold!



Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact!

Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot organisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.

Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact—they can't grow and cause you pain.

Drench those open cracks at once

● Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack between the toes, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. full strength, night and morning. . . . At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

1. Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. Cleanses and helps heal broken tissues.
5. Relieves itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

A
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Collier's

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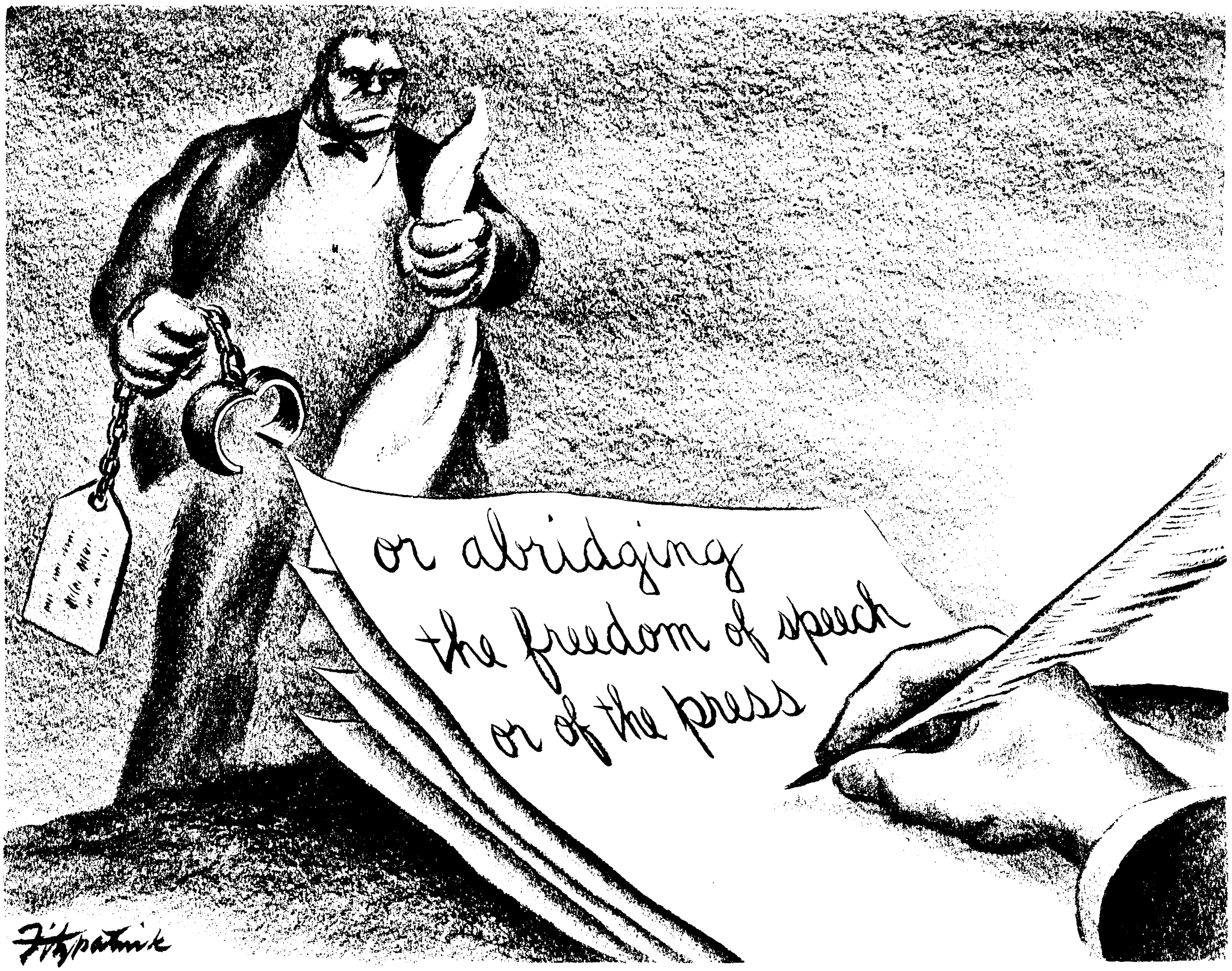


NO TAGS, NO GAGS, NO LABELS

COLLIER'S has recently been taken to task in certain newspapers for not declaring the political views of two writers whose articles were published in this magazine. The two writers are Lillian Hellman, author of Watch on the Rhine, The Little Foxes, and other plays, and Ella Winter, newspaperwoman, recently an accredited foreign correspondent for the New York Post. Miss Winter is the widow of Lincoln Steffens, whose autobiography has become an American classic.

Since this, that is the labeling of writers as to politics, seems to us to be an attack on one of the fundamental principles of a free press, and therefore a subversive idea, we are constrained to attack its advocacy.

Miss Hellman and Miss Winter were declared in the critiques referred to above to be "a couple of seasoned old party-liners." It was said further that "although Collier's blew a few editorial kisses" at these two authors, "it said nothing at all to call attention to their politics." The editorial policy of Collier's seemed to the author of this criticism to be "unnecessarily kind to Communism and Communists."

As to this last, it is only necessary for those interested in the subject to examine the files of Collier's for as long as the publication has existed—57 years—to find the answer to that; we are primarily concerned with the unique contention that we should label the politics of our writers.

Let us say right now that we have no intention of doing this and that it is our belief that if it (the labeling of writers) were put into effect generally, it would mean the death of a free press in America. You cannot label one group of writers without labeling all groups of writers. In Russia, for instance, it is necessary to declare one's politics before being allowed to appear in print. It also was necessary in Germany and Italy, and it is necessary in Japan and certain other countries.

It also has been the tendency of certain writers in recent years to smear somebody because he or she has been identified at one time or another with causes with which these writers happen to disagree. This seems to us to be weak-minded and absurd, since, as long as the individual in question is decent and sincere, it is with what he says rather than with what he is that we are concerned. It always will be, for that matter.

In the last two years Collier's has published articles by Westbrook Pegler, Herbert Hoover, Harry S. Truman, Francis Biddle, John L. Lewis and others. Should we, then, have labeled their politics, their beliefs, snooped into their personal affairs, before publishing their writings? Let us take an example. In the issue for January 9, 1943, Westbrook Pegler appeared with an article on James Caesar Petrillo, the labor leader. Now, if we had followed the line expressed in these critiques, we might have said, "Mr. Pegler, rightly or wrongly, is known for his labor-baiting. With that in mind this article should be read." Or in another case: "Mr. Hoover, who is ex-President of the United States, is a member of the conservative wing of the Republican party and anything he says should be judged in that light." Such things, we believe, would insult our readers, to say nothing of the writers themselves.

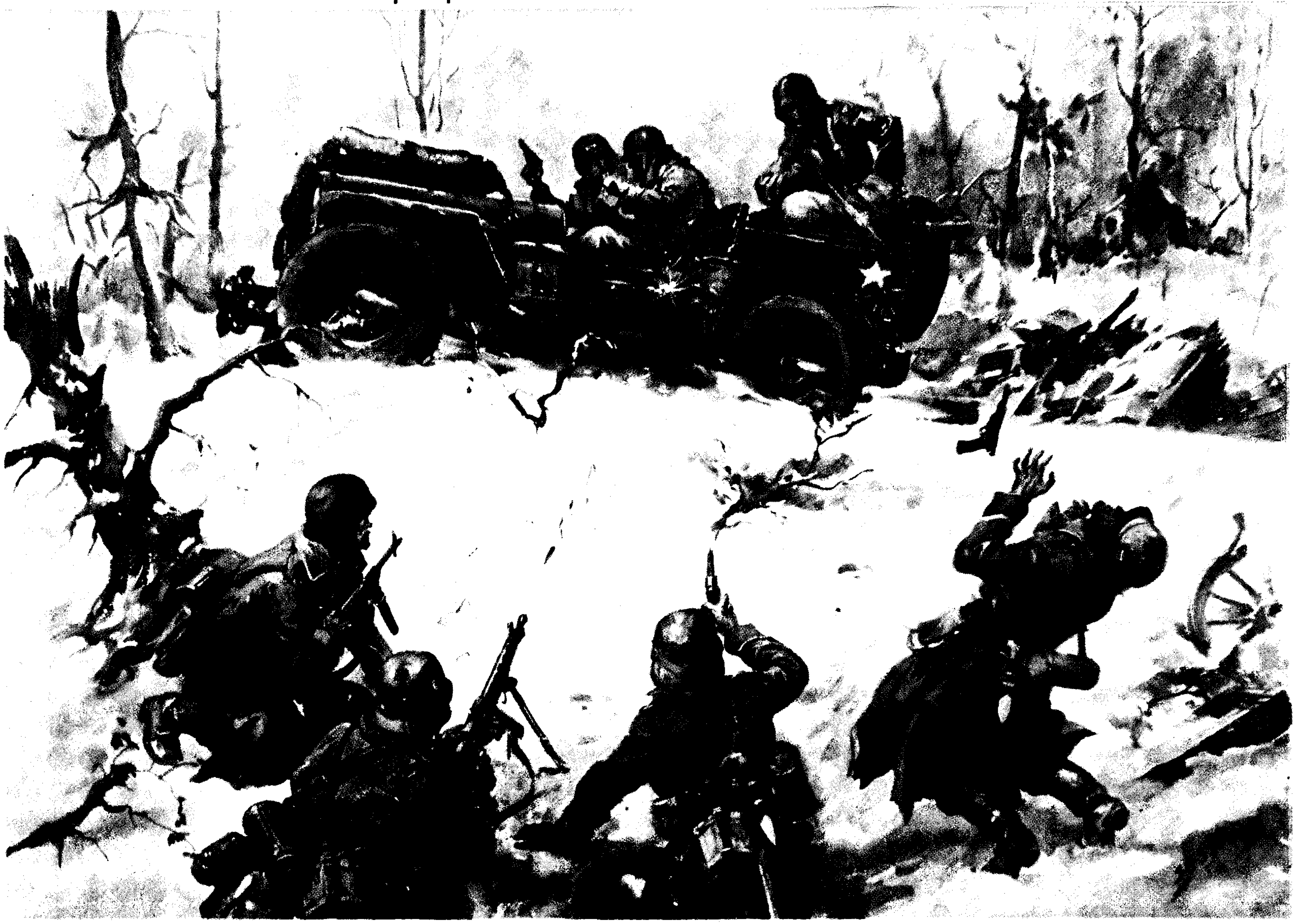
Let us repeat, then, that it is what an individual says, rather than what he believes politically, that is important to us and to a free press. Let us say again that this and this only is our concern and will continue to be, and on that we welcome judgment.

Of course we are responsible for what we publish. The editor's natural concern is to consider the truth, the fairness, the interest, the importance of what is said and not the color of the writer's tie or of his politics.

In the cases of Miss Winter and Miss Hellman we did not inquire into their politics, religion or personal habits. Miss Hellman had been invited by the Soviet government to go to Russia and asked us if there were any articles she might do. We said that we did not know, but that we would be glad to see what she wrote and judge accordingly. This we did. In the case of Miss Winter, she had been in Russia and had observed certain trends. She wrote of what she observed and, as with Miss Hellman's article, we judged it and found it objective, unbiased and, in our opinion, of public interest. As a matter of fact, we don't know the politics of the Misses Hellman and Winter. Nor will we ask them if they come to us again with other subjects on which they wish to write.

The right to personal beliefs is still respected in the United States and we will continue to uphold it.

• • *To millions of people all over the world* **"JEEP"** *means* **WILLYS** • •



The Sun Never Sets on the Mighty "Jeep"

BASTOGNE OR DIE

TRUSTY "JEEP" DELIVERS THE GENERAL

On the 29th of December last, newspapers were ablaze with the story of an American paratroop general's hair-raising trip to get to his heroic men cut off by the Nazis at Bastogne in the "Belgian Bulge".

By special plane he was flown from Washington across the Atlantic to the Western Front. There, in a tough, little battle-scarred "Jeep" he and two companions raced across the country, hell-bent for Bastogne and his beleaguered men.

Over rough, wintry forest trails . . . dodging fallen trees . . . crashing over frozen ruts . . . streaking past pop-eyed German patrols . . . feeling the hot breath of death-baited bullets . . . now crawling . . . now climbing . . . now twisting . . . now crouching motionless . . . the plucky "Jeep" fought its perilous way through the Nazi lines.

Failure of any part of the "Jeep" would have meant "curtains" for the mission. But it *didn't fail!* "Jeep" performance, "Jeep" dependability and "Jeep" ruggedness *came through again.* The general was delivered to his courageous men—and another "mission completed" was added to the already glorious record of the mighty "Jeep".

★ ★ ★

We have received many letters asking us about postwar "Jeeps." Among the numerous "Jeep" uses suggested in this postwar planning are, operating farm implements, towing, trucking, road work, operating power devices and many personal business and pleasure uses. Does the "Jeep" figure in *your* postwar plans? Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo 1, Ohio.

Willys *Builds the Mighty* **'Jeep'**

More Camels than ever!

—*genuine Camels*—

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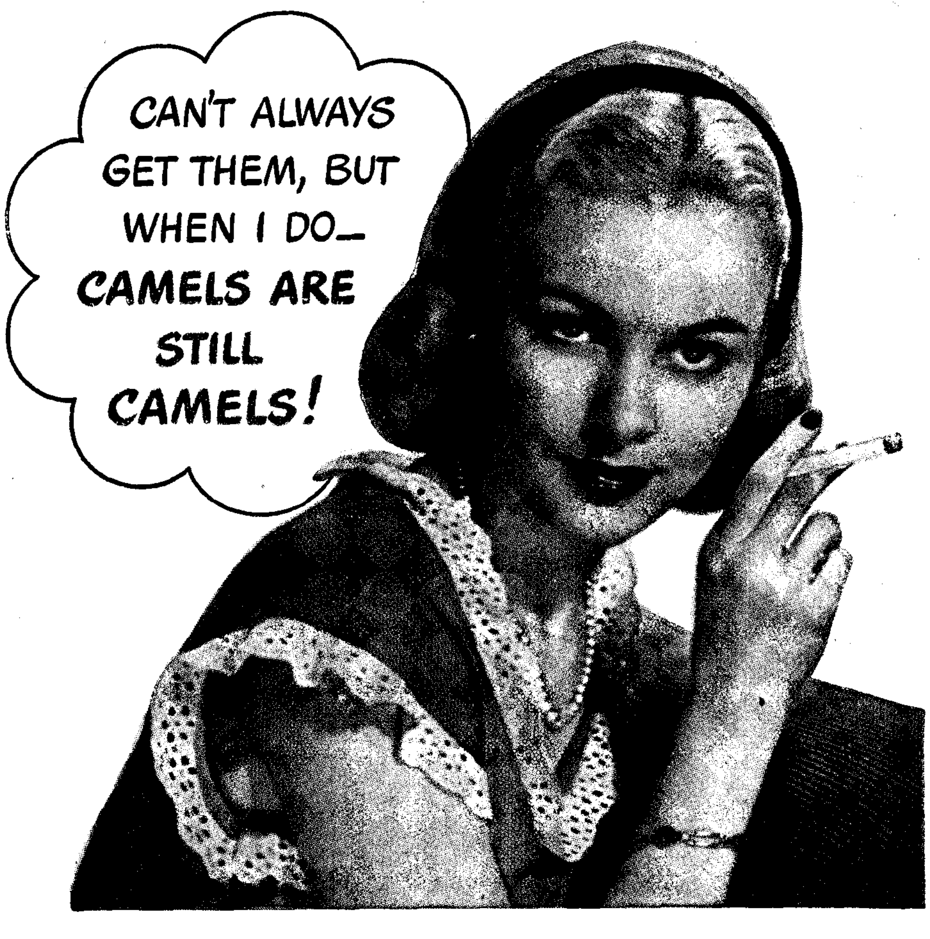
CAN'T ALWAYS GET THEM, BUT WHEN I DO— CAMELS ARE STILL CAMELS!

Still made of costlier tobaccos, properly aged and blended in the time-honored Camel way. When you do get Camels today, you're still getting Camels!

MAYBE you've got a boy in Germany . . . or in the Pacific . . . Maybe, in his letters, he's told you how much a cigarette really means to a man in the service . . . Think of that next time your dealer has to say to you, "Sorry, no Camels today."

Because Camels are a service favorite around the world. Billions and billions of Camels are going to the armed services. *The service comes first!* Yes, even if here at home you can't get Camels every time you ask.

To meet this tremendous demand from the services—and the increased demand here at home—more Camels were made in 1944 than ever before. Production schedules call for even more this year. Still, there may not be enough to go round.

But Camels will not be sold down the river. Camels wouldn't be Camels if they were made of green, insufficiently cured tobaccos. The Camels you do get today will be *Camels* . . . mild, full-flavored . . . the way you learned to like 'em! That's why Camels are worth asking for again . . . and *again!*

The Service First

Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard—wherever they go in their winning of the war, they have first call on Camels.

Camels